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F. W. KRUMMACHER, D.D.

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FRIEDRICH WILHELM KRUMMACHER:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER.

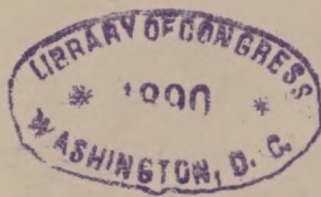
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WITH A PREFACE BY

REV. PROFESSOR CAIRNS, D.D.

OF BERWICK.



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PREFACE BY DR CAIRNS OF BERWICK.

THE following Autobiography of Dr Krummacher needs no introduction or recommendation from any quarter. It has all the best qualities of its Author's well-known style, and some which are less prominent in his other writings; and it may be confidently expected that it will secure in an English dress the popularity which it has at once achieved in Germany. It may be permitted, however, to one who has been associated in various ways with the lamented Author, to call attention to some of the interesting features of the posthumous work here presented, and thus to express something of the reverence with which the wide circle of English-speaking Christians must ever cherish his name.

Among the most attractive parts of this volume are the early recollections, especially of the Author's father, F. A. Krummacher, the author of the "Parables," the picture of whose successive charges, and most of all of his rural ministry in Westphalia, opens up the fine home influences under which his son grew up to still greater eminence and usefulness. The sketches of university life in Halle and Jena which follow, would not be easy to match in similar literature. The medallions of the professors, as of Wegscheider and Gesenius, Knapp and Fries, have the perfect individuality which only genius can give to the portrait; and the whole description suggests the immense and blessed revolution which the student-life of Germany—so far as Christian orthodoxy is concerned—has since undergone. Leaving behind the characteristic notice of the Author's early ministry in Frankfurt, the narrative lingers long on his successive labours on the Rhine, in Ruhrort, Barmen, and Elberfeld. This is probably the best and liveliest description anywhere to be found of Rhenish Christianity. It

may be expected to be especially interesting to British and American Christians, because the type of Christianity exhibited more nearly resembles their own, and also because in connection with these scenes the Author's name first became a household word in their several Churches. It may be questioned, however, if the power is not greater which paints the struggles and difficulties of the Author's opening ministry in Berlin, and which affords the deepest glimpses into the moral state of the Prussian capital, and the working of the Gospel under new and trying conditions upon its various circles. The pictures of the leaders of different schools in the United Church of Prussia are as clear in outline as they are tender in colouring; and the Author's generous feeling has breathed over the features of Stahl and Hengstenberg, much as he differed from them, the same impartial warmth which lights up the incomparable sketch of Neander. It is needless to say that King Frederick William IV. receives full justice in this memorial volume.

It is to be regretted that the Autobiography breaks off at the year 1848, before our Author's growing connection with the Christians of other lands had made him a central figure in the Evangelical Alliance, and even before the German Kirchentag had begun its career. Still the extracts from his correspondence which his executors have appended supply some compensation, and give some conception of his Potsdam ministry; and the discourse with which he opened the Alliance meeting at Berlin in 1857 has been given entire—a discourse of which, eloquent and powerful as it reads, no record can preserve the overwhelming impression.

It is hoped that a volume so various in matter, and so graphic in style, and bearing so deeply the stamp of the Author's piety and Christian patriotism, as well as of his fire and genius, may deepen the interest of a large circle of readers in German Christianity, and may contribute to that growth of Christian sympathy whereby the whole living Church "makes increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

JOHN CAIRNS.

AUGUST 13, 1869.

P R E F A C E

BY THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE AUTHOR'S FAMILY.

OUR beloved father, Dr Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacher, the Royal Court-preacher, was born on the 28th January 1796, and calmly departed this life, in the peace of God, on the 10th December 1868. Among his Remains we have, to our no little surprise and joy, found the following Autobiography, which we now give to the public. He had never spoken to us of this work. Alas ! it reaches only to the year 1848 ; but still it embraces a great and important part of his life, and the blank of the last twenty years we have endeavoured to fill up with communications, in which he also, for the most part, speaks for himself. May the blessing of the Lord, which has rested in so rich a measure on the words of the *living*, also accompany the voice of the *dead* in all houses into which this Autobiography may be received !

POTSDAM AND HALBERSTADT,
March 1869.

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INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER has entered into the venerable rank of the men of sixty years of age, and looks back on the two generations over which his life has extended, may well regard himself as having now reached the last stage of his journey. He will hardly commence any new enterprise, or enter on any fresh undertaking. Living only on that it has already gained, the soul will scarcely reckon on any farther real increase of its spiritual capital. It will rather live in the memories of the past, than dream away the brief time now remaining in hopes for which at least here, on *this side*, there is no longer any anchor-ground. Well is it for him who is able, with the peace of old Simeon—a peace altogether different from that which the world knows, and which it seeks to build on the deceitful foundation of a consciousness of personal merit—to look forward into the future, as well as back into the past! Perhaps this retrospect will not fill his soul only with songs of joy, but will also hold him fast at many places which he will be constrained anew to water with the hot tears of repentance. But he will always raise himself up and take courage again, and feel his just sorrow give place to equally well founded joy over the everlasting truth, that “if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.”

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

THE first seven years of our childhood usually hover before us in our remembrances of them bathed in the golden radiance of a lost paradise. They are like the pre-historic period in the life of nations, which lies in the remote cloudy distance, in which it is difficult to distinguish legend from fact, fable from truth. Thus I am conscious—and, as I think, not from the hearsay of others—that, while yet an infant in the cradle, I was one day bathed in the sunshine of the joy-beaming countenance of my father. And how distinctly do I even this day see myself, when scarcely one year old, during a violent storm, which shook in the most dangerous manner the old tower at the foot of which my father's house stood, carried in the arms of a faithful female friend of our family across the open market-place into her own more secure dwelling; and I believe that the relation in later years of what then happened was due to this my remembrance of it. There yet stand, in all the vivid distinctness of pictures before my eyes (for I was born under the tricolor of the French Republic, and the stirring music of the Marseillaise, which breathes, in a way no other secular song does, the most glowing fanaticism of freedom), as I beheld them, in the third year of my life, the lofty *Tree of Freedom*

in the midst of the market-place, around which there danced in a ring a band of men bellowing out the Carmagnole, and the tents of the charlatan French dentists, who, standing on an elevated tribune, recommended to the public, in broken German, and with a loud voice, their tinctures and secret remedies against all possible evils, while, at the same time, for the purpose of enticing a crowd around them, they caused a monkey which they carried with them to perform its tricks, and a harlequin to make exciting sport. And I could yet almost paint the scene of the school at the watch-tower, to which I was sent as a half-day pupil before the end of my third year, certainly not according to my own inclination; and I look back in thought to the happy moments in which, as often happened in the summer time, the kindly old schoolmistress surprised us with little branches of purple-red currants out of her garden. The feelings with which I was wont then to receive my little branch even now renew themselves within me. They were feelings not so much of joy over the little purple grapes which smiled upon us, as of a longing after the green free nature from which they appeared to bring a salutation to us little prisoners.

I was born at Mörs, on the Rhine, which was formerly the capital of the sovereign principality of the same name. Years passed by before I learned to share my pride in it with Gerhard Tersteegen, who was born there a full century before me. Since my tenth year scarcely has a single day passed in which some note of his pilgrim-song, "Kommt Kinder, lasst uns gehen" (Come children, let us go), does not echo in my heart.

The times in which I first opened my eyes on the light of this world were stormy and troublous. On the left bank of the Rhine there had already been

established the republic of Robespierre, Danton, and Hebert, all besmeared with the blood of king and citizens. The inhabitants also of the hereditary possessions of the Great Elector, till then so happy, saw with stifling indignation the Prussian eagle supplanted by the Gallican. In what an overflowing measure, too, had the country to taste, under the orders daily issued—"voitures, chevaux d'ordonnance, pioniers, execution militaire, etc."—all the miseries of war and of foreign domination! Yet it appears that, in the house of the director of the school for training teachers, which office was held by my father, who was devotedly attached to the royal house of Brandenburg, neither courage nor good humour ever altogether disappeared. Amid all the tumult of the world around him, my father, Friedrich Adolf, found quietness and humour enough to establish a diary in the name of his little first-born son, in which he carefully recorded everything, however insignificant it might be, that appertained to the life of his child; but especially notices of his observable progress in bodily and mental growth, together with earnest prayers to God on his behalf, are strikingly prominent in its pages. When the little boy first laughed to his parents; how he attentively followed with his eyes a little bird flying about in the room, and thereby proved his strength of vision; and particularly how he commenced to aim at expressing the difficult words *mamma* and *papa*—all these incidents are recorded in the diary. The book also records how the child was attacked by the fearful disease of small-pox. And the manner in which it bears testimony to their anxieties during that period, makes it obvious that their care for the life of the beloved infant pressed into the back-ground every other care in the hearts of the

parents, and that their joy at the first sure symptoms of incipient recovery was great enough to make the happy pair then altogether forget for a while all the political and social miseries under which millions were at that time sighing.

My father also at that time making his escape into the world of the ideal from the furies of war which were let loose upon the land, wrote, among other poems breathing only peace and hope, his animated "Hymnus an die Liebe" (Hymn to Love). At a later period of his life he was wont frequently to speak of the pleasant hours he had now and then spent in those stormy days, (when not seldom the tumultuous sound of the drums of the French regiments passing through the streets was heard), under the leafy shade of a plane tree in his little garden, situated beside the ruins of the old baronial castle, in the midst of a circle of trusty neighbours and dear friends ; and of the witty and refreshing conversations there enjoyed, and the cheerful and solemn toasts "for better times," and for a "restitutio in integrum," with which they strengthened the courage of one another, and drove away their anxious cares. To this circle belonged, among others, Ross, the pastor of Budberg, who was afterwards bishop ; Essler, the worthy pastor of Capelln, who was generally, but erroneously, taken for a brother of the celebrated actor of the same name (though spelt a little differently—Esslair) ; and Pastor Spiess, and Professor Möller, my father's much-loved brother-in-law, of Duisburg—excellent young men, of genial nature, and of noblest aims, besides being zealous patriots, who never doubted the restoration of their Prussian Fatherland, whose triumphs at length they celebrated together.

After seven years of manifold and richly-blessed

activity at Mörs, my father was surprised by the reception of a call to the Professorship of Theology and Eloquence at the University of Duisburg.¹ After long hesitation he at length responded to it, while in the most modest estimate of himself he despaired of his ability to succeed the excellent man, Professor Dr Berg, whose place he was to occupy, and who was then widely famed both for his learning and his piety. I was four years old when we, now five in all—for meanwhile a little brother and sister had been given to me—crossed the Rhine. That this was not done on the part of my parents, to whom that little town of Mörs had become gradually more endeared, without many tears being shed at their departure, I know only from tradition. The many new objects of contemplation which during this little journey no doubt claimed the attention of the little boy, if not in mountain and valley, yet in forest and river, villages and farm-yards, flocks of cattle, and ships, left no room in the circle of my vision for the convoy of friends who accompanied us from Mörs, and the joyful welcome we received on reaching our new dwelling.

My childhood-life at Duisburg lies, however, in somewhat clearer light before me. In the back-ground of my remembrances I see walking before me, partly veiled in shadows, it is true, and at best only as remarkable and singular personages, the colleagues and domestic friends of my father. Among these I see the philosopher Plessing, the noble transcendental dreamer, Goethe's friend and companion on his journey to the Hartz mountains, who, knocking at every door between heaven and earth, always sought but never found that which was enduring, except the love and affection of

¹ Founded 1655; abolished 1806.

all who had learned to know this simple, childlike, fantastic and most singular man. I see also the old Professor Orientalium Grimm, whom his friends were wont jocularly to style the "Rabbi Rambach," appear again vividly before me. This honest and certainly learned rationalist was fairly driven out of his scientific saddle and overcome by the young knight Menken, who in his first work, "Die Dämonologie" (Demonology), conclusively proved that the devil was indeed something more than a myth. His head appears to me in every bust of Socrates which I see. I remember also Günther, who was then widely famed as a physician, being honoured in his profession with a degree of public confidence which, in its intensity, almost amounted to a veneration equal to that with which he was looked up to as a saint; and Spiess and Möller, whose images, it is true, rise up before me more distinctly in the recollections of later times, but who appeared to me, then entering on boyhood, to be men who needed only to show their countenances, and open their lips overflowing with wit and humour, to diffuse all around them the brightest sunshine of joy and gladness. Among my father's trusted friends, by whom he was encircled in those days, a conspicuous place is to be assigned to my ever-youthful uncle Möller. He had enjoyed endearing fellowship with Klopstock, Claudius, Gleim, and many other men of the first and second rank of greatness in the literary world in the era preceding that of Goethe, and whom he kept in warm and loving remembrance till the end of his days. It was a pleasure for us not only to listen to him, but also to look upon him, when, as often happened during his later years, he recited aloud from memory, with a pleasing and animated countenance, as he walked up and down in the room, whole cantos of the "Messiah,"

and one ode of Klopstock's after another, particularly that of the "Frühe Gräber" (Early Graves); while it delighted my father to interweave and season his table-talk with quotations from the Greek and Latin classics, always aptly made, as well as with memorable passages from Shakespeare and the English Humourists, and above all from the "Wandsbeck Messenger," and from the poetical works of Goethe. Of the oppression of those sorrowful times I think there was scarcely anything known in the circle in which the years of my childhood were spent. It was a principle with my parents, in the education of their children, always to wear a cheerful countenance before them.

In Duisburg I experienced the first foretaste of the realities of life. When a boy, only six years of age, I had to exchange the sports of childhood for the slate and the primer, the sweet freedom of early boyhood for the heavy yoke of the school. In three years I outgrew the elementary school, and then found myself, when nine years old, trembling in the presence of Nonne, the director of the Gymnasium, a man of a venerable and imposing aspect, who, after examining me with all the official solemnity of his position, admitted me, with an encouraging and good-natured "Now, that will do very well," into the number of the scholars of the Quarta division of the institution, which was at that time by no means in a very prosperous condition, as it contained only four classes.

My parents early taught their children to ask a blessing at table, and to offer morning and evening prayer; yet I cannot say that they bestowed upon us a specially Christian upbringing. This was not because they too were caught in the snare of the then prevailing French Illuminism. Frequently, indeed,

were we children witnesses of their heart-felt gratitude, when events of a joyful nature occurred, expressed involuntarily and amid many tears in thanksgiving and praise to the merciful God ; yet the pious spirit which then animated them appears to have been more that of natural than of revealed religion. While they also bowed themselves with the deepest reverence at the name of Jesus Christ, yet this worship was rendered less to the God-man, Mediator, and Redeemer, than to the Ideal of perfect moral excellence and of perfect humanity, which they saw realised in Him. But still, even already during this period of their vague and undefined religiousness, the whole splendour of the life of evangelical faith, rich in promise, began as if from a distance to break in morning-dawn upon their souls. We have heard them at a later period of their lives acknowledge that the religious family-traditions of both of them contributed to this result.

The house of my paternal great-grandfather, Adolph Heinrich Krummacher, captain of the ducal castle of Tecklenburg, was well known in all the surrounding region as a "tabernacle of God with the children of men," and for many it was a blessed place of rich edification. And of my father's mother, whose image, as long as he lived, always appeared in his eyes as that of a saint commanding veneration, the excellent rector Hasenkamp thus bears testimony in a letter to Lavater : " Like a radiant star she lighted up the domestic firmament, and, living in the full sunlight of revealed truth, she exhibited in her whole deportment the splendour of a peaceful, childlike Christian spirit." To my father himself he also said on one occasion, " If it were lawful for me to bow the knee of homage before any human being, then I would do it before your mother." My

father's father also, the court-fiscal, commissary, and burgomaster of Tecklenburg, was well known to have been, in the same manner, in deep earnest in his belief in Christianity, insomuch that after his death the people generally believed that a little hollow found in the floor of his chamber had been caused by the stream of tears shed by the saintly man when wrestling with God in prayer.

Such beneficent stars as are seen shining out among the ancestors of my father's family are seen also among the Möllers of my mother's family. Chief among these is the pious woman under whose maternal blessing, and Christian counsel, and prayerful care, my mother grew up from her childhood. If ever a true and thankful remembrance of beloved parents was preserved in the hearts of children, this was the case with both my father and mother. My father, as his biographer truly testifies, "could never speak but with deep inward emotion of childlike ecstasy of that heart-refreshing picture of motherly gracefulness," in which, even to his old age, his departed mother with unfading distinctness hovered before his soul. Such pictures cease not to bless us even long after those whom they represent have shaken the dust of the earth from off their feet; yea, they then for the first time truly bless those in whose loving remembrances they have found even on earth an enduring place.

CHAPTER II.

THE YEARS OF BOYHOOD.

AT the Duisburg Gymnasium, according to the somewhat mechanical method of my teachers, it happened that within a year and a half I was promoted from the Quarta, *i.e.* the lowest, to the Tertia, the so-called "Flegelklasse." Perhaps it was necessary that here the school discipline should make itself felt as essentially of a severer character, and therefore the exhortations of the master were made to produce a deeper impression by the application of the hazel switch. But in praise of this class I must say, that while in it, and engaged in reading Ovid and Cæsar, the first presentiment dawned upon my mind, that after one has once for all passed over the grammatical and lexical stumbling-blocks and difficulties, pleasure and enjoyment might truly be experienced in reading the ancient classics; and to this day I regret, and much more than I did then, that, in consequence of changes in my father's official position, my studies in the Tertia were interrupted in less than a year.

The University of Duisburg had already, before the beginning of the French domination, fallen through neglect into a languishing condition. But in the unhappy year 1806, it received from the usurpers its death-blow. The professors, now reduced through death and

translations to only three theologians, two in the medical department and one jurist (for the noble philosopher Plessing had died a short time before, surrounded by his weeping friends, and, according to his own doctrine, had escaped away from all the troubles of the times to his own "star"), counted themselves fortunate if they found some four or five students sitting at their feet; and, besides, they were continually wrestling with the authorities for their salaries, which were at the best but paltry. These, in the most favourable circumstances, they received only in dribblets, but more frequently only in promises for the future, and, since the university was to have no future, with well-meant hints that the best thing for them to do was to seek for employment in some other sphere. Yet, for all this, as appears from letters of several of those gentlemen on whom the calamity fell the heaviest, the black care, the "atra cura," was quite overcome by genial contentedness, which was the fruit of faith.

We boys were little aware of the difficulties of those times. The noble spirit of patriotism was too deeply implanted within us for us to do otherwise than contemplate the quartering of soldiers upon us on its cheerful side, though it cost our parents many heavy sighs. We felt ourselves, indeed, not a little flattered when the proud grenadiers of the great Emperor condescended, in a friendly manner, to joke and play with us; and it seemed to us to be more a festival than a calamity when the martial strangers helped us, as our table-companions, to consume the material profits of my father's labours as an author. When I place myself in memory back again in the midst of our Duisburg family-life, I see it only in the light of the most cloudless serenity, especially after Christiane Engels, the

faithful friend of my parents, and the tender guardian of our youth, became an inmate of our dwelling. This was she who afterwards was known in wider circles as the active assistant of the noble Count von der Recke, in the Asylum at Düsseldorf, and, at a later period, as the unwearied and blessed helper of the poor at Münster, even to her old age. She lived in the memory of all—and they were not a few—who learned to know her; for her whole character was so full of childlike benevolence, and was so genial, and lively, and hearty. Being richly endowed with musical talent, by her own singing, and by forming us into a little choir of singers, she made our house a kind of music-hall. And by means of the magic wand of her harmonies, she exercised such a sway that, in the circle of friends who frequently and gladly sojourned under our roof, the discords of those times, so damping to the spirit, and productive of so much sorrow, did not so far penetrate into our midst as to deprive my father, in spite of his feelings of patriotic indignation against the invaders, of heart and joy enough to prosecute without ceasing his “Parables,” his little “Festival-Book,” and his æsthetic work “On the Spirit and Form of the Gospels.” In the year 1858, I sent to this motherly friend of our childhood, on the occasion of her 90th birthday, the following lines:—

I hail thee with thanks, thou queen of my song!
On thy throne of honour thou’rt worthy of fame:
With jubilee voice thy praise I’ll prolong,
And tell of the mem’ries that hallow thy name.
Bright scenes from the past crowd full on my view,
And I see in them all God’s goodness to man;
Those glad days of old my thoughts all renew,
Whenever I utter that word—*Christiane!*

Thy name reminds me of the days of youth—
 Days spent among friends whom I loved so well—
 In a home where gladness, and peace, and truth,
 And the harmonies of joy were wont to dwell.
 Ofttimes do I ask, in my thoughtful dream,
 Shall this earth ever become lovely again?
 Thy mild eye on me, how gently it beams,
 As the answer sounds in my ears—*Christiane!*

Where are they now round whose brow thou didst twine
 The laurel wreath? Alas, from earth they have gone!
 Yet mirror'd in thee, before me they shine,
 And I know them, and name them, every one.
 Fain into life would I call them once more:
 Ah, they come not! Yet in vision I see them,
 Their forms and their features, distinct as before,
 At the magic sound of thy name—*Christiane!*

Their lives I see them live over anew,
 And idyls,¹ and sermons,² and chorals,³ I hear,
 With parables,⁴ and songs,⁵ and proverbs⁶ true,
 And the memories of those times shine clear
 When of thee I think. There is no name that can
 Bring back all the past like thine—*O Christiane!*

If pure and sacred thoughts my bosom swell,
 If hallow'd purposes and plans I frame,
 If lofty aims within my heart do dwell,
 To thee I owe them. How dear to me thy name!
 And when with thankful mind I praise the Lord,
 Who, in love, from sins whereinto others ran
 Has kept me free; in every song, that word,
 Thy dear name, inweaves itself—*O Christiane!*

What we say in these verses regarding her whose
 fame they celebrate was not, it must be confessed, the
 object of our consciousness during our stay at Duisburg.

¹ Immermann.² Möller.³ Natorp.⁴ Friedr. Adolf Krummacher.⁵ Harder.⁶ von Vincke.

What seeds she sowed in our hearts we had then scarcely any apprehension of at all. We boys were fond of unrestrained freedom, and had greater pleasure in sports and amusements than in serious matters, and were far fonder of rambling in the green woods, and in the meadows chasing the butterflies, and by the banks of the Rhine and the Ruhr, listening in the summer time to the music of their waters, than in striving to become skilful in playing the piano, or in studying the sheets of music placed before us. My father did not, indeed, fail at times to admonish us earnestly, yet the subject of religion was but rarely on his lips. If at any time he reminded us of God and of His commandments, he always did so under such deep emotion, that the hot tears started from our eyes. He himself appeared to be afraid of such "scenes;" but they afforded us a glance into his heart, which could only increase our veneration for him.

The ship of the university, already a wreck, was unmistakably on the point of sinking. He who alone could have averted such a catastrophe, had enough to do with other things besides the preservation of schools of learning. "Sauve qui peut," he cried, in answer to the professors who were in vain calling on the State for bread. "Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera!" was his only word of consolation. And God did help them.

Several invitations to vacant congregations and schools soon came to our house from Detmold, Düren, and Crefeld. The most acceptable of these came from the congregation of Kettwig, on the Ruhr, which was at that time only a village, but has now become a little manufacturing town. It was successful in applying for my father's services. The magnificent, beautiful scenery

which surrounded that ancient "Vicus Cattorum" had for him a peculiar charm. He was moreover highly pleased with the stalwart, intelligent peasantry, whose deputies, sent to him for the purpose of inducing him to accept of their invitation, brought with them a large number of the manufactures of that widely-extended parish.

Enough. In the month of October, in the year 1807, our beloved, peaceful home at Duisburg was broken up, amid all the storms of the outer world. Our entrance upon our new residence was celebrated with every demonstration of joy. The way was strewn with flowers, and we passed under triumphal arches, amid the pealing of the church-bells, accompanied by a procession on foot and on horseback as we were conducted to our home in Kettwig. It was not at all difficult for my father, with the affection he bore for that simple people altogether untouched by the modern French civilisation, to exchange the professorial chair for the village pulpit. On the contrary, it was altogether in accordance with a deep necessity of his poetic nature, and with his simple, childlike disposition, to point out to the humblest among the people, in judicious figurative language, the secrets of the kingdom of heaven, as they disclosed themselves more and more to his own heart.

In Kettwig, which had no high-school, I had to endure the humiliation, which was bitter enough, of seeing myself degraded, for a time at least, from the rank of a gymnasiast (they said it was on account of my writing and arithmetic) to that of a pupil of a somewhat advanced elementary school, while my classical studies, amid many interruptions indeed, were prosecuted under the direction of my father. As for the

rest, there was in us happy boys scarcely any more room for the ideal, when that which we now beheld surrounded us as actual realities. The beautiful beech forests, abounding with birds, which we were wont to perambulate, making them echo with our merry song—the exciting hunts we had in these forests for the nests of the raven, and the magpie, and the squirrel, when we climbed even to the loftiest branches of the trees—the high mountain ridges, difficult of ascent, from which the view all around stretched itself away into immensity—the exuberant, splendid strawberries and bilberries found in the lonely forest-glades and on the mountain slopes; then the harmless, cheerful public festivals, such as the spring-festival, and the egg-festival on Easter Monday, celebrated sometimes on the high rocky eminence called the “pulpit,” rising precipitously from the banks of the Ruhr, in which it mirrored itself, and at other times in the lovely Kornthal below, among the green hawthorns which grew luxuriantly all over the ruins of the old “Kattenberg;” and, at a later period, the riflemen’s day, with its flying banners, the firing of the rifles, the merry shouts of the men, and the music and the dancing in the green, shady halls formed by the high overhanging oak and beech trees of the “Heisterbusch;” and, besides all this, the pleasure of bathing in the summer time, and of catching fish and crays in the Ruhr, which was clear as crystal to its very bottom, and, in the winter time, of sporting on the splendid sheet of ice extending for miles, smooth as a mirror, along the beautiful water,—what more was needed for us boys, to make us think this world a very paradise?

We, the sons of the minister, enjoyed also the pleasure of frequent visits with our father to the farms

of the peasants, which, for the most part, were very extensive. There we received abundance of apples and nuts, and perhaps also presents of pigeons, which we carried home with us. We also made frequent excursions to the friendly families in our neighbourhood, especially to the excellent family of Keller, distinguished for their cheerful disposition and their steadfastness in the faith and love of the Gospel; and to the families of the genial Pastor Engels at Mühlheim, and of the always hearty Baedeker, and of the serene and peaceful Natrop in Essen, which last was afterwards to be more closely united with our own in the bonds of relationship. At times, also, we made more distant excursions, as to Ross, in Budberg, who was then surrounded with all the youthful glory of his likeness to Apollo, charming all hearts with his inexhaustible, harmless humour; and to my soberminded, but in his own way not the less amiable, uncle, Gottfried Daniel Krummacher, who was then already richly blessed in his pastoral labours at Wülfrath.

As a matter of course, the parsonage-house at Kettwig received also many gladdening visits of heartily welcomed friends. In particular, we were frequently visited by the youthful pastor, Friedrich Strauss of Ronsdorf, who was at all times a welcome guest. His never wearisome flights of enthusiasm gave occasion to my father for many cheerful and well-meant jokes. His delightful "Glockentöne" (Bell-peals),—the first volume of that precious and never-to-be-forgotten little work having then appeared,—was known far and wide, and, with its harmonious symphonies, prognosticated to the Church a glorious future.

There was no lack of joyful experience and of healthful excitement of many kinds to us boys during our

five years' residence at Kettwig; would that I could boast in the same way of our progress in education! This, alas! was but fragmentary work, since our father, during the last of our five years there, was our only teacher, and he found almost his whole time taken up in his official duties in his widely-extended parish, although he had the assistance of an active colleague. I had certainly reached the age when I ought to have entered the "Secunda" of the Gymnasium, but that goal could not yet be reached. Yet out of our somewhat irregularly spent quinquennium at Kettwig there grew much precious gain for the future of life. As such I reckon, first of all, the ideal of pastoral life which we derived from the relation sustained by my father to his congregation. It was a source of great pleasure to see how my father was accustomed to hold intercourse with the peasants, among whom he daily went out and in throughout the different districts of the parish successively. With a cheerful, happy salutation, he would cross the threshold of their dwellings, if he had not already met them in the field, when he would receive from them in return as hearty and joyful a welcome. Far from discharging his official duties among them in a stiff, formal way, he first of all entered into a friendly conversation with them about all their every-day interests which engaged their attention (unless some serious family occurrences forbade such a style of conversation), their domestic affairs, and their temporal circumstances; and I well remember how pleased he was when he saw their healthful appearance, and listened to the intelligent opinions which these homely people gave expression to in their conversations—in their own blunt and lively manner, indeed, but in a way not seldom betraying a rich fund of genuine

mother-wit. "There are many unpolished gems," he often said, when he returned home from these pastoral journeys among his people; "the peasants are more sensible and intelligent than many big-wigs in the professorial chair, and on the judge's bench." He could enter into conversation with one quite intelligently on the subject of astronomy, with another on botany, in which sciences they were self-taught; and there were not a few of them who conducted their agricultural operations to a certain degree scientifically. He knew with great skill how, in the course of conversation with the people on minor matters, to raise their thoughts step by step, ere they were aware of it, into a higher sphere.

My father's manner in dealing with the interests of men's souls was not the method called the "Pietistic" nor the "Methodistic." He did not press upon them, in a violent way, discourses on repentance, nor did he overwhelm them with theologumena and dogmas. He made it his special aim at such a time to quicken within them the belief that all depended on God's blessing, and thereby at the same time to awaken within them the consciousness of want, and lead them with all joyful confidence to lay hold of the compassion and grace of this God who has all things in His hands, which could only be done in fellowship with Christ, the Divine Mediator. Every one of his visits to the homes and cottages of his people assumed at length naturally the character of a quiet holy festival; and seeing how much he loved them, they usually parted with him heartily shaking his hand, and with tears of emotion and of thanks in their eyes. He increased in the life of faith along with his parishioners, and they along with him. This was felt on both sides, and this formed the

bond which bound them to each other with a tie more affectionate and tender than perhaps ever united a pastor and his congregation. They in many ways gave constant proof of their love to him, sometimes bringing him presents of diverse kinds from their farms, and sometimes in other and more thoughtful ways. Frequently have we heard those in health, as well as those who were in sickness, say to him, "Herr Pastor, if you wish that we should bear our cares and sorrows, and be again cheerful and happy, let us see your countenance."

There were at that time in the congregation experienced and advanced Christians. This could not be said, however, of the greater number of his parishioners, nor even of our father himself. These called themselves "the friends of Tersteegen," because from his writings they chiefly sought their spiritual nourishment, though, under the nickname of "Feine" (the pure), they had to bear much ridicule. This ridicule they had, however, to place to the account, not always of their spiritual-mindedness, but for the most part only of the sectarian manner in which they generally conducted themselves, and the anchoretic exclusiveness with which they stood aloof from those whom they regarded as less enlightened than themselves. My father, however, always stood in the gap in defence of these people, however little, as far as he was concerned, he could relish the external form of their life, or the narrowness of their views, and partly also of their hearts. He held intercourse, indeed, with them also, but more frequently and more satisfactorily with those whom he saw animated for the first time with a serious fear of God, and who might truly be designated New Testament proselytes, in whom he was fully persuaded that he saw

indications of a living and thoroughly sound development of Christianity. Of these he found a great number in his congregation who were decidedly attached to him. One of them one day said to him, when the conversation was about a wicked mocker and blasphemer, "I indeed believe, Herr Pastor, that that man is a free-thinker, an atheist, yea, I believe, even a——freemason!" This expression, "I believe even a freemason," filled my father with great surprise, because he was still the "Brother Redner" (preacher) in the Duisburg Lodge, and it brought the resolution he had formed on his entrance into the sacred office suddenly to maturity. He never after that made mention of the order, except on one occasion, when to some one who asked him for information regarding freemasonry, he replied, "Ask Frederick the Great, who is grand-master of the order, concerning it."

The sermons of my father—always listened to by large numbers, and heard with edification—even to this day sound their key-notes in my soul, however far they were then above my comprehension. I do not remember ever to have heard any one preach the Gospel in a more loving tone and with a more dignified mien, or in a more heart-winning manner, than he did. Were I to give a motto to his sermons which would at once characterize their spirit and their general theme, I would present these words of the apostle, which naturally suggest themselves—"But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost."¹ He discerned his commission as a

¹ Titus iii. 4, 5.

preacher especially in these words of Isaiah—"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned."¹ And he remained true to this commission to the end of his days, only with ever-increasing penetration into the mysterious ground on which the command rested.

Next to the beautiful image of pastoral life which was impressed on our memory from the time of our residence at Kettwig, together with the many joyful and sorrowful domestic events which happened to us there, the intimate acquaintance with the people which resulted from our familiar intercourse with them at that time, appears to me also as a valuable acquisition of that period of our life. With the exception of the sons of some of the manufacturers, our intercourse was limited to the boys of the humbler classes, in whose families we were quite at home, whose modes of speech we imitated, the circle of whose views and ideas we learned thoroughly to know, and whose sorrows and joys we sympathized in with some degree of sincerity of feeling.

Out of this intercourse there sprang not only a deep, enduring affection for the so-called lower classes, but there was established in us also the permanent conviction that intelligence, a sound judgment, depth and penetration of mind, and a taste for the ideal, are not by any means monopolized by the higher and educated classes. It is true, indeed, that we ran the great risk of growing wild from our wandering about so freely with many idle children of the work-people; but not only the manner of our parents' house, but also of several other families with whom we had very friendly

¹ Isaiah xl. 1, 2.

relations, families belonging to the higher ranks, tended successfully to counteract this danger. In particular, a wholesome influence was exerted over our upbringing by Christiane Engels, whom I have already mentioned, who was only, however, an occasional visitor to us during our stay in Kettwig; and also by an intimate friend of our family, who had been early left a widow, and who resided in our neighbourhood. She also, even to this day, stands before the eye of my memory as a person in whom the strength of a masculine, regal spirit was blended, in the most perfect harmony, with gentle female modesty. This was the widow of Dr Schneider, the same who afterwards gained for herself an honourable reputation as instructress of young girls at Heidelberg, and who also became the much esteemed mother-in-law of the celebrated Heidelberg theologian, Bähr. Her whole appearance hovers before my mind, as often as I think of the words of Goethe's "Tasso:" "If ye wish to know what is seemly, ask only at noble women." We have reason to thank her, that she let no opportunity pass by unimproved, of holding up before us boys those truths which might seem to draw tight again the somewhat loosened reins, that thereby we might be restrained within the path in which we ought to go. And from the decided manner in which she was wont to express these truths, she secured for them a firm place for ever, at least in our memory.

More salutary than even that of their mother, who wished to win our reverence rather than our childlike affections, was the influence upon us—unconscious to us as well as to them—of her two little daughters, whom she had educated in the most careful manner. They took part with us in our education under my father, particularly in the study of the French and English

languages. From them there began to flow in upon us a gentler feeling, so as to lead us to a higher conversation, and to engage in more intellectual games than we had been accustomed to among the, in great measure, unrestrained children of nature with whom we mingled. In company with them we built arbours on the woody slopes of the mountains, where a beautiful prospect presented itself, and erected seats of turf, that we might afterwards surprise our parents with them in their walks. We sang together beautiful songs to the melodies of Reichardt and Harder; and while we sang, we wove wreaths of flowers and leaves with which to adorn our houses. We also read to one another interesting stories, and portions from my father's book of "Parables."

Thus we were on many sides pleasantly guarded against contracting rudeness of manner. And if, in spite of the affectionately earnest sermons which we heard every Sabbath, and the beautiful examples set before us in the family circles of our neighbours, as yet nothing of the Christian life manifested itself within us, still there was operating in our hearts an influence which could not fail from time to time to raise us yet higher. For the first time, when under instruction for confirmation, and especially when in the act of being confirmed, it happened to us that more decidedly religious thoughts were awakened within us, and we were constrained, with many tears and with sincerity, to bow before God. Yet the first deep and enduring religious impression was made in me, and, if I mistake not, in my brother Emil also, during a visit we paid, at a later period, in the company of my father, to our uncle at Wülfrath. In his house a younger brother was at that time confined to a bed of affliction, under a severe,

incurable malady. He was now on the point of departure to the eternal world. We boys, who never before had seen any one die, were also led into the chamber, where lay the dying man. For the first time in our lives we saw, in the wasted form, the hollow cheeks, and the death-like paleness of the sufferer near his end, the dreadful appearance of Death, the "King of Terrors." Dumb with amazement, and deeply agitated, there we stood, while the dying man was assisted in his endeavour to reach out to us his thin, bony right hand to bid us farewell. Our uncle interrupted the painful silence, and spoke to us, who were sobbing, these few and simple words: "Yes, dear young friends, as we all, so you too must one day lie on a dying bed. We are born to die. See that you learn early to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, for, without Him, we are the most miserable of all creatures!"

These words, spoken with great solemnity of manner, as well as the whole scene itself, we have never forgotten, and never will forget. From amid all the sounds that might sometimes drown them in oblivion, they always anew break forth upon our ear, like the solemn warnings of the funeral-bell. They did not then, however, bring us to the full experience of the divine life. They were, however, at least, part of that leaven, whose penetrating power, at a later period, and first after very gradually overcoming many obstacles which rose up against it, made itself manifest in the hard dough of our nature.

CHAPTER III.

THE PERIOD OF YOUTH.

IT was high time for us to leave Kettwig. The advancement of our very fragmentary and much interrupted studies urgently required such a step. This happened at a fitting time, in consequence of my father having received an invitation to become General Superintendent of the Duchy of Anhalt-Bernburg. "I now leave my Elim," said he, with deep, heartfelt emotion, in his farewell sermon. To this the congregation responded with tears. Thus we at length migrated from the banks of the Ruhr and the Rhine, to those of the peaceful and more gently-flowing Saale; from the mountains and valleys of the "rough, unpolished gems," to the plains and meadows of the polished and polite Saxons. No matter! we boys, as well as our parents, departed—unwillingly, so far as our feelings moved us, but readily, according to the dictates of the mind; for what would have become of us if we had continued still in Kettwig, unless we had wished to be only peasants? The sorrow we felt at leaving was overpowering. But thus it must be; and therefore we proceeded on our journey, in the old fashion, in two calashes, along highways which were, for the most part, rough and uneven, and after many days we at length reached our new dwelling.

The situation of the town of Bernburg, surrounded with vineyards on every hand, and encompassed by the Saale, surprised us in the most agreeable way by its pleasantness. A not less happy impression was made on us also by the splendid residence allotted us, situated on the height near the Schlosskirche, from the upper windows of which a most pleasing, wide-spread view presented itself, embracing a great part of the duchy, and extending as far as the Hartz mountains, whose summit, the Brocken, was clearly visible. The quiet way in which we were received to our new home seemed strange to us, because it stood in too distinct a contrast with the manner in which pastors were usually welcomed by their congregations in the provinces of the Lower Rhine. Only a few friends, and these for the most part the future colleagues of my father, came out to meet their superintendent, as we approached the city; but their welcome to us was right hearty, and fully reconciled us to the absence of any other demonstration. We also consoled ourselves with the consideration that every land has its own manners and customs. We could not, however, prevent the bald, silent, manner in which we were permitted to enter the city from casting a little shadow over the commencement of the ecclesiastical life of our new home—a shadow which events afterwards proved to be merely imaginary.

The first family care which lay on the heart of my parents was the introducing of their sons, whose scientific studies had been somewhat neglected, into the curriculum of regular students. And I am to this day thankful that Bernburg afforded them the much-wished-for opportunity of doing so. The Bernburg Gymnasium was in some respects admirably conducted as an educational institution, into the “*Secunda*” of

which I was now introduced. And I cannot but lay a fresh wreath of deepest thankfulness on the long since moss-covered graves of Herzog, at that time the learned director of the institution; of Friedrich Günther, well known in the philological world, the enthusiastic friend of the Greeks; as well as of Professor Sachse, distinguished for the animation and clearness of his able and stirring expositions of ancient history, and for his lectures on the Latin classics, electrifying even the dullest of his pupils.

Under the guidance of such men one could not but learn something. Several of those who were then my fellow-pupils afterwards rose to the honoured position of gymnasial directors. By earnest striving, and by iron industry bestowed on our studies, it happened that both I and my brothers were able in a short time to fill up the numerous chasms in our knowledge, and also to see our progress, in the most essential subjects at least, of our course of study, very honourably recognised, and once and again rewarded with prizes. That seems to me to be almost a wonder, when I look back upon the times so stormy, and so full of distractions of every kind, in which those studies were prosecuted. In the first year (1812) we saw a great part of the grand army of Napoleon pass along on its march to Russia, with imposing pomp, and with an overbearing haughtiness, as if already the whole world were subject to it—a spectacle which naturally presented a most powerful attraction to our youthful fancy, whilst our parents in secret gnashed their teeth with anguish at the sight.

The retreat, a few months afterwards, of the Emperor's army, once so proud and intoxicated with victory, but now reduced, by the judgment of God which overtook them on the snowy plains of Russia, to a few tattered

fragments, awakened, indeed, quite other feelings within us, and it contributed also not a little to withdraw our attention from our accustomed every-day work. Particularly exciting to us was the moment which afforded us the opportunity for a brief quarter of an hour, during a change of horses, of seeing Napoleon himself, the great oppressor of nations, resembling in his aspect the busts of the Emperor Nero. We saw him as he sat, leaning back in silence in the corner of his carriage; only once did he bend forward with cold formality when some young girls, without any display, handed to him a bunch of flowers. On the box of his carriage cowered his Mameluke Rustan, and armed carabineers with drawn sabres formed his escort.

But now at length came the year 1813; the year of the reviving and elevation of the Fatherland, which had been long enough down-trodden; the year of the most glorious liberation, with its calls to arms, its enthusiastic bands of heroes, worthy of the ancient German fathers, its frequent victorious battles and skirmishes—which latter, with the booming of cannon, the rattle of small arms, and the glitter of swords, penetrated on one occasion within the boundaries, and even into the very streets, of our town. It could not but be that such scenes as these should materially derange all our plans of study. The patriotic fire which blazed through every district of Germany naturally also burned in our hearts, and we who formed the “*Secunda*” and the “*Primaria*” of the Gymnasium were fired with the desire of immediately joining the many thousands of our contemporaries, and of exchanging the pen and the ink-glass for the musket and the cartridge-box. With the full approval of my parents, I, at that time scarcely sixteen years of age, along with

my friend and class companion, the present Oberhofprediger (chief court-preacher) Hoffman, proceeded to Ballenstedt with the urgent request to von Ross, who was then charged with the formation of a new ducal battalion of Jägers, that he would permit us to join it.

We met with a hearty reception from von Ross, and were dismissed with the remark, that in a few hours we might perhaps expect the decision of the Duke himself. With painful impatience, seated in our inn, we saw these "few hours" pass slowly away, when at length a servant came to us with the order that we were immediately to betake ourselves to Herr von Ross. But how great was our surprise when it was explained to us that his Serene Highness knew and approved of our patriotism, but commanded us to return to school again, and that his Highness would call for us at the fitting time. Hanging our heads with sorrow we returned home, and two days afterwards, not without envying certain Primarians who had better success in Ballenstedt, and were already busily engaged in making preparations for entering the battalion, we once more sat down at the school desk to read of the battle-tumults of the Homeric heroes, and of the triumphs of Julius Cæsar.

We saw ourselves soon, indeed, as a very poor recompense, placed under the chief command of the old councillor, the brave von Krosigk (the rank of a sergeant having been conferred on me), in the rifle or lance company of the Landsturm (militia), and the thought consoled us that in such a situation we might, in some practical way, contribute our share to the liberation of the Fatherland. But we experienced the very heavy sorrow of being permitted only to sing

of the splendid victories gained at Gross-Beeren and the Katzbach, and, above all, at Leipzig, during our peaceful parade, and in the churches, or of declaiming in the hall of the Gymnasium, but not, along with our laurel-crowned friends and brethren, to celebrate these victories on the bloody fields of battle. And when, in the year 1815, on the sudden return of the great exile from the island of Elba, we again in vain waited for the call of the ducal general, we devoted ourselves, with a sort of despair, and stimulated by an unusual ambition, wholly to study, resolved to conquer for ourselves, in default of one of another kind, the laurel of an enduring honour in the field of science. If we had needed any farther incitements and encouragements to this end, these were supplied to us in rich abundance in the many excellent and amiable guests of whom the house of my parents, distinguished for their hospitality, was scarcely ever empty, many of whom, belonging to the Confederate army, were quartered upon us. Thus I remember that our father one day came into our chamber, and with a joyful countenance said: "We have quartered with us to-day a most beloved man. He is a common soldier, or perhaps a chief Jäger, but you will be delighted with the intelligence and learning of the young man who will dine with us." And so it happened. Who was this amiable, intelligent, enthusiastic youth in the Prussian uniform? It was Dieffenbach, who was afterwards Professor of Surgery at Berlin, and famed throughout the world as an operator. An incident of a different kind also occurred at this time, which did not pass without leaving its impression on us. A. W. Schlegel, the well-known and celebrated poet and historian, at that time secretary of the Crown Prince of Sweden, was quartered for several days in our house.

Although he left us a truly ridiculous and memorable example of foppish self-conceitedness and childish self-sufficiency, and although the odour of the perfumes and ointments left in the room which he occupied preserved for weeks after his departure the recollection of his sojourn with us, yet it cannot be denied that his conversation, by reason of its keen wit, as well as on account of its brilliant manner and its rich matter, contributed to the quickening of our youthful spirits, and helped to increase our love for the ideal, and for all that was æsthetically beautiful.

The oft-repeated visits of the famed Dresden painter, Gerhard von Kügelgen, whose younger son was then being educated along with the hereditary prince, exercised a lasting and beneficial influence upon our minds. Those were festival days in our house, and particularly to our father, which this truly excellent man—in whom, although he was a Catholic, we believed we saw the character of a true Christian—spent with us; and that joy was doubled when his wife, of the family of von Manteuffel of Esthonia, and like himself in spirit and disposition, accompanied him. What this man spake always came forth like pure, refined gold; and even when his conversation was about secular and insignificant things, his language always bore the reflection of a higher consecration. The terrible death of this child of God, advanced beyond thousands of others in his piety, is one of the many most perplexing mysteries of Divine Providence.¹

But among the many other beloved guests who sojourned with us a longer or a shorter time, and who left behind them enduring, and in many respects beneficial, impressions on us the sons of the house,

¹ He was murdered.

I certainly place in the foremost rank our uncle Möller, whom I have already referred to. He was at that time Professor of Theology in the University of Breslau. We were accustomed to say of him as often as he appeared among us, "He brings with him new, fresh life into our house." And his inexhaustible stores of information, which he never tired in communicating, as well as the lively interest he manifested in an interchange of thoughts, never disappointed our high expectations, but rather always exceeded them. With what delight were we wont to listen to him when he communicated to us the most recent intelligence from the Republic of Letters, the interesting discoveries that had been made, the conjectures and hypotheses in the region of the various sciences, news about the universities, and literature, and many other subjects! And what an inexhaustible, incomparable fund of humour he had, keeping the risible faculties of the listeners continually in motion, while at the same time he manifested the most lively and sacred interest in all that was true, and good, and beautiful! How the period of the "Hainbund" lived again before our eyes, in the copious recitations by his eloquent lips from the writings of Gleim, and Bürger, and Stolberg, and especially from those of Hölty! How majestically also did we see Klopstock's genius pass before us when with overflowing emotion he recited his odes, or portions from his "Messiah" and the "Hermannschlacht!" We young people at least welcomed no one more joyfully than we did uncle Möller. He had a happy way of looking at all things in such a light as to be able to point out in them a good and pleasing side, and he was always full of admiring thankfulness. He was remarkable also for his amiable absent-mindedness,

which in his later years increased to a degree exceeding the limits of all propriety; so much so that on one occasion, at a Consistorial Session, having laid aside his cloak, he sat down in his shirt sleeves, forgetting that he had not put on his coat before he had left his house. On another occasion, while on a visit to his son at Elberfeld, all at once, in clear daylight, he made his appearance in the streets, arrayed in gown and bands, marching solemnly along, engaged in an animated conversation with the servant-girl of his son's house, whom he had met carrying a market-basket on her arm, supposing all the while that he was conversing with his intelligent wife by his side.

I mention farther, among those distinguished persons who exercised a direct and enduring influence on our spiritual and mental development, Dr Christian Spiess, at that time pastor of the German Reformed congregation of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. He was one of the most eloquent men I ever met with. He not only impressed us by his penetration of mind showing itself in all his opinions, but he also carried us along in the most delightful manner by the sparkling and brilliant flashes of his rich genius, and by his keen, and, in truth, sometimes satirical descriptions of the learned men and the preachers of Berlin, from the midst of whom he had just come to us, and with whom he associated as preacher to the Court and in the Domkirche—a practice which, however, at a later period, he was induced to abandon.

There also frequented our house, Natorp of Potsdam, member of the Consistory and of the Council of Education, who was famed for his musical talent; the distinguished chancellor, Niemeyer; the noble Count von der Recke-Volmarstein,¹ who first took the lead in

¹ Founder of the House of Refuge in Düsseldorf, 1816.

that work which was afterwards comprehended under the name of the "Inner Mission;" the learned archæologist, Böttiger of Dresden; and Professor Lindner of Leipzig, the courageous confessor and bold leader in contending for the cause of the pure Gospel. By all these distinguished men an animating influence was exerted upon us.

Among those who lived in familiar intercourse with us were the benevolent, thoroughly honourable, and affectionate chief court-preacher, Starke of Ballenstedt, author of the once widely circulated "Household Pictures," read by many thousands with emotion and delight; and the consistorial assessor, and afterwards consistorial councillor, Meister of Bernburg, a serious man, and of extensive erudition, but yet, under a stern exterior, a man of deep affection. Whenever he spent an evening with us, which was frequently the case, our little family concerts usually moved him to tears of deep emotion.

To all the men I have now named we owed more or less our thanks, that, unconsciously and without intention, they helped to fire us with the desire for our intellectual improvement. But let no one think of us as at that time buried in the dust of books, and as pale recluses, eaten up with zeal for learning. We lived a fresh young life, through which, as through the lives of most educated youth at that time, there moved a strong romantic bias. We read with our parents Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," the "Magic Ring," and "Undine;" Alexinger's "Bliomberis," and "Doolin von Mainz;" the "Götz von Berlichingen" of Goethe, and such-like productions. We sang together Arndt's, Körner's, and Schenckendorf's songs, and Uhland's romances, as well as choruses from

“John of Paris,” and other operas. We even adapted with an audacious hand the plays of Goethe and Schiller to our own use; and with costumes which we ourselves contrived, we acted them in a spacious bower in the garden. We ourselves also ventured to write poetry. It also sometimes happened that, in the still, romantic hours of the evening, unwatched by Argus eyes, we gladly sung our songs, accompanied with the guitar, on a high rampart under the walls of the ancient Schloss of Bernburg, the lovely daughter of the Castellan standing on the lofty balcony representing to us the noble ladies of the castle. And what pleasure we enjoyed in winter on the frozen Saale, and in summer what delight we had in the merry song as we plied the oars of our flower-bedecked gondola on its smooth waters! A gleam of rosy gladness hovered around these the days of our youth, which, however, exposed our studies to so little danger, that it rather imparted to them a new and higher enthusiasm.

But how did it fare with our Christianity? That great period of the most glorious deliverance and elevation of the Fatherland undoubtedly bore on it the stamp of a sacred festival. The people rendered to God, after having long forgotten Him, the honour which was His due. The churches were again filled with worshippers as they had not been for many years before, and again they echoed with the songs of praise and thankfulness. “The Lord has been our helper,” men were heard frequently to say—men from whose lips such a pious utterance was never heard before. A powerful attraction was felt in the sign of the cross, which, surrounded with the animating device, “Forward, with God, for King and Fatherland!” gleamed, amid the tumult of battle, on the brow of the conqueror. Little crosses

and crucifixes were the most coveted ornaments which the women hung around their necks. A religious tone pervaded the favourite songs which were sung by the people everywhere throughout Germany, such as Arndt's "Der Gott, der Eisen wachsen liess," and Körner's "Vater, ich rufe Dich." Even the cold, hard rationalism (which then, from almost all the pulpits of the land, cast down to its scanty congregations, condemned to spiritual famine, its poor ideas, which were only chopped straw and husks) felt itself breathed upon and irradiated by the general religious spirit which hovered in the very air; and its God, who till then had only idly contemplated, as from an immeasurable distance, the movements of His great world-machine perpetually revolving according to fixed laws, became a living God, and came near to men as the Hearer of prayer and the Director of battles.

In Anhalt also,—where, in spite of the influence of the Duke, who was on the side of orthodoxy, though he was also disaffected towards all "pietism," till that time scarcely in any other churches than in those of my father and of the consistorial assessor, Meister, was the sound of the unencumbered Gospel ever heard,—the same interest in religion was awakened. Meister was our teacher of religion in the Gymnasium, and the deep, awe-inspiring earnestness of that excellent man could not fail to have a wholesome influence over us. Yet, on the one hand, he failed in the gift of interesting the minds of the young in the truths of Christianity, and of accommodating himself to the movements of their inner world of thought; and, on the other, by adhering in his lectures to the directions laid down in Niemeyer's "Lehrbuch für die höheren Gymnasialklassen" (Compendium for the use of the higher classes

of the Gymnasium), he failed to set himself free from the doctrines then taught in the schools, which would have enabled him with greater boldness to apply to our hearts the Word which was to the Jew a stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness. Naturally, the youth did not remain unmoved by the signs of the breaking through of better times. And if our relation to God did not all at once occupy the foreground in our minds, so as to determine all our actions and thoughts, yet was there present with us at least something of this, and we, the sons of our father's house, felt ourselves animated by new sentiments and emotions, which were created within us by the spirit which reigned in that house. Not that there was in our house any definite recognition of God in the form of worship, beyond the frequent singing of beautiful spiritual songs. Regular "family-worship" was not the custom, and religious conversation, though not in itself so much disapproved by our father as conversation on sacred subjects with an unwashed mouth, was only seldom heard. But there was in the atmosphere of our domestic life, in other respects spent in harmless cheerfulness, that which always again put us in mind of the "sursum corda;" and the frequent and familiar intercourse of our father with the families of decidedly Christian-minded noblemen in our neighbourhood, particularly with that of von Krosigk in Hohenerxleben, contributed not a little to reconcile us early to a contemplation of the glory of an elevated evangelical life of faith, far above the level of the common and undefined fear of God which was then so generally making itself manifest. I bless the dear land of Anhalt, which became a second Fatherland to me, and which has not yet forgotten the labours of my father there, who was aided indeed by

the circumstances of the times, in the reviving and recovery of its church, then sunk into deep lethargy. The number of able and successful preachers of biblical truth increased visibly in the land under the influence and encouragement of their superintendent and friend. Among these I may name Pastor Klaus, still surviving, the well-known author of a learned Commentary on the Book of Psalms; and the Provost Rosenthal, a valiant and richly blessed witness for the truth.

In the elementary schools of Anhalt the Gospel again assumed an honourable place. And if afterwards the rising Christian life appeared to the reigning Duke, who was truly a benevolent man and possessed of many excellent virtues as a ruler, to become too zealous and active, and some ungracious utterances of his Serene Highness about the "increasing pietism" led my father to accept a call to another sphere of labour, yet the separation between him and the Duke was equally deplored by both of them after it took place. As the Duke afterwards confessed that he had confounded true Christianity with mystic enthusiasm, so our father confessed that he also had too rashly given effect to his vexation at the loss of confidence in him on the part of his ruler and patron.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNIVERSITY—HALLE.¹

HAVING happily completed my curriculum at the Gymnasium, and passed the final examination (examen maturitatis²) *cum laude*, I now went forth full of hope and expectation to the University. Since it was an understood thing that, by birth and by natural talents, I was predestined to theology, I now proceeded to the old *Fredericiana* at Halle, and sought wisdom at that fountain of learning. With a joyful heart, in company with some of my fellow-students, who were also going to that university, I set out on my journey. We

¹ The University of Halle, on the Saale, in the Saxon province of Prussia, was founded 1694, and after the annexation of the Saxon province to Prussia was enlarged by having the University of Wittenberg merged into it in 1817. "During the former half of the last century, it was the literary stronghold of the pietistic school of Spener and Franke. But from the time of Semler (professor at Halle from 1751; died 1791), the father of German neology, it fell into the hands of rationalism, as represented by the celebrated Hebrew scholar Gesenius, and the didactic divine Wegscheider, who gave tone and character to the university for more than twenty years. During this last time the venerable Knapp was the only evangelical professor there, and he, with all his learning and zeal, could not turn the current of the age. But since the arrival of Tholuck in 1827, a gradual change has taken place, so that the present faculty is composed of sound Christian teachers." It is Protestant and evangelical. During the last winter session (1868-69) there were present at the university, in all the faculties, 859 students, who were under the care of 81 professors and teachers.—TR.

² The "Abiturienten-examen," without which no one can be admitted as a regular student at the university.—TR.

thought ourselves all at once, on what ground it is difficult to say, "higher than any one of the people, from the shoulders and upwards." Our hearts beat within us with the feeling of a new and more elevated existence. Was that which filled us with such ecstasy the ideal of sovereign freedom which we now supposed to be realized for us, or the prospect of climbing the heights of science, where we hoped to find the solution of all mysteries and problems, or the anticipated joy of new youthful relationship which we saw before us? Enough—perhaps never did youths enter with greater delight and exultation on their academical triennium than we did. No Greek youth could ever look with more hopeful expectation on the pinnacles and domes of Athens and of Delphi, as from afar he saw them rising to his view, than did we on the towers of "Alma Mater," toward which, with knapsack on our back and staff in hand, we now eagerly hastened, when at length we saw them appear on the horizon, rising up from amid the dark heath of the extended plain in which the town is built.

Our fair dreams, sad to say, ended in many disappointments, the sting of which we afterwards keenly felt.

The depression that had fallen on the University of Halle from the sorrowful events of the time, had now passed away, and in the winter semester, 1815-16, there had assembled at that university more than 600 theological students, many of whom were adorned with badges of honour which they had won on the battle-fields of the great war of liberation, from which they had just returned. Not without thankfulness do I recall to memory those who were at that time pillars of the theological faculty there, although, with the exception of only one, they were not also pillars in the "kingdom

of God." When in thought I take my place again in the auditorium, and at the feet of him who was *κατ' ἐξοχὴν* the great chancellor,¹ a pathetic feeling comes

¹ Niemeyer.

"The organization of the European universities is derived from that of Paris, the oldest among them (founded in the twelfth century), and was originally of a double kind—national and literary. They were divided into four, or as many more nations as were represented in the body of teachers and pupils; and into four *faculties*, a term which signifies both the professors devoted to a particular science, and the sciences themselves.

"The former division has been long since abolished; the latter remains. Each faculty has its dean, who is elected annually from the professors who constitute it. At the head of the whole academic body stands the rector or the chancellor, who is likewise chosen for one year from the regular professors of the various faculties in turn, and entrusted with the care of government and administration, according to the statutes or constitution. The legislative power resides in the academical senate, which is composed of all, or a delegated part of, the ordinary professors of the four faculties. A university is thus a complete republic of letters, with an organization of its own, and enjoys, with the exception of Austria, a high degree of independence upon the Church and the State. The academic liberty, both intellectual, moral, and personal, the liberty of the professors to teach, and of the students to learn, without any restraint from without, is regarded as one of the highest privileges of a German university." The four faculties are (1.) that of *Theology*; (2.) that of *Philosophy*, formerly called "*facultas artium liberalium*;" (3.) of *Law* (*facultas juris canonici et civilis*); (4.) of *Medicine*. There are three classes of teachers at the German universities—(1.) the *ordinary* professors, "who are regular members of the faculty, receive a full support from the State independent of the proceeds of their lectures;" (2.) *extraordinary* professors, "who have no seat in the faculty, a smaller income, but are generally promoted to a regular professorship when a vacancy occurs;" (3.) the *private lecturers* (*privat-docenten*), "who have passed through the *examen rigorosum*, and deliver lectures like the regular professors, but are without appointment, and receive, with a few exceptions, no salary from the State. They depend therefore for their support upon the lecture-fees of their hearers."—SCHAFF'S *Universities of Germany*.

In the 23 German universities there were during the last semester, 1868-69, in the 23 theological faculties, in all 3556 students and 203 professors and teachers; in the 21 faculties of law, 3794 students and 247 professors; in the 11 medical faculties, 3353 students and 453 professors; and in the 23 philosophical faculties, 4670 students and 830 professors. Thus at all the German universities there were in attendance in all 15,373 students, under the instruction of 1733 professors and other teachers attached to them.—TR.

upon me. This greatly celebrated man, intoxicated by the applause of his times, dreamed of an absolute perpetuity of his fame. But less than fifty years have been sufficient to sink all his works (and their name was legion), with perhaps the exception of his "Pädagogik," in the sea of complete oblivion. With what confidence did he bring the prophets and apostles into subjection to his ideas of humanity, and with what dexterity was he wont to leap over those stones of stumbling which stood in his way, the miracles of Scripture, observing merely in passing that they were devoid of any immediate practical signification for us! But that which always impressed us most in his lectures was, along with the elegance of his style of exposition, in which he frequently rose to a high poetic elevation of thought, the singularly respectful reserve and awe with which he was wont to speak of the Person of Jesus. He could never bring himself to rank Him among those personages whom he designated and described in his "Charakteristik der Bibel," according to a purely human estimate. Perhaps he felt, though he did not acknowledge it, that in Him he had to do with a super-human Being; and if he protested against being numbered among the rationalists, he had grounds for doing so, in so far at least as his sentiment (*Ahnung*) was more orthodox than his creed (*Begriff*).

If the rationalism of Niemeyer presented itself in a gentle and veiled form, that of Wegscheider stood forth in an open, decided, outspoken manner in his theological teachings at Halle. The only source of religious and moral truth which he then recommended to us was Reason, which, in searching the Holy Scriptures, had to determine whether the biblical statements were worthy of being received, or were to be

rejected. As a consequence of this, we saw the Lord of Glory stripped of all His supernatural majesty, shrivelled into the rank of a mere Rabbi, noble indeed, and highly gifted, but yet always entangled by the prejudices of his time. He had never performed a real miracle, and had neither risen from the dead nor ascended up into heaven. We saw also the whole contents of the Gospel, after being stripped of its particularistic and mythic veilings, reduced to a mere moral system, for the manifestation of which no divine revelation was at all needed.

What was to us a psychological mystery in a man otherwise so learned and altogether so honourable as Doctor Wegscheider, was the remarkable naïveté with which, like a very conjuror, he interpreted the language of Scripture in accordance with his own ideas, though it manifestly taught the very opposite of that which he set forth and wished to prove. But that which infused into us a reverence for this Corypheus of Rationalismus vulgaris, was, along with the devotion he showed toward his God of nature, and his fidelity to his convictions, the high moral earnestness which breathed in all his words, and indeed revealed itself in his whole life. And yet how could a theology so jejune and so destitute of heart and feeling as his was, possess any attraction for those of his hearers whose souls were capable of a higher elevation, especially as it depended on an exegesis which, by its capriciousness, violated in the most arbitrary manner all sound taste? From Wegscheider's Dogmatics I learned more about rationalism than I did about Christianity, and knew that it was so also with many others of my fellow-students, who, at the most, were pleased only with the logical frame in which his caricature of the

Gospel was set. Thousands, indeed, there were who carried away with them from Wegscheider's class-room more than the frame, and many congregations are to this day doomed to spiritual famine because they have presented to them only the husks and chaff which were there gathered and stored up by his students. If Wegscheider was not the founder of rationalism, since he stood on the shoulders of Semler and others, yet he was certainly its most distinguished apostle, and most able advocate and director; and Röhr was its great homiletic expounder, the channel through which the wisdom of the Professor at Halle was popularised in the sermons of pastors, and thus diffused throughout the churches.

The rationalism of the great Hebrew scholar Gesenius, who was then still a young man, presented itself to us in a form altogether different from that of the always respected and earnest-minded Wegscheider. I cannot think of this little, lively, petulant man, from whom, it is true, much was to be learned in *Orientalibus*, and who was skilful in urging us on to write long Hebrew exercises in private, otherwise than with the traces of a sarcastic smile playing around his mouth whenever he had occasion to allude to any of the specifically Christian doctrines, or to the history of the miracles recorded in the Bible. In particular, in his Lectures in Church History, his unbelief not unfrequently rose up and manifested itself in the most open frivolity; we seemed to be frequently conducted by him through some large lunatic asylum, in which there was presented to us only that which excited deep pity and compassion, or provoked Homeric laughter, with which the whole area of his auditorium, always filled to its remotest corner, was oftentimes convulsed in response to the

sallies of the Professor's wit. Unfortunate, indeed, is he who has not learned the history of the church of God on earth, otherwise than as taught in the lectures of that caricaturist in the Theological Faculty at Halle. On the other hand, fortunate is he who had wisdom to appropriate to himself the treasures of Oriental literature and antiquities which this "master in Israel" was wont to scatter so abundantly among his students. As a philologist he has achieved for himself a deathless name. What Oriental scholar of the present day does not stand upon his shoulders?

The Professor of Practical Theology and university-preacher was at that time the friendly Marx. He always wore white glacé gloves and embroidered bands when he entered the pulpit, and he intoned the prayers and collects of the Liturgy with a tenor voice which would have been worthy of the opera. He left nothing undone, by his teaching and example, to form us, according to his own model, into elegant and æsthetically irreproachable preachers of a Christianity adapted to the taste of the times. In order to train us to our future pulpit duties he caused us by turns, standing before a table adorned with two silver candelabra, in an elegant saloon in his own house, to read portions in prose and verse from our German classics. On such occasions there was also present, as a general rule, an invited company of ladies and gentlemen, whom he filled with wonder at his fine and ingenious criticisms, while he at the same time also encouraged us by his judicious and commendatory expressions of opinion regarding our mode of utterance, our rhetorical style, and declamatory talent. On one occasion he even induced the celebrated stage-player, Frau Händel-Schütz, to entertain us on one of those evenings with some of

her pantomimic actings, because he thought that this might in some respect contribute to our training as public speakers. It is true, indeed, that many an accurate gesticulator, and enchanting flowery speaker, has gone forth from his school; but even those who would not venture to reckon themselves in such a class have preserved an enduring affectionate remembrance of the kind, benevolent man.

The only one in the University of Halle who—I would say held aloft the banner of the Gospel, were I not afraid lest, in such an expression, I should present him before the reader as a man of heroic stature, which, certainly, this man, whose memory I revere, was not, and therefore I will rather say—taught with a believing heart a Scriptural theology, was “*der alte Knapp*” (the old Knapp), as he was then called, though he was only fifty years of age. This “last descendant of the old evangelical school of Halle” was well able, from intellectual ability and scientific attainment, to have waged a successful war against the then reigning rationalism, and to have tossed from their airy saddles its champions among his colleagues who were intoxicated with triumph; but his excessive gentleness and modesty, bordering even on timidity, led him carefully to avoid everything like direct polemics, and permitted him only now and then at the most, and with a tone of voice betraying the existence of a hostility inwardly suppressed, and provoking on the part of his auditors a secret smile, to make reference to “*Herr Doctor Wegscheider*” as “one who was of another way of thinking.” To this almost painfully cautious reserve, which he was accustomed to manifest in his, at the most, very sparing intercourse with the students, this circumstance might in some degree contribute, that he had continually to

contend with feeble health; yet the principal cause of it was, perhaps, the anxiety he felt, rooting itself in a deep consciousness of sin, for the salvation of his own soul, which, as it made him forbear to pass judgment on others, so it withdrew his thoughts altogether from the outer world, and fixed them on himself.

Perhaps there was not a single young theologian in Halle who did not feel himself constrained, from whatever motive it might be, to listen to Knapp's exegetical lectures, which were at once so profound and judicious. His auditorium was always crowded; and although by far the greatest number of his students called him a "pietist" or a "Herrnhutter," living after his time, yet no one could resist the impression of the perfect sincerity and unfeigned heart-piety, calling forth esteem, which manifested itself in all his words and conduct. How respectfully did we uncover our heads, if the little plain-looking man, walking, as he was wont to do, with his head somewhat bent downwards, and with a countenance always cheerful, met us at any time in the afternoon, when on his way toward the quiet country-house where he was accustomed to have coffee; and how, as often as we crossed the threshold of his study, our hearts beat within us as if we had entered a holy place! When on such an occasion I once composed myself to ask from him the solution of a certain theological difficulty which had arisen in my mind during one of his lectures, he appeared almost embarrassed; then handing to me from his library the work of Kleuker, entitled "*Menschlicher Versuch ueber den Sohn Gottes und der Menschen*," with a hearty salutation he dismissed me, saying, "Read that, and forget not earnestly to pray for enlightenment from above."

Had this beloved man entered with more freedom and vigour into the subject, and had he, in a more direct manner than that which he adopted, aimed the lance of the faith and of science against the neology of the time, this, from the prevailing susceptibility then moving the minds of so many youths, would have enabled him to raise up a new school in opposition to the rationalistic. But his timid and strictly didactic method said as little to the youthful thinkers as did the too contracted, ascetic form in which his life of faith had clothed itself. He did not understand how to meet those thoughts which, at that time, pulsed within us, and were leavening our spirits, nor how to use the means necessary for bringing us over to the adoption of his own religious sentiments. He showed an inexpressible joy when, on one occasion, among a great number of students, who always sat at his feet, he discovered *one* whom he had gained to his standard. Speaking of this, he thus wrote to one of his friends: "It has been to me, indeed, a source of very great encouragement that our dear Lord has answered the prayer, which at the last Easter feast I presented to Him, in the sincerity of my heart, that He would grant me, from among the students who have newly assembled here, only *one* whom I might discover to be favourably inclined toward His sweet Gospel. This might give me some courage to pray for more than one; but," continued the modest man, "I have not yet had freedom enough to do so; but am meanwhile content to pray for the preservation and protection of this one He has given me."

At a later period, however, the good seed of the Word, which he had sown in prayerful hope, sprung

up into a rich harvest, as he himself afterwards, in the last years of his life, was able abundantly to testify. "Here is my consolation," said he, "in the letters of those in whom, for the first time, in the midst of their official experiences, the seed sown has grown up." And how many are there yet living who in spirit lay a wreath of deepest gratitude on his tomb! That saying of our Lord's¹ remains always true, "One soweth, and another reapeth;" and Knapp's immediate followers in the faith have had these words abundantly realised in their experience, "I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours."

Thus we young theologians stood then, to a great degree, without support; on the one side we were repelled, and we were not attracted on the other. De Wette's² theology, which was based on the philo-

¹ John iv. 37, 38.

² Author of "Theodor oder des Zweiflers Weihe" (Theodore, or the Consecration of the Sceptic), a work which appeared, in two volumes, in 1822. The object of the work was to show that all religion was deducible from an innate propensity of the human mind, controlled and refined by reason and experience. "The divine excellency of the Christian religion," it teaches, "is especially conspicuous in this, that it directs men to seek their salvation within their own breasts, without any foreign aid whatever." It proceeded on the principle that religion consists in feeling, and that revelation is just the kindling up of the original light in man. Dr Tholuck, who still lives, one of the brightest ornaments of the Evangelical Church of Germany, succeeded "der alte Knapp" in the Chair of Theology at Halle in 1826. Detecting the rationalistic character of Dr de Wette's work, he published (1825) a work well worthy of a permanent place in theological literature, fitted to counteract its influence, entitled "Die Lehre von der Sünde und vom Versöhner: oder die wahn Weihe des Zweiflers," which has been translated into English under the title of "Guido and Julius; or Sin and the Propitiation." Shortly before his death, which took place in 1848, De Wette made the following touching confession regarding himself, and his efforts to frame a consistent religious system:—

"Ich fiel in eine wirre Zeit
Des Glaubens Einfalt war vernichtet

sophical system of Fries,¹ brought, apparently at least, to some of us the wished-for help. That theology claimed to be a reconciliation of reason and feeling, and it spoke the word scientifically both to the intellect and to faith. If Wegscheider wholly rejected everything that was supernatural in Christianity, and abandoned us, who were thirsting after the positive, to a Bible which he had converted into a mere worthless collection of fragments, a *tabula rasa*,—Knapp, on the contrary, endeavoured to gather together again all the materials, even to the minutest parts, the pins and nails of the fabric of truth, which had been broken to pieces by that rationalist, and scattered to the winds, and out of them to construct again, with careful accuracy, and in its old style, the building which had been pulled down; an operation which was in no way pleasing to us, who were bent on something fresh and new. De Wette, however, in his little work on “Religion and Theology,” a work breathing a youthful inspiration, placed before our view a new theological structure corresponding to our wishes, and guided us to an æsthetico-symbolical apprehension of the contents of Scripture, under which the most incomprehensible and the most marvellous things in the Bible became irradiated with the splendour of great and eternal ideas. Indeed, we now believed that we had won back again, in an ennobled form, that which had been torn from us; and only for the first time, at a later period, discovered the delusion by which we had been misled.

Ich mischte mich mit in den streit;
Doch, ach! ich hab'ihn nicht geschlichtet.”

(I fell into a time of confusion; the unity of the faith was destroyed. I, too, mixed myself up with this struggle—in vain! I have not settled it).—TR.

¹ The philosophy of Fries stands between that of Kant and Schelling, and combines the main principles of both. He died in 1843.—TR.

The biblical histories remained, even according to this symbolical way of interpreting them, the same as the vulgar rationalism had affirmed them to be, viz., only legends and myths; and the "great ideas" which we derived from them were none other than those of the common rational consciousness, to the attaining of which a more convenient and a shorter way was to be found than by that of searching the Scriptures. I know none among my friends who might be regarded as having remained steadfast at the position we then with joyful satisfaction reached, except the true and amiable Dr Franke, who died as Professor of Philosophy at Rostock.

Student-life at Halle was at that time, and partly, at least, is still, the old boisterous, wild student-life, developing itself in "canon-firing" and "storming," with "boxing-matches" and "birch-wood duels."¹ It is true, indeed, that there had then begun, in connec-

¹ Schaff thus describes the old student-life of Germany:—"The students spend from two to five hours every day in the lecture-rooms of the university hall, and the rest of the time in reading and writing at home, or in intercourse with their fellow-students. The majority, especially the "Foxes," as the freshmen are called, join one of the clubs or associations for social enjoyment, after true students' fashion. The members generally wear, or used to wear, peculiar colours on their caps, flags, and breast-bands, are regularly organized, and meet on special days at a particular inn or private room. There they sit round oblong tables, in the best of humour, drinking, smoking, and singing, at the top of their clear strong voices, "Gaudeamus igitur," or "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland," or "Freiheit, die ich meine," or "Es Zogen drei Bursche wohl ueber den Rhein," &c. They discuss the merits of their professors and sweethearts; they consult about a serenade to a favourite teacher, or about a joke to be practised upon some sordid "Philister" or landlord; they make patriotic speeches on the prospects of the German Fatherland; they pour out their hearts in an unbroken succession of affection and merriment, pathos and humour, wit and sarcasm, pun and taunt; they smoke and puff, they sing, and laugh, and talk till midnight, and feel as happy as the fellows in Auerbach's cellar in Goethe's 'Faust.'" This rude state of things is, however, happily passing away, and the more serious among the students keep entirely aloof from such scenes. The

tion with the "Teutonia,"¹ a reformation of the rude manners of former times, but the progress of this change was as yet very slow. This will appear manifest when I mention that one of the most able and highly-gifted of the students at that time in Halle, the afterwards celebrated Carl Immermann, was treated one evening with the horsewhip (*Hetzpeitsche*), by the verdict of the conclave of the seniors of that coterie, merely because he had the courage to lift his voice against the insufferable terrorism which the Teutonians took the liberty of exercising over the whole of the students of the university, and their actions. Those who kept themselves farthest aloof from this bullying manner which was then prevalent, were for the most part such as had returned from the war of liberation, and had learned during that struggle the earnestness of life. They scorned the *mask* of heroism, because they felt themselves in possession of the *reality*. Among such students one met, if not universally, at least generally, with those who gave themselves to diligent study in the various sciences; and to them, also, especially belonged the merit of raising to a higher and nobler elevation the aims and ambitions of the students in connection with the so-called "Burschenschaft."² The fellowship among the students, and their festival pomp on occasions, was conducted, perhaps, in the old way,

present generation of students is a more refined class of men; "they have exchanged the gauntlet for a pair of kids, the sword or rapier for a riding-whip or walking-stick; and it is no more an honour to besot one's-self with beer and tobacco, and to provoke duels."—TR.

¹ Name of one of the students' clubs.—TR.

² Students' club or association, formed for the purpose of "realising the patriotic ideals which had been awakened in the German nation by the successful war of independence." The "Landmannschaft" was an older association of a similar character. The Governments have now condemned these associations as hotbeds of political agitation.—TR.

but their spirit and significance were no more what they had formerly been. It was no longer a mere love of companionship, or a desire for empty exhibitions, that animated them, but a true spirit of patriotism. The affair of duelling, hitherto controlled by a company of unrestrained swaggerers, was brought under regulation, placed under a court of honour, and ultimately sublimated into a sort of Ordeal. The mass of the students belonging to that rude class, though not by any means all at once extirpated, saw themselves more and more distinctly branded with the mark of dishonour, and their ribald songs began to be altogether silenced before the saying which was now rising in estimation as the motto of a new party: "Frisch, frei, fröhlich und fromm" (lively, free, happy and pious).

Along with the general students' clubs there was also formed a large number of literary societies and associations for debating in the Latin language. In one of these, of which I was a member, the theology of Schleiermacher,¹ which was at that time engaging the

¹ Born at Breslau in 1768; died in 1834. His parents were of the religious sect called Moravians or United Brethren. In one of his minor writings, Neander thus describes the peculiar characteristic of Schleiermacher's religious teaching, and the extraordinary impression his "Reden ueber Religion" (Discourses on Religion, 1799) produced at the time of their publication:—"Those who at that time belonged to the rising generation, will remember with what power this book influenced the minds of the young, being written in all the vigour of youthful enthusiasm, and bearing witness to the neglected undeniably religious element in human nature. That which constitutes the peculiar characteristic of religion, viz., that it is an independent element in human nature, had fallen into oblivion by the one-sided rational or speculative tendency, or a one-sided tendency to absorb it in ethics. Schleiermacher had touched a note which, especially in the minds of youth, could not but continue to sound everywhere. Men were led back into the depth of their heart, to perceive here a divine drawing which, when once called forth, might lead them beyond that which the author of this impulse had expressed with distinct consciousness." His theological system is fully developed in his "Der Christliche Glaube," first

attention of many, was the subject with us of much discussion. There were some who could recognise in this glowing meteor which had appeared nothing else than a pantheistic wandering star, which was more portentous of danger than the rationalism of Wegscheider. On the other hand, there were others who felt themselves constrained to speak of him in language of unbounded praise, as a new reformer of evangelical theology. Certain it is, however, that his enthusiasm for the Person of Christ produced an indelible impression on our minds. But whether there was any one of us who had possession of Ariadne's thread to guide us through Schleiermacher's dialectics is, it must be confessed, quite another question.

published in 2 vols. in 1821-22. While the influence of his writings on the intellect of Germany was, and still is, exceedingly great, it was far surpassed by that which was exercised by his eloquence as a pulpit orator, and by the simplicity and piety of his personal character, over all he came in contact with.—Tr.

CHAPTER V.

THE UNIVERSITY—JENA.

AFTER the course of two years I left Halle for Jena.¹ In the last month of my residence at Halle I preached to a neighbouring village congregation, on one occasion in the presence of quite a crowd of my fellow-students, who had assembled to hear me for the purpose of criticising. They approved of my bold performance, pronouncing it “wohl bestanden” (well done); but the shame still suffuses my cheeks when I think of that first effort at a sermon.

The principal attractions which led me to Jena were Fries among the philosophers, and Schott among the theologians. I confess, however, that the nature of student-life at Jena also exercised a material influence over the choice I now made. At that time academic-life at Jena had unfolded itself into a form altogether of the fairest and purest character. This town, surrounded by well-wooded heights, is beautifully situated

¹ “To maintain an intellectual contest with the new electoral house, and with the University of Wittenberg, then suspected of being possessed of a Calvinistic devil, and to constitute a fortress for genuine Lutheranism in general, the University of Jena (in the Grand-Duchy of Saxe-Weimar), with a charter from the Emperor and a blessing from Heaven, was founded (1548-58) by the sons of John Frederic, who in troublous times confided in the future.”—*Hase*. During the session of 1868-69, this university was attended by 432 students in all, under the care of 62 professors and teachers.—*Tr.*

on the banks of the river Saale. As I entered it, the scene of youthful activity, animated and cheerful, yet restrained within due bounds, which met my view and greeted my ears in the public market-place, seemed abundantly to confirm my opinion as to student-life in Jena. Here I saw the students in great numbers, clothed in the costume of the German coat and the plumed velvet cap, or in the plain linen blouse worn while taking exercise, walking to and fro singing merry songs, or engaged in cheerful conversation with one another. And when I asked one of them to show me the street where lodgings were provided for me, he saluted me with a hearty *Du*¹ (*thou*), took up and carried my knapsack whether I would or not, and accompanied me to my dwelling, remarking to me by the way how very costly it was to live in Jena. And so indeed I found it in a short time to be, and had great reason to be on my guard, lest from that cause my sojourn there should come to a sudden termination.

As a matter of course, without delay I entered into the "holy brotherhood" of the "German Burschenschaft," in which I very soon had the honour of being promoted to a post of responsibility. And even at the present day, when in thought I place myself again in the midst of those scenes of youthful, active, and boisterous life, there is reproduced within me something of that solemn and elevating impression which the first general meeting of the Burschenschaft, convened for the purpose of admitting new associates, gave rise to. The spacious, well-lighted hall, decorated with the insignia of the society, and filled in every part

¹ This form of expression among the Germans implies familiarity and affection. It is employed by near relatives in addressing one another.—TR.

with a large, dense mass of young men, all full of hope, the representatives of a new era to our Fatherland, as we thought ourselves to be; before us, on a platform, the oblong table, over which was spread a black-red-and-yellow covering, and on it naked swords placed on each other in the form of a cross, and also the register of the transactions of the Bund; and behind it the chosen twelve who constituted the committee, all of them being decorated with the Iron Cross of Honour, which they had won in the war of liberation; and in the midst of them the president, over whose chair was suspended the German flag; and then the proceedings of the meeting commenced by the whole multitude of 800 singing with loud, clear, sonorous voices, accompanied by the orchestra, the favourite animating song of the Bund, "Sind wir vereint zur guten Stunde;" and after this the president's energetic address to the new members, followed by their taking the usual oath, that they would observe the ancient, holy, honourable, knightly customs of the Fathers, and the laws and principles of the Bund;—all this, how could it be otherwise than that it should highly excite one newly arrived amid such scenes, and irresistibly hurry along his youthful imagination, and elevate him, as it were, into an ideal world of enthusiasm?

And, indeed, the proceedings of the Burschenschaft at that time were not mere idle show, and boyish flashing eccentricities. It was enthusiasm, it is true, which animated them, but such enthusiasm, although the students themselves were but half conscious of it, as had in it much of the beautiful and the noble striving after outward realisation. The society was pervaded by a subtle penetrating atmosphere, which was fuller of elements worthy of a careful fostering hand than

of those which tended to relentless destruction, such as soon after developed themselves. If this had not been the case, how would enlightened men, and men of mature minds, such as E. M. Arndt, Schleiermacher, Luden, and many others, have attached themselves to it? In the movements of the students there was manifest a moral earnestness wrestling with the traditional rudeness of academic life; a more ideal contemplation of the importance of life, with the Philistine¹ narrowness of all pig-tail and dung-hill cock society; a more extensive German patriotism, with the exclusive spirit of the Landsmannschaft; and at the same time a felt need for a positive faith, with the old negative rationalistic aims of those days. It is true the object which these enthusiasts were striving to attain hovered before them as yet more or less only in the distant obscurity of mist and cloud; yet this only served to strengthen the longing aspirations with which they stretched forth toward it. It was a spiritual "Argo-nautic expedition" for a golden fleece, the glory of which we had some faint apprehension of, but could not describe—an expedition in which poetry, the companion of the Orphean lyre, did not fail us, so that the flame of our inspiration did not want the nourishing oil.

The student-spirit which then ruled us showed itself also in the manner in which we made choice of the teachers under whose instructions we placed ourselves. Old John Philip Gabler, the learned dis-

¹ A name given by the students to all tradesmen and others not belonging to the university. The whole system or world of *Illuminism* was also called the "Philisterwelt" (the world of Philistines); and the students of this period of the renovation never wearied in pouring contempt upon all the principles and aims by which that world was governed, and holding them up to ridicule.—TR.

ciple of Eichhorn¹ and Griesbach,² was esteemed by us who were theologians, not only on account of his honourable, upright German character, but above all, and specially, because he was wont to speak of the moral sublimity and dignity of Christ with a reverence scarcely to be distinguished from devotion, and thereby he met the deepest want of our souls. We, dreaming of freedom, willingly indulged him when he cut in pieces for us the fetters of Church symbols by which we were restrained. But his superficial jejune rationalism, which sought to explain all the miracles of the Bible on mere natural principles (*e.g.* the transfiguration of Christ was explained as only a thunder-storm, the multiplying of the loaves as the obtaining of a supply which had been hid in the store of some trader, the resurrection of Jesus as merely His awakening out of a death-like sleep), was repulsive to us, and afforded us only a compassionate laugh, or made us shrug our shoulders at his naïveté and folly.

In spite of his awkward and unsociable manner, which gave occasion to the youthful students who were fond of fun to pass many harmless jokes upon him, Henry August Schott, the well-known and very celebrated editor of a revised edition of the Text of the New Testament, and of a most masterly Latin translation of it, far excelled Gabler in his influence over us. By his kindness of disposition, and his truly quiet, unassuming manner, together with his erudition, he gained our affection and love in the same degree in which he impressed us by his deep and extensive knowledge,

¹ Johann Gottfried Eichhorn, Professor of Biblical Literature at Göttingen, where he succeeded Michaelis in 1788. He died in 1827.—TR.

² Griesbach was Professor of Theology at the University of Jena. He was distinguished for his Critical Edition of the Text of the New Testament, which was first published at Halle in 1774-75. He died in 1812.—TR.

and his fine classical taste. But he was yet the more attractive to us by reason of his taking up a position of hostility to the platitudes of the then prevailing form of doctrinal belief. As a believer in the supernatural, he recognised the fact of a supernatural revelation, spoke of Jesus, with the greatest reverence, as the "God-man," and resolutely rejected all doubts cast upon the doctrine of His literal resurrection from the dead. And yet his belief in the Bible teachings was limited, and he did not deny that his judgment was not yet so wholly emancipated from the theological tendencies of the times, as that he could lay aside the vaulting-pole of the doctrine of accommodation, wherewith to help himself over many things "altogether too wonderful in the Book." There pulsed in him also no vein of mysticism, and so it happened that many deeply excited thinkers complained of the "fatigue" which they often experienced while listening to his lectures.

The men we enthusiastically admired, and that because they came nearest to the circle of our society, and in many respects also to the circle of our ideas, were the historian Luden and the philosopher Fries, whom we have already mentioned. The latter of these cast a spell over us by the charm, the freshness, and the elegance of his lectures, but principally by the fire of his German patriotism, which glowed through his words. If any one understood how to fire the youthful mind with an enduring enthusiastic love of Fatherland, it was he; and that so much the more, since his enthusiasm sometimes, like our own, was very generally pervaded by a high religious strain. The religious element in his philosophy, however, limited itself only to an æsthetic delight in the eternally Beautiful and

Sublime, discerned by kindred sentiment in the actual world. But he delighted us by his poetic warmth, and afforded us the opportunity, in his fluent vagueness, of always attributing to him that which was pleasing to ourselves. Perhaps only a few of us sufficiently penetrated the system of the subjective philosophy, as not to suppose him enraptured as well with Bible Christianity as with the Sublime in the actual world, and to see that what he called Faith was only subjective sincerity of conviction, which was bound to no positive objective truth.

But that by which Fries principally won our hearts was the fraternal relation into which he entered with us. Not only did he condescend to deliver to us a course of public lectures on our student-motto, "Frisch, frei, fröhlich, fromm!" but he also took the deepest interest in all the arrangements and proceedings of our Burschenschaft. Our statutes were submitted to his inspection, and he revised them with as great earnestness and care as if they had been fundamental laws of the State. He helped us to settle, on a basis of firm principle, the subject of duelling, and sketched out for us the rules for the regulation of the court of arbitration, and the "Ehrengericht."¹ He even applauded, at least from his window, the foolery—often enough quite too scandalous, though not altogether senseless—which was not seldom carried on in the public marketplace. We even actually thought that he saw so much of the realisation of his idea of a "better world," from the mad masquerade in which, after we had been excited by Oken's Free Journal, the "Isis," and its vignette, we made use of a series of piquant *tableaux*

¹ A jury of students, established for the purpose of peacefully settling all quarrels that might arise, without having recourse to duelling.—TR.

vivants, satirically to expose to the laughter of the public the pig-tail and Philistine worlds, as well as the affectation of democracy that then began to prevail.

It was also Fries who, before all others, helped to originate and give effect to the idea of the Wartburg Festival¹ in 1817, which was to many so disastrous. I confess that at this day I look back upon that festival only with pure joy. In it that high tone of patriotic feeling, that religious excitement and joyful expectation

¹ At the instance of the Burschenschaft of Jena an invitation was addressed to the students of the German universities to assemble at the Wartburg on 18th October, to celebrate the Tricentenary of the Reformation, and at the same time also the recent deliverance of Germany from the French domination. On the appointed day, 500 students and some of the professors, prominent among whom was Dr Fries, assembled in the market-place of Eisenach, and marched in solemn procession to the old castle of the Wartburg. There, after singing the great national hymn, "Ein feste Burg," a sermon was preached by Riemann, Knight of the Iron Cross won at Waterloo, one of the theological students of Jena, and the whole service was concluded by prayer and the singing of the German *Te Deum*, "Nun danket alle Gott." The whole assembly then partook together of a common meal, at which patriotic speeches were delivered and enthusiastic toasts given. The evening was spent in singing and gymnastic exercises in the market-place of Eisenach, and in social hilarity. But, unfortunately for the reputation of the Burschenschaft, a number of students assembled at a late hour on the Wartenberg, opposite the Wartburg, and there made a bonfire, and cast into it twenty-eight obnoxious books and pamphlets, together with a bodice, a cue, and a corporal's staff, "symbols of the old-fashioned pedantry and tyranny of Germany." This act was regarded in high quarters as a political offence. It was looked upon as the symptom of a revolutionary spirit, and as revealing the political tendency of the Burschenschaft, which henceforth fell under suspicion. In 1819 the Hofrath von Kotzebue was murdered by Carl Ludwig Sand, a half insane fanatic student of Jena, and member of the Burschenschaft. This was regarded, though without any evidence, as the result of a general revolutionary conspiracy among the students; and therefore, on 20th September of that year, the German Diet abolished the Burschenschaft, many of the prominent members of which suffered imprisonment and exile. Though legally abolished, however, the society still secretly exists in the two societies that have sprung out of it, viz., the *Arminia*, which favours constitutional monarchy, and the *Germania*, which is of a republican character. See SCHAFF'S *Universities of Germany*.—TR.

of a better future both for society and the State which then animated the youth of Germany shortly after the war of liberation, reached a development of the fairest and most promising character.

The assembling of the students at the Wartburg, at least in its main intent, appeared as a worthy sequel to that gathering of the students around Luther which took place at Wittenberg in 1517. A German-Christian regeneration of the Fatherland in the State, the Church, and the family, was the ideal which swelled our bosoms, though it was only dimly seen by us in vague, fanciful images, enveloped in mist. No doubt the elements which, in a very wonderful manner, mingled themselves together in that great spiritual seething-kettle, stood greatly in need of being purified. For I do believe that only a few were at all distinctly conscious of the ground on which they felt themselves so devoutly interested, filled with such ecstasy, and so deeply moved at the general Communion in the town church in Eisenach, which formed the solemn crisis of the whole festival.¹ Religion and patriotism, asceticism and the free spirit of the Burschenschaft, romanticism and politics, and all manner of earthly and heavenly thoughts and affections, mingled themselves together therein. The noble ingredients, without question, were as yet only in an embryotic and impure condition.

As for the rest, in the speeches, the toasts, and the resolutions in which we breathed forth our love of freedom, not the slightest trace of anything of a revolutionary tendency was perceptible. We were enthusiastic for a united, free Germany. We dreamed also of a new German emperor, whom we supposed

¹ After the celebration at the Wartburg, the procession returned to Eisenach to attend divine service there in the afternoon.—TR.

we had discovered at one time in our high patron, Carl August, at another in the King of Prussia, and again in some one of the other German princes. But the thought of overturning the throne of any of our German rulers was far distant from us. Yea, the numerous band amongst us of brave men, who had come from the war of liberation decorated with Orders, among whom were also counts and barons, thought that patriotism, and respectful submission and fealty due to hereditary princes, were inseparable; and these men took the lead at the University. And even at the *auto da fé* of the books which took place at midnight at the Wartenberg, which, moreover, was only an intermezzo and an impromptu exploit of a very few, nothing was done or said by which that principle could in the remotest degree be injured. Enough. Every one who took part in the Wartburg Festival will always remember it, as one of them has expressed it, "as a May-day of his youth!"

Who among all who were companions in that festival, do not see still standing before them their friends Riemann, Sieversen, Count Keller, Frommann, Leo, and other types of the youth of Germany? And among them also was the unfortunate Carl Ludwig Sand, in whom the Christian-ethical enthusiasm, which we all, to a certain degree, participated in along with him, increased to an ever-to-be-lamented fanatical degree. I knew him long before the delusion came upon him. On one occasion, when on a journey, he entertained me as his guest for several days at Erlangen. I cannot forget the pleasant hours which I then spent with him there. He was a man of an upright mind, animated by Christian principle, deeply moved toward all that was noble and beautiful, and grieved at heart on

account of the moral condition of the Fatherland. At the time of the Wartburg celebration, his dark eye already, it is true, burned with a fire which occasioned much anxiety on his account to those who were more narrowly observing him. But a deed such as that which he perpetrated two years afterwards, no one would have believed the youth who was striving in all points after the highest moral perfection, at all capable of. It is true they did not know that, in the man whom he afterwards devoted to death¹—in the name of God, as in his madness he thought—he saw the chief betrayer and corrupter of the morals of his German people, whom he warmly loved above all others. The ladies and gentlemen who dipped their pocket-handkerchiefs in Sand's blood on the scaffold at Mannheim, were as much deluded as he was. But they who in silence mourn over him beside his grave, as over one of the noblest of the sons of Germany, who was ruined by the philosophy which confounds the mere subjective sincerity of conviction (*Ueberzeugungstreue*) with Christian faith, find themselves in the right, and stand in the truth.

I pass by in silence the sad fact that, soon after the time of the Wartburg Festival, the pure idealistic spirit which then moved and excited us, degenerated into a

¹ Hofrath von Kotzebue, a very unprincipled man. He was hated by all the liberals as a Russian spy and traitor of Germany. Sand stabbed him to death with a dagger, in his own house at Mannheim, in March 1819. "While his worthless victim was expiring in his own dwelling, Sand rushed to the street, assembled a crowd, and exclaimed: 'Hurrah for my German Fatherland, and all those Germans who desire to promote the welfare of pure humanity!' He then made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, hoping by means of a double crime to open a bloody path for German liberty, and thus to immortalise himself as a second Arnold of Winkelried. Having been brought to trial for murder, he was condemned to death, and executed by the sword on 20th May 1819, near Mannheim, before a great concourse of people" (*Schaff*).—TR.

political power, which aimed at effecting changes in national legislation, and, falling under the control of demagogues, manifested here and there even a revolutionary tendency. The influence which poisoned the harmless poetic enthusiasm of the Wartburg came chiefly from the south of the Fatherland. Emissaries, particularly from Giessen and Heidelberg, appeared at Jena, who, for the first time, infused into our ideas of the Burschenschaft, which were from the beginning very lofty indeed, but indefinite and general, floating before the mind in undefined vagueness, a real and positive aim. And this definite aim became afterwards well enough known from the acts of the inquisition by the Government. I thank God, and not indeed in the spirit of the Pharisee of old, that at the time when this degeneracy in the spirit of the Burschenschaft took place, my residence at the University had already terminated.

The echo of the great Wartburg Festival sounded so long within us in undiminished distinctness, that it secured at least the greatest number of us against the danger of being misled by the "Schwarzen" (the black party), as the extreme party then called themselves. But let no one have too high an opinion of the pious earnestness of the youth at that time attending the University of Jena. The first words of their motto, "Frisch, frei, und fröhlich," were always greatly more applicable as a description of their character than the last word¹ of it. If everything that bordered on what was low and base was banished from their circle, yet, along with the constant drilling of the "Wehrschaft," formed from among the students, and commanded by officers who had been engaged in the war of liberation, and the practice of the "noble gymnastics," the old

¹ Viz., "fromm," i.e. "pious."

habits continued. Duelling, though less frequently—masquerade exhibitions in the market-place, and what not—went on as merrily as ever. Yea, along with the very imposing and solemn assemblies of the Bund, there continued amongst us also, in full splendour, the old traditional Lichtenhaine court, with its pot-valiant Duke Thus, its courts-martial, and its battery of cannon—a sport which, once upon occasion, Goethe,¹ as he walked past, saw to his great amusement.

We had frequently the pleasure of meeting with this tall, stately, poet-hero. On one occasion he lingered a while in our midst, looking at the students engaged in gymnastic exercise, having dismounted from his carriage, which was drawn by two white horses; and to this day I well remember the sonorous voice with which he gave expression to his astonishment at the sight of the swinging to and fro performed by a very skilful gymnast on the pole, in the following words: “I am surprised! the young man is like an osier wand.” A deputation of the students once waited on him with the request that he would deliver to us lectures on literature or æsthetics. He received it in the most gracious manner, and after conversing for some time in a very friendly way with the students who were pre-

¹ Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, in August 1749. After a course of somewhat desultory studies at different universities, he went to Weimar (1775) on the invitation of the Prince, by whom he was elevated to the rank of privy-councillor (Geheimrath) in 1779. He afterwards became a member of his government, but devoted himself to science, literature, and art. He is the author of numerous works, both in poetry and prose, all of them characterised by a decided superiority of thought and style. He has gained for himself the foremost place in German literature. He was, indeed, almost the creator of German literature, as his writings were the introduction of a new era. During his whole life he was in correspondence with the chief authors of the day, and in various ways exercised no small direct influence on the literary labours of others. He died at Weimar in 1832. —TR.

sent regarding the studies in which they were severally engaged, he dismissed them with the assurance that he would, "at a convenient time," gladly comply with their wish. That "convenient time," however, never came.

I would have made as little progress in theology as in religion by my residence at the University of Jena, had I not by private studies sought to attain what the instructions of the professors failed to present. The exegetical lectures of the otherwise highly-honoured Schott were really after all of little significance to me, because they were devoid alike of enthusiasm and of penetrating thought. And in the homiletic and catechetical lectures of Dr Danz, I found only that which was self-evident, or what I already knew. The finely constructed, but rationalistic and empty, sermons of Marezell created in me a dislike for the service of the Church, and drove me away from it; and so nothing remained for me but to seek refuge from this spiritual famine in reading. Herder's work on "The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry," and my father's book on "The Spirit and Form of the Gospels," and Kleuker's Apologetical writings, rendered me great service, ever to be remembered by me with thankfulness. Besides these, I studied many portions of the "Fathers," read Schleiermacher's "Discourses on Religion," refreshed myself by perusing the pages of the "Wandsbeck Messenger,"¹

¹ The "Wandsbecker Bote," a religious journal, edited by Matthew Claudius of Wandsbeck, a town in the duchy of Holstein, near Hamburg. "Claudius (1743-1815); Lavater, a sacred poet (1741-1801); and Stilling, a physician and religious writer, esteemed by the "Pietists" of Germany (1740-1817), preserved a childlike piety in an age of prevailing scepticism, and proved in their persons and writings a blessing to thousands." "Claudius was a true son of Martin Luther, not in strength and zeal, it is true, but in childlike sense, in simple-hearted cheerfulness, in the cordial appropriation of the Divine Word in its wonderful unction and sweetness. His writings are no doubt the last German ones in which one is entitled to say that Luther's spirit was breathing in them" (*Grundtvig*).—TR.

and drank full draughts from the living water-streams which flowed in sparkling copiousness from out of Luther's works. I was not without friends who were associated with me in this earnest course of study. Among these I name before all others my brother Emil, who gave himself with great zeal to his studies, having few who were his equals in diligence. He had the good fortune, after leaving Jena, to carry on his studies under the care of Steudel and Flatt at Tübingen, and through his intercourse with friends, such as Louis Hofacker, and the poet Albert Knapp, Barth, Burckhardt, and others of his own age, to be introduced into a full and deep appreciation of the theology of the heart.¹

With pious thankfulness I look back on that brief period of my life which I spent at Jena as one in which my soul, delivered from every fetter by which it was bound, learned to rise on the wings of faith to a higher and purer elevation. My heart, and my mind also, experienced at that time a material quickening, an expansion and advancement of their capability of appreciating spiritual conceptions. My conception (*Ahnung*) of the splendour of the life of faith gradually and gently formed itself into the experience of such a life; and that

¹ "Pectus est quod theologum facit," was Neander's motto. Schleiermacher stood between two ages of German theology. He was the last in the generation of sceptics, and the first in the succession of believers. The new era introduced by him was one of awakened spiritual life. Theology began to be studied, not as a mere exercise of the understanding, but always as a sacred business of the heart. "Powerful preachers arose, like Louis and William Hofacker, and the Krummachers, father, uncle, and son, who unfolded the plan of salvation, and led thirsting souls to fountains of living water. A new taste and zeal were awakened for sacred hymns, and Spitta, Knapp, and Bahrdt tuned their harps for new songs of Zion." Neander's motto became the guide to theologians, and the "theology of the heart" gradually began to take the place of that of the rationalism of the preceding age.—TR.

which may be called the German-Christian principle, although it existed at that time only in very feeble intimations, and in an embryotic condition in the centre of the Burschenschaft, grew up into an actual existence before me, and became the living reality which has accompanied me all my life long since then. No one therefore will laugh at the inexpressible sorrow with which, at the end of my academical curriculum, I left, in the company of my dear friends, the old Athens on the Saale. On the way to Dornburg, through the charming valley of the Saale, along which I had often wandered, I had frequently difficulty in refraining from weeping, in spite of the merry singing and the sounds of joy that echoed around me. Just before bidding farewell to my companions in Cunitz, one of them ventured, in the most harmless manner however, to joke about my weakness. This gave occasion to me to send to him to Jena the following quickly-written verses from Naumburg, where I found a lodging for that night:—

DER AUSZUG AUS JENA.¹

Kaum färbte der Morgen den Giebel am Haus,

Da kuckte der Bursche zum Fenster hinaus:

“O Jena, du Werthe, nun geht es zu End,

Gott weiss wie das Herze in Leibe mir brennt.”

¹ When Krummacker's Autobiography was passing through the press in Germany, this poem, by some accident, could not be found for insertion in its proper place. The sheets were printed accordingly without it. It was afterwards discovered and forwarded to the Translator by the family of the deceased, for insertion in the English edition. It is here printed because it gives a very vivid idea of certain customs connected with student-life in Germany, and it affords a glimpse also into the character of the youthful Krummacker. An English version of it will be found in the Appendix.—TR.

Er sprach's und das Wasser zum Auge ihm drang,
Da dröhnte die Treppe—da hallte der Gang—
“Herr Bruder, pack' auf” und “Herr Bruder, beiss' ein,
Und schmeckt es auch bitter, geschieden muss sein.”

Und voller die Kammer, und voller der Gang,
Und lauter das Rauschen, und wilder der Drang—
Den Ranzen nimmt Einer, und Einer den Stab—
Dann lärmend selbender die Treppe hinab.

Und drüben am Markte, da hebt sich alsbald
Ein Grüssen, so rauh, wie ein Stürmen im Wald.
Doch sänftiglich schauten die Augen darein,
Und helle mocht' manches von Thränen auch sein.

Drauf wogt's durch die Gassen, geschlossen zu Reih'n,
Es hallte das Pflaster, es sprühte der Stein—
Es brauste zum Himmel der Abschiedsgesang—
Nur *Einer* schwieg stille beim rauschenden Klang.

Manch Fensterlein klirrte, manch Äugelein zag'
Sah heimlich durch Blumen dem Scheidenden nach.
Manch Grüssen stieg neckend von unten hinauf—
Nur *Einer* schlug nimmer die Augen auf.

Und rings an den Schenken, da hielten sie ein—
Nur *Einer* verschmähte den würzigen Wein;
Bis dass er gekommen zum äussersten Haus,
Da fasst er den Becher, und leerte ihn aus—

Und warf ihn hinab in die schäumende Well'—
Da stürzten die Thränen so glühend und hell,
Als sah er versinken sein Alles zur Fluth,
“O Jena, Dich lassen,—wie bitter das thut!”

CHAPTER VI.

FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAINE.

HAVING returned to my home, I now regarded it as my first and most important duty to put my hands to the "Christian-German Reformation of the Fatherland." Those who originated and were carrying forward such a work expected everything from Gymnastics. A fantastic address, proceeding on this idea, appeared at this time in the Bernburg weekly journal. It called upon the young men of Anhalt to erect places for the practice of athletic exercises in their fathers' gardens. This address gave rise to great and serious reflection among the citizens, and failed not to draw forth several public remonstrances of a very solemn nature; while on the part of the more intelligent and those of a freer spirit, it only provoked ironical laughter and pleasantry, and, at the most, induced them to recommend to the enthusiasts a thoughtful moderation. A letter to the gymnast Jahn brought back the encouraging answer, "Now, quick to the rally! Why does the grumbling of the old men trouble you? Let the dead bury their dead! In the fresh life of the young there are the germs of the new world growing up!" A witty, sarcastical poem, aimed at the "Philistines," raised the opposition to the whole movement to the highest pitch of excitement, and the whole

attempt at a reformation by such means ended, to the great grief of the society of gymnasts that had been gathered together within a short time, in their dissolution as a body, and in the destruction of the bars and climbing-poles and other implements, which were intended as the symbols of the rise of a new and valiant race of Germans who would be worthy of their fathers.

Instead of devoting myself to those "bodily exercises," which the apostle — certainly without any reference to the gymnasts—declares "profit nothing," I was diligently and seasonably employed, along with my companions who were to be examined with me, in preparatory studies for our approaching final examination, with a view to our being admitted to the status of candidates. I passed the examination, on the whole, *cum laude*. Adhering, so far as I understood it, to the theological system and method of interpreting the Scriptures taught by De Wette, whose theology was based on the philosophy of Fries, I expounded the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves recorded in the Gospel of Matthew¹ (as that portion of Scripture had been assigned to me as the subject of a trial discourse), as a symbol in which was mirrored forth the inexhaustible goodness of God toward all the needy and suffering children of men. This mode of interpreting the miracle was evidently pleasing to one of the examiners; but my father, who presided over the examination of the Anhalt consistory, interrupted my exegetical discussion with the question, Whether, then, I regarded the Gospel narrative as historically true, or as only allegorical? This question, which had never before, in the same form, pressed itself on my attention,

¹ Matt. xv. 32-38.

filled me at once with perplexity and confusion. It was some time before I had the power of composing myself to answer that I did not at all deny that the miracles of Jesus were true, but that I regarded their chief value as consisting in the religious and moral truths which they represented. But at the same moment when I thus answered, a light broke in upon my mind, convincing me how miserably this notion harmonized with my supposed belief in the historical verity of the miracles, and making it manifest to me that my whole Christianity consisted as yet more in undefined sentiment than in firm conviction—more in the hazy vision of the imagination than in the possession of truth won as the result of warfare against error, or as gained from experience.

Scarcely had I passed the ordeal of the theological examination — which I did creditably, indeed with honour, though at the same time not without the feeling of deep humiliation at my own imperfection—when my father received a letter from Dr Spiess, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, in which he inquired whether I had any inclination to occupy the situation of an ordained assistant preacher to the German Reformed congregation there, which had become vacant by the resignation of Herr Wilhelmi, who afterwards became Bishop of Nassau. I at once accepted the offered situation, and after a few days set out on my journey to Frankfurt. There I preached my trial discourse, which was approved of more perhaps on account of my open, frank manner, and my lively style of delivery, than on account of the richness and depth of the truths set forth in the sermon itself. I was thereafter unanimously chosen by the presbytery of that congregation. I then returned to Bernburg, that I might there undergo

the second examination "pro ministerio," and, on my passing it, be immediately ordained.

All this happened within a few weeks. And now, at the beginning of the year 1819, I hastened once more by Erfurt, Eisenach, Fulda, and Gelnhausen, with joyful expectation, and painting to myself a blessed future, to the old free town of Frankfurt. There I received from all, but especially in the house of Dr Spiess, the most hearty and friendly welcome. On the following Sabbath, amid a great conflict of inward emotion, I entered for the first time on the functions of my sacred office. I was charged with the duty of preaching the afternoon sermon in the German Reformed Church; and besides, in the event of anything preventing either of the two pastors from conducting the public worship of the forenoon, I was to supply their place.

In Frankfurt I entered on a life which was in many respects new to me. This free city, forming, as it were, a bond of union between Northern and Southern Germany, comprehended in itself not only all that was fitted to supply the outward conveniences and comforts of life which would be agreeable to a young man, particularly in its surrounding scenes and in its delightful society, but also such as was fitted in some degree to awaken and to bring forth into more beneficial development whatever of the elements of education might still be slumbering within him. The spirit of trade has never gained in it, as in many other commercial towns, the predominance over the intellectual and spiritual interests of man. Not only did the rich old nobility, who at all times have had their residences in Frankfurt, and who, mindful of their motto, "Noblesse oblige," had consecrated their leisure to the cultivation of the fine arts

and of the sciences, contribute to this result ; but also the historical reminiscences connected with the founding of the city by Charles the Great. The affection for it first manifested by the emperors, Ludwig the Pious (St Louis), and Ludwig the German, who raised it—as the old palace, the Saalhof¹ yet bears witness—to be the capital of Austria, and made it their chief place of residence ; and the crowning of the emperors there in later times,—the remembrance of all this gave to the inhabitants a certain tone of dignity, and a consciousness of superiority.

What further helped to guard them against the hardening influences of materialism, and to enlarge their intellectual horizon, was, along with the constant influx of foreign tourists into this, the gate of the two hemispheres of Germany, the great number of scientific institutions and societies for the cultivation of art of which the city then had to boast, and also its free form of government, which afforded to every citizen the opportunity of winning his way to the highest offices of State. Every one was thus stimulated by powerful motives to seek his intellectual advancement. Yea, even the seven years' domination of Napoleon, when the city was placed under the Prince-primate,² however greatly that state of things was detested by the citizens, had, upon the whole, a favourable influence on their general culture. During that period the old fortifications and town-walls were removed, and in their room there arose, as if under the hand of a magician, the most charming garden-ground and promenades. There were also

¹ The modern building on the site of the ancient palace of the Karlovingian emperors.—TR.

² *i.e.* of the Rhenish Confederation. The present “constitution of the free city of Frankfurt” was voted by the citizens in July 1816.—TR.

removed many other old, dilapidated buildings, which had outlived their time, and thus the city was opened up on all sides and beautified. And how brilliant is the place which is filled in history by all the Dalbergs, those distinguished patrons and active promoters of literature and art! Carl Theodor also is seen at that time worthily following the shining footsteps of his fame-crowned ancestors, so that no noble endeavour put forth in the region of intellectual activity failed of encouragement and support. In this way Frankfurt became enriched by the advent of many celebrated artists and men of science. After the Restoration in the year 1813, when Frankfurt again came into the possession of all its former rights and freedom, it received into it as a new, and at the same time favourable, element in its general elevation, the German Diet, whose numerous members, for the most part men distinguished for their intelligence and ability, did not take up so exclusive a place with reference to the citizens generally, as to prevent them from exercising an intellectual influence upon them, and thereby widening the circle of their ideas and views.

The various societies of different kinds into which I was now introduced, gave to my life in Frankfurt a very parti-coloured appearance. Naturally, chief among those with whom I had intercourse were the families which belonged to the congregation among whom I laboured, and some of whom, as the Neufvilles, Lutteroths, Passavants, Lessings, de Barys, Bernuses, &c., like the old original families of the sister French-Walloon congregation, on account of their wealth and position, their solid intelligence, and their dignified manner, were reckoned among the patrician families of the first rank in Frankfurt. With delight do I look back to

these, in every respect, excellent families, among whom was found a luxury conformable to their social rank, but yet without any ostentation, the finest etiquette without exclusiveness, and kindliness of disposition without formal stiffness. They manifested a lively interest in all literary and artistic excellence. For the most part, also, they took an active interest in all that concerned the Church. In later years, the celebrated geographer Ritter, who lived for a long time in the midst of them, once said to me that they always hovered before the eye of his memory, as presenting to him the very ideal of domestic and social life.

But I mingled also in other societies besides, among which the prevailing tone was not less pleasing, but at the same time more cordial, more unrestrained, and freer. A circle of romantic poets, who achieved for themselves, however, less fame than one would have expected from the talents of those who composed it, received me as a companion into their midst. I enjoyed friendly fellowship with the celebrated romance and novel writer Döring, who was early removed by death; with Wilhelm Kilzer, the author of a poem on the town of Frankfurt, and other occasional pieces of poetry; with the cabbalistic-theosophic philosopher Molitor;¹ with the amiable author of "The Stories and

¹ A follower, to a great degree, of Baader of Munich, whose system of philosophy was closely allied to the philosophy of Jacob Boehme (died 1624), "the shoemaker of Görlitz." Molitor's system was also allied to the Cabbala which sprang out of the Oriental philosophy. The Cabbala is an expansion of the Masora, the system of biblical criticism of the Jews. The *theoretical* Cabbala consists of the transposition of letters, their resolution into numbers, the cause of a letter being written great or small, the reason of a consonant being written without a vowel, or a vowel without a consonant, the hidden meaning of words, vowels, and accents, &c." The *practical* Cabbala is a sort of magic or black art, by which all manner of knowledge might be acquired. The *Cabbalists* deal in charms and incantations.—TR.

Legends of the Rhine," Professor Nicolaus Vogt, whose heart, according to his last will and testament, lies buried at the foot of the Rat-tower¹ (Mäusethurm) of Bingen. From him I learned to know the demon Fountains which then began to sparkle in the first manifestations of his Titanic genius, as they then appeared in his journal, the "Wage," to the alarm of the whole town. I also became acquainted with Clemens Brentano, the writer of romances, the brother of Bettina. He once offered, with all seriousness, to meet the whole expense of the journey, if I would proceed to Rome, and for six weeks attend the worship in St Peter's, which he had no doubt would convert me to Catholicism. I thanked him that he had such a concern for my soul; whereupon he replied: "Till you Protestants pull down the chatter-box" ("Plapperkasten")—he meant the pulpit—"or, at least, throw it into the corner, where it ought to be, there is no hope of you." I could only reply to him, "It is true, indeed, that our 'Plapperkasten' stands greatly in the way of you Catholics."

Bettina had been at that time for eight years the Baroness Achim von Arnim, but was still remembered in Frankfurt as the highly-gifted maiden, who was wont to be spoken of by the people, in a harmless sense, however, as "die kleine tolle Brentano" (the little mad Brentano). This name she received on account of her fantastic original genius, and her free, confiding manner.

In the hospitable house of the genial aulic counsellor, Berly, who was at that time chief editor of the "Ober-

¹ The Binger-see, or Hole of Bingen, is a rocky bar over which the Rhine descends with great impetuosity. A little way above it, on a rock in the middle of the stream, is the Mäusethurm, an edifice of the Middle Ages, of renown in legendary lore.—TR.

postamtszeitung," I had frequent opportunities of being introduced to the acquaintance of persons of intellectual eminence. Those who passed for literary celebrities in Frankfurt, not omitting even Elise Bürger—for whom this constant patron of those unfortunate poets who, according to Schiller's "*Theilung der Erde*,"¹ find at length, because they come too late, after the earth has been divided, only a little place in an imaginary heaven, provided at a later period of her life a quiet death-bed in an hospital—were usually found assembled at his musical soirées and conversaziones. The saloon of the amiable Hadermann, the Counsellor of Education, was also a favourite resort for those who were enthusiastic friends of the Muses and men of worth. At his flourishing school for the sons of the higher classes I first began, and continued for two years, my labours as a teacher. The attractive influence, however, principally emanated from the lady of the house, who, in her extensive reading, her lively spirit, her sound judgment, and her remarkable gift of imparting information, possessed a magic wand, which quickly aroused the minds of all around her to lively activity, and compelled them to draw on the treasury of their best thoughts. To many young men of talent she became a gold-digger, bringing out that talent to the light of day, and leading it into the way of future development. Even Peter von Cornelius² did not

¹ "Division of the Earth." The poem describes how Jupiter divided the earth among different classes. While this was going on, the poet was living in dream-land, and missed his share. Jupiter thus consoles him—

"Was thun?" spricht Zeus, "die Welt ist weggegeben
Der Herbst, die Jagd, der Markt ist nicht mehr mein.
Willst du in meinem Himmel mit mir leben,
So oft du kommst, er soll dir offen sein."—Tr.

² Son of the inspector of the Picture Gallery at Düsseldorf, was born in

hesitate to ascribe it, for the most part, to the animating influences which she exerted over him, that at one time, when he was on the point of despairing of himself and his art, he did not succumb to the trial. And as an evidence of this, he bequeathed to his amiable patroness, as a gift of thanks, his original drawings in illustration of Goethe's "Faust," and also many other valuable sketches from his master-hand.

Now and then the soirées held at Hadermann's were honoured by the presence of the distinguished deputies to the German Diet, who, on such occasions, seemed willing to lay down their official gravity at the feet of the Muses and Graces, and with poets and artists and singers, to proclaim with enthusiasm their admiration of Goethe, Jean Paul, Mozart, Beethoven, Vandyk, Memling, Canova, Danneker, and Thorwaldsen.

Among those children of the world, intoxicated with the love of genius, one Dr Göntgen was generally present, greatly to my comfort. He was from the heart a pious man, though altogether of the middle-age mystic stamp. He had imbibed the thoughts and ideas of Eckard,¹ Tauler, Suso, and Ruysbroek, and was at the

1787. His father died when he was still a youth. Amid many difficulties he rose to the highest eminence as a painter, and, in association with such men as Overbeck, effected a regeneration in German art. His first great work was a series of designs illustrative of Goethe's "Faust," which at once gained him a high reputation. He also prepared elaborate designs to illustrate the "Nibelungen Lied" and "Jerusalem Liberata." He painted also the frescoes in the Glyptothek at Munich.—TR.

¹ Master Eckard, the first of the German philosophical mystics, died about 1329. His writings produced a deep impression on the age. He was followed in the 14th and 15th centuries by like-minded mystics, whose works contributed greatly to the revival of genuine piety among the people. Foremost among these were Tauler of Strasburg (died 1361), who was a man of deep humility and fervent piety, some of whose works have recently been published in English; Suso, called also Amandus (died 1365); and John Ruysbroek (died 1381), called Doctor Ecstaticus.—TR.

same time a diligent student of the Apocalypse, but not wholly free from abstruse notions and unsound ideas. He interposed a religious tone into the conversations of the guests, which, however, according to the spirit of the times, bore on itself, for the most part, the stamp of Romanticism, rather than of biblical Christianity. Their religion frequently took no higher form than the confession of Faust, "Call it Happiness! Heart! Love! or God! I have no name for it! Feeling is everything,"¹ etc. At a later period the good Göntgen allowed himself to be misled by the well-known fanatic or deceiver Proli, who gave himself out as the "other Elias" spoken of by the prophet Malachi,² and following him to America, there shared in the lamentable ruin which overtook his sect and colony, and found his early grave. In spirit I lay an olive-branch on his tomb. His religious depth and warmth had a great share in the process of my enlightenment in the knowledge of that which I yet wanted before I could fully number myself among believing Christians. I sought him often in his own little chamber, up several flights of stairs, and seldom did I return home from those visits to him without being compelled, with a troubled and agitated conscience, to say to myself, "In thy Christianity there is as yet no reality. It is an affair of the understanding and of the lips, but as yet there is no *life*!"

The liveliest interest of the whole cultivated world of Frankfurt was taken up with the "Museum," which was then in its youthful vigour. I had the honour of seeing myself enrolled among the active members of it.

¹ "Nenn's Glück! Herz! Liebe! Gott!

Ich habe keinen Namen

Dafür! Gefühl ist alles."

² Mal. iv. 5.

This excellent institution was under the management of the men who were most eminent in the various departments of science and art. Among the former—the men of science—I name Dr Kirchner, widely famed for his “History of the City of Frankfurt,” and also the highly-gifted Dr Clemens. Among the latter—men distinguished in art—I name the organists Spohr and Guhr; the singing-master Schelbe, like them still well remembered in Frankfurt; and also the painter Passavant.

Most of the numerous members of this institution, both ladies and gentlemen, assembled every fortnight to an exceedingly pleasant evening’s entertainment, which consisted in the exhibition of old and new specimens of sculpture, stucco-work, and painting; in the performance of magnificent pieces of classical music; and in lectures on subjects appertaining to belles-lettres, or to history. All this contributed essentially to the furtherance of the general culture. Here, on such occasions, one sometimes met with distinguished men from a distance, inasmuch as the members had the privilege of introducing their guests. Thus I saw here, of men of science, De Wette; Marheineke,¹ an enthusiastic admirer of art, who by his serious demeanour presented to me an infallible measure for estimating his philosophical self-consciousness; Tzschirner of Leipzig, the bold apologist for Protestantism in opposition to the Papists; the great jurist Thibaut,² who was skilled in music; the celebrated Carl Ritter, the geo-

¹ Of Berlin. Died 1846. He was an admirer of Daub of Heidelberg, the father of modern speculative theology. In some of his theological writings he leans toward Schelling, and in others toward Hegel.—Tr.

² Of Heidelberg. He was author of a work on choral singing, entitled “Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst.” Like Natorp of Munster, he advocated the restoration of choral singing to its ancient place of honour.—Tr.

grapher, then in the prime of his manhood; and many others. Of poets, I there met with the excellent Swabians, Uhland, Kerner, Schwab, and Baggesen, and Tieck from the North. Of artists, I saw the Dane Thorwaldsen, who, above many others, drew all eyes towards him. With his gigantic stature, and his features sharply and distinctly marked, and reaching to a colossal magnitude, the whole proportions of his profile bearing evidences of genius and strength, he appeared like a living statue of Michael Angelo. On the occasion of a magnificent banquet, held in celebration of Goethe's seventieth birthday—I mention this in passing—I happened to come near to the great artist, and after I had spoken with him a little, he put to me the question, "Are you an artist?" "No," I replied; "I am a theologian." I then heard from him the same words which, at a later time, Bettina once addressed to me in Berlin: "How can one be only a theologian?" cried, shrugging his shoulders, this famed sculptor of the statue of Christ.¹ Who may expound such a psychological contradiction? I drew from it the conclusion that an *enthusiastic admiration* for the Person of Christ is something very different from *faith* in Him.

If to what we have already said we further make mention of the distinguished "St Cecilia Verein," formed for the purpose of performing only classical

¹ Bertel Thorwaldsen was born at Copenhagen, 1770. He went to Rome at the expense of the Danish Government to study the art of sculpture, for excellence in which he had received, when still a youth, the gold medal of the Academy of Arts at Copenhagen. He remained in the Papal States for twenty-three years, and then, in 1819, set out on a visit to his native country, crowned with fame as one of the greatest sculptors of the time. It was on this occasion of his journey to Copenhagen that Krummacher met him. Among his principal works, executed after his return to Rome, were statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles.—Tr.

music, under the leadership of Schelbe, Rüppel's communications regarding his voyages of discovery, and many other opportunities of intellectual elevation, it will be sufficiently evident that, at that time, in Frankfurt, there were not wanting incitements of many kinds to mental improvement. Yea, in no other place was the elevation which the war of liberation at that time gave to the whole German world of mind, experienced in a greater degree than in Frankfurt. The religious element, also, as I have already mentioned, participated in this general intellectual awakening. There was an unmistakable increase in the interest felt in ecclesiastical matters. The sanctuaries were again filled with worshippers of all ranks. The Communion table, which had for many years been almost wholly forsaken by the people, was again surrounded by crowds greater than had ever at any time been seen before; and in social circles it was quite noticeable that the people felt an interest in conversing on the sermons they heard preached from the pulpits on the Sabbaths, and that not in a spirit of hostility, but of friendly criticism. The general scale of Christian knowledge was, it must be confessed, very low. There were some, however, who apprehended that the discourses they heard from by far the greatest number of the pulpits, contained in them something essentially different from the truths of the free Gospel, which many who frequented the churches were unconsciously in search of. The people were enthusiastic in their admiration of Senior¹ Hufnagel, who was certainly animated in his style of preaching, and, beyond question, learned,

¹ The majority of the inhabitants of Frankfurt are of the Lutheran faith. They have twelve clergymen, who are presided over by one of their number, who is styled the Senior.—TR.

but still only a Deist. They regarded him as a very apostle. Pastor Kirchner, a man of high mental endowments, though in spirit, and in his system of doctrine, related to the rationalistic Paulus of Heidelberg, gained for himself an honoured place by his labours for the culture of his native town. Many thousands regarded him as an authority in theology. What he spoke, they said, must be in accordance with the mind of God.

Pastor Friedrich, about whom it was probably quite truthfully reported, that he received instructions in the art of declaiming and of mimicry from one of the most distinguished actors, exercised every Sabbath, by his intellectual, devout, declamatory orations, a power over the sensibilities of his numerous audience such as no other preacher then did. With what emotion did I myself once see his audience dissolved in tears, while listening to a sermon in which, after his return home from a short tour, which he had undertaken for the sake of his health, he presented a truly brilliant picture of an enchanting prospect which he had enjoyed from the heights of the Schwarz-Wald (Black Forest), concluding with these words :—"The view I enjoyed of the creation of God altogether overpowered me! I sank on my knee! I prayed; and for whom? for you, for you, my beloved congregation!" All sobbed aloud with emotion and delight, and one would have envied the man for his oratorical powers, had there been less of the theatrical in his manner, and more that was true and real. Among the Lutheran pastors, Stein of Sachsenhausen¹ was for Frankfurt a man rich in blessings. He introduced a new and better era for the Church. Yet it is true that in him also

¹ One of the suburbs of Frankfurt.

pathos was in excess of the clearness and the fulness of his thoughts. But he proclaimed with high animation, in the language of the educated, Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of the world and of the souls of men. It was the higher classes principally who waited on his ministry. Among those who regularly appeared in his church was the noble Baron von Stein, during his residence in Frankfurt. Many of the delegates of the German Diet, along with their families, also followed his example. And how many have had, at a later time, reason to bless the church of Sachsenhausen, as that in which they first found the "Light of Life!" The circle of zealous believers in Frankfurt has from that time perceptibly increased; but so far as it owes its existence to human instrumentality, it dates principally from the labours of Pastor Stein.

In the two Reformed congregations of Frankfurt, the preaching of the true faith was never altogether silent.¹ In my time the four pastors all preached the pure and unfettered Word of God, although they were not all equally decided in announcing its fundamental doctrines. Doctor Spiess, my fatherly friend, was regarded for his spirit, his fine taste, and his style of language, as the most splendid and effective pulpit orator of his times.

¹ The Protestant Churches of Germany were originally all Lutheran in their character. The controversies which broke out in the close of the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries, in the Lutheran Church, occasioned by the spread of the views of Melancthon, led to the development on the one side of strict Lutheranism, and on the other to the more decided adoption, on the part of many of the Churches of Germany, of the views of Calvin. Hence resulted a division in the Protestant Church into the *Lutheran* and the *Calvinistic* or *Reformed*. In 1817, the late Frederick William III. of Prussia united these two branches of the Church. He gave to the United Church the name of the *Evangelical* Church. The union was only in part successful, however. Thus there are now three branches of the Protestant Church in Germany—the Lutheran, the Reformed, and the United or Evangelical Church.—TR.

Yet he achieved nothing in comparison of what might have been hoped for from his labours, because he scarcely, in his theological views, rose above the rational supernaturalistic standpoint of Reinhardt, the chief court-preacher of Saxony, who was to him, and to thousands also of his associates in office, a pattern of excellence implicitly followed. In his style of sermon also he had adopted his method of handling texts. His discourses were too much cut up into divisions, and were very loosely connected with the texts which had been chosen. His occasional sermons, particularly those bearing on public themes, may even to this day, however, take the rank of masterpieces. On Fast-days, he was in an especial degree deeply affecting, from the open, free-hearted way in which he dragged out to view the prevailing sins. Beyond doubt, many were aroused by him from the slumber of carnal security, and stirred to seek after the kingdom of God. But to carry these souls farther onward in the way of life, and to initiate them into "the wisdom of God, in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the foundation of the world unto our glory"¹—in this he by no means excelled. More of this duty devolved on his able colleague Passavant, the youthful friend of Goethe, the intimate acquaintance and like-minded companion of Lavater, whose cheerful peace of mind, and countenance bright with unbounded good-will, might be regarded as preaching to all an evangelical sermon. In his lectures, which, like "a Song of Degrees," echoed constantly with the love of God in Christ, it were greatly to be desired, however, that there had been more of a substratum of dogmatic truth. They lacked too frequently the power of conveying instruction. The

¹ 1 Cor. ii. 7.

special ground on which is manifested the love of God to sinners, did not always occupy the prominent place it was entitled to ; and the way of salvation, with its various steps and stages, floated before him generally as if enveloped in clouds. No one who heard his sweet and heart-moving voice ever left the house of God unrefreshed and un comforted, and not one of the ministers of Frankfurt was held in more general and more deserved honour than this "John," as they were wont to call him, on account of the general refrain of his sermon, "Little children, see that ye love one another." His seventieth birthday was celebrated by almost the whole town ; and the poem with which I saluted him on that occasion, which appeared in the literary weekly journal called the "Iris," gave expression to the opinions which were entertained by all regarding him.

The French Reformed congregation, with its highly distinguished families, who maintained a somewhat exclusive superiority of rank, had been accustomed at all times to hear from the lips of its ministers only pure Calvinistic doctrine—with the exclusion, however, of the doctrine of predestination ; and those who were in my time walked firmly in the footsteps of their predecessors. These were the Waldensian Appia, who took more delight in the ethical element of Christianity ; and Manuel, from Lausanne, who applied himself with more diligence to the dogmatic and mystical depths of the Gospel, the successor of the richly-gifted and only too early departed Jean Renaud, the father-in-law of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy,¹ our great master of music, and composer of the unsurpassed oratorios.

¹ Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy was the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the distinguished Jewish philosopher. His father was a banker, first at

Manuel was *much* to me, yea, *very much*. In spirit I anoint the tombstone of this distinguished man, whose life came too soon to an end. His was a character out and out pure and genuine as gold. He was distinguished by a thorough scientific education, and by the depth and penetration of his mind, combined with a remarkable power of imagination. He very soon won my whole heart. In our reciprocal friendly intercourse there gradually grew up a certain degree of inward sympathy, such that a separation from each other, for hours together, became absolutely unbearable, and he received me as an inmate of the parsonage-house, which was situated near to the church. Oh the never-to-be-forgotten delightful days we spent in fellowship with each other! I bless the man whom the Lord used as the principal instrument in leading me to know the depths of my own heart better, in revealing to me the barren deserts which were there, in vivifying and making distinctly felt in my heart my need of salvation, and in heightening the earnestness of my prayers. He has often made me despair of myself, but under his encouragement I always again was able to compose myself and gain courage. When the world with its phantoms threatened again to ensnare me, his voice, to me, always clothed itself in the language of God: "This is the way! walk in it. Turn not aside to the right hand nor to the left." Tempted by doubts—historical, critical, or philosophical—we sought in

Hamburg and afterwards in Berlin. Felix was born in Hamburg in 1809. He early distinguished himself as a musician. His oratorios, which were all performed in England, for the first time in the town hall of Birmingham, were "St Paul," the "Lobgesang," and "Elijah." They were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and the renown of the author spread over Europe. They stand in an equal rank, as masterpieces of musical genius, with Handel's "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt."—Tr.

common their solution, and rested not till it was found. We read together Latin, Greek, and German, with which languages he was perfectly acquainted, and also French. We engaged in a constant interchange of thoughts, if not about some portion of God's Word, about some one of the Reformers or Church Fathers, or about some distinguished theological work of recent date. We refreshed ourselves in reading Pascal's "Thoughts," and in the writings of the Magus¹ of the North, which had then just appeared; we wandered also through Goethe's "Faust," "Iphigenie," and "Tasso," and enjoyed together the chief productions of all literature. We also usually took our walks together through the fields and woods; and it then happened not seldom, as it was the season of the advancing spring, that his Swiss home-sickness showed itself in all its power. Even to this day do I hear him, as on these occasions,

¹ J. G. Hamann, born at Königsberg, 1730, and died in 1788. Kahnis thus speaks of him:—"A consuming restlessness pervades his life. Unbounded desire of study drove him from book to book, from one department of study to another, without his finding satisfaction. It is almost incredible what departments of knowledge he has wandered through. After years of irregular study he threw himself, adventurer-like, into the floods of life, until in London the Word of God found him. The thirst for salvation with which he read the Scriptures, made him find as their centre the salvation of the sinner through Jesus Christ. . . . He was a knotty 'wonder-oak' from which the winds of the spirit of the time elicited oracles. What he wrote are flying leaves which he cast into his time." Of this Magus of the North Goethe says, "He was of course regarded as an abstruse enthusiast by those who swayed the literature of the day (Nicolai and his consorts); aspiring youth was, however, attracted by him. Even the quiet of the land, as they were called, half in sport, half in earnest—those pious souls who, without joining any particular sect, formed an invisible church—gave him their attention." Herder, who was at that time teacher in the Gymnasium (Frederick's college) of Königsberg, was greatly influenced by Hamann, who was "a good handful of years" his senior. They were men of kindred spirit, and were united together in deepest sympathy. It was Herder who first gave origin to the title by which Hamann became so widely known in the literary world, "*The Magician of the North*."—TR.

with a longing sigh, he poured out these words from his heart, "O ma patrie! mon lac! mes belles Montagnes!" (O my country! my lake! my beautiful mountains!) He was at last, however, set free from all this longing for home, inasmuch as in spite of all the opposition he encountered in the love of his congregation toward him, he exchanged his official position, which was in every respect exceedingly agreeable and richly blessed, for that of prison-chaplain in Lausanne, a situation, in a worldly point of view, by no means so comfortable. It is probable, however, that his decision to accept of this inferior situation was hastened by his discovery that a love which was shut up in his breast, the secret of which only betrayed itself to my suspicion, was altogether hopeless. The object of this tender affection, which he kept anxiously concealed, was the daughter—worthy of all love—of one of the most distinguished families of his congregation. Her name was Sophie Gontard, and it is probable that she never knew how the heart of her pastor was moved toward her.

Manuel was a decided and richly-gifted witness "of all the blessings which we have in Christ Jesus." He preached with fervency; but nourished as he was with the milk of the Greek and Latin classics, and always farther increasing his acquaintance with them, he laboured, even in the form of his sermons, to attain a perfection which, perhaps, many times injured their popularity, and weakened the impression of their devoutness. Every sermon, costing him from eight to fourteen days' labour, when it was finished, rightly laid claim to be regarded as a sort of classic, and, as is generally the custom among French pastors, was delivered in different churches, and frequently at the

express desire of the congregations who had heard the fame of it. Manuel at one time believed that the Word read, if that was only done according to the rules of rhetoric, would in no degree be inferior in the effect it produced to that which arises from the Word when sung; and he once undertook, during the service of a Good Friday, to read the whole of Handel's oratorio of the "Messiah," and, at an Easter service, the whole of Handel's "Creation." I was present during one of these remarkable homiletic experiments; but he confessed to me with deep shame, after the service had been concluded, that he was convinced of his mistake, and that his object would have been reached sooner if he had prepared himself for his duties in his closet in prayer to God, rather than by practising from the rostrum of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, and had then given free scope to the thoughts which pulsed in his heart. He was for ever cured of all confidence in such feats of artistic skill; and his later sermons serve as a witness how excellently he had learned to unite child-like simplicity, transparent clearness, and true popularity, with the neatness and elegance of diction and of style, which were befitting him. His activity in the prison at Lausanne laid upon this intellectual, and on many sides highly-cultivated and gifted man, not a little restriction; but his humility was great, and genuine enough to make this scarcely at all perceptible by him. He boasted only of the homiletic and psychological experience which he acquired there. And the witnesses of his laboriousness in this inferior position, whom he gained also there, speak much in praise of his self-denying fidelity. In the most vigorous period of his manhood, when pastor of the town church of Lausanne, he departed this life in the

peace of God; and I have myself not long ago seen evidence how happy memories of the name, and how the image itself of that genuine honest witness for Christ, live in his congregation, and even far beyond its limits.

I cannot also forget what the celebrated and excellent Schöff (town-councillor), Johann Friedrich von Meyer, was to me during my year of training at Frankfurt. Always welcomed by him with the greatest frankness, I never left his study without feeling myself strengthened in the faith, and more filled with the love of the Lord. I was wont to lay before him all the scruples of conscience which in many ways filled me with anxiety; and it was affecting to see with what deep concern he entered on the subject referred to him, and sought by his discourse to me, which always fell from his lips like calm refreshing dew, to set me free from my difficulties. I yet hear him saying, "Does the Mosaic history of the creation awaken doubts in your mind? Are you not rather filled with the highest admiration of the sublimity of these words, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,' which went forth like lightning into the night of the dark world? My dear young friend, could the great secret of the creation of the world be brought near to our limited human circle of vision in a form more beautiful and more appropriate than it is here presented in the history of the six days' work, in which single creations follow each other in the order in which also natural science classifies them? Do not regard the Bible as intended to be a convenient handbook of geology, but with me praise the loving condescension of the great God, who would make Himself in it understood by the weakest and most limited in mental capacity of His

earth-born children." On another occasion he said: "You feel difficulty at this, and that, in the third chapter of Genesis? The world in the midst of which this chapter places us is no longer in existence. How can we then at all comprehend its appearance? But the events recorded in it—does not your own heart and life confirm them to you every day? Is there not always something in your own heart which desires to be as God? Do you not frequently meet in the depths of your own soul the feelings of an exile who looks back with longing heart to the home from which he has been driven? Do you not also find yourself, with all the children of Adam, under the sentence of the thorns and the thistles, and at last of death itself, as of some strange thing that has fallen upon their original nature; and wherever you sojourn, does not that word reach you regarding the "Seed of the woman" who will "bruise the serpent's head?"

When on one occasion I gave expression to some fears, in view of the efforts of critics to undermine all faith in the Holy Scriptures as the Word of God, this valued friend said to me with a smile, which mirrored forth to my view the unclouded clearness and unshaken stability of his faith: "Let not yourself be moved! All these destructive operations shall and must serve, according to the will of God, only to make evident the absolute immovableness of the foundation on which our faith rests. But though our adversaries—supposing that which is impossible to be possible—were to succeed in bringing suspicion on the authenticity of all the apostolic writings—yea, to prove that our four gospels were composed in the third or some other later century—what matters it? *Christ yet remains: He is the Lord!* The evidences of His

divinity, as well as of His mediatorial reign, and of His power to save, are now indelibly recorded in the history of the world, and engraven on the souls of millions of men whom He has redeemed and sanctified, and brought to the possession of heavenly glory."

But of incomparably greater value to me than were these apologetical hints, to which I might add many more, with which he came to the help of my weakness, was the glance which he thus afforded me into the innermost realm of his heart, as well as the familiar communications which he made to me from the world of his own spiritual experience, and which were so strengthening to my faith. He was a mystic in the noblest sense of the word, and a man of prayer such as few then were. How often did the Lord seem near to him in most remarkable answers to prayer, and in gracious help which He vouchsafed! Hence the peculiar, gentle sunshine which seemed to irradiate his brow. Often when I looked upon him, the words once written of Moses came to my remembrance, "When he came down from the mount, he knew not that the skin of his face shone when the Lord talked with him."

It was greatly to my encouragement that, on one occasion, after he had condescended to hear me preach a sermon, he said to me: "I am glad from my heart to observe your growth in the knowledge of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. May God help you to go on still farther!" My joy at this testimony might indeed have given place to shame, for my whole knowledge of Christianity was at that time by no means great. Yet that word of his comforted me somewhat, and spurred me on to greater endeavours.

In Frankfurt there was at that time a Church within the Church (*ecclesiola in ecclesia*). Von Meyer some-

times was present at its meetings for devotion. I also now and then took part in these exercises. Its president and leader was Lix, the leather-merchant, a man of feeling, whom I do not remember to have ever met otherwise than with moist half-closed eyes, and wearing lightly-framed spectacles. He read and delivered addresses of an edifying character at these meetings, and also sung and prayed. In this circle I learned to know many truly pious men. That the odium of the great public rested on the "conventicle," was to me a sufficient sign that they who were thus marked were really in earnest with their Christianity. But here also the leader did not seem to have altogether escaped the dangers which threaten the conductors of such meetings. A bankruptcy which he made was reckoned—I know not whether there may have been any foundation for this—as a very great reproach to him, and, at the same time, it brought reproach also on the whole Gospel. This rendered it necessary for him to terminate the prayer-meetings, and it scattered, at least for a time, the little congregation. It was soon afterwards, however, again re-assembled under others, ministers of the Gospel, who conducted its worship. It was the root out of which ultimately grew the present Frankfurt Bible and Missionary Society.

When I now review the sermons I then preached at Frankfurt, I cannot but see—however greatly in them fancy prevailed over experience—that there was in them something, as it were, of the cock-crowing heralding in me the dawn of a new morning of life. As Christ had been long since recognised by me as the God-man, who had come down from heaven, and is now highly exalted above the whole race of Adam, so I felt already also, in a very lively and increasingly pro-

found manner, that I, a sinful creature, estranged from the Creator, could not be without Him, in order to my sanctification and salvation. That this belief made itself evident in my public ministrations, accompanied by the breath of thorough truthfulness, is testified by the circumstance that, on one occasion, a Würtemberg pietist, a believer of great experience and of tried fidelity, who had come to Frankfurt on business as a merchant, when he heard me preach, came to me with the earnest request not only that I would give him the sketch of the sermon, but that I would also grant him permission to have it printed. Moreover, I remarked, and in an increasing measure among my regular hearers, a not inconsiderable number of true Christians, whom to this day I ought to thank that they were so patiently contented with the stinted provisions which then in my youth I had to offer to them. But, above all, I thank the Lord for the rich blessings which, unconsciously to themselves, they were the instruments of conveying to me. Yea, the name *Frankfurt* stands as the name of the true cradle of my life of faith, and is written, in letters that are indelible, in the very centre of my heart. And also for another reason I bless Frankfurt: It gave to me, from one of its excellent families belonging to the city, my dear wife, the faithful companion of my earthly pilgrimage, the most precious blessing which, next to God Himself, I possess in this world.

CHAPTER VII.

RUHRORT.

IN the year 1823 I heard that the situation of pastor to the congregation of the village of Ruhrort had become vacant; and at the same time a request was made to me, provided I had an inclination to become a candidate, to deliver a sermon there. I at once resolved to do so, and accordingly set out on my journey thither, preached, and, not long after my return, was surprised by the news that I had been chosen from among the candidates by a great majority. The departure from Frankfurt, the separation from all the beloved families with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance, and the leaving of all the opportunities I there enjoyed of mental quickening, of cultivating a taste for that which is æsthetically beautiful, and of mingling in the best and most delightful society, particularly the frequent excursions which I made in company with those who were of kindred spirit, to the hills around, and through the green pleasant valleys and meadows which lay between the magnificent mountain ridges of the Taunus—all this caused me much sorrow. For the future, also, I would not have it in my power so easily to visit the beautiful town of Heidelberg, where I often sojourned in the house of Frau Schneider, who was afterwards mother-in-law of the professor of theology, Bähr,

and where I enjoyed fellowship with many of the professors, such as Boss—father and son—Schwarz, Paulus, and others. But that which lightened the sorrow of my departure from Frankfurt, was the prospect of the independent situation, as sole pastor over a congregation, which now lay before me, and the thought also that I would be near to my brother Emil, who had been chosen, a short time before, as pastor of the congregation of Baerl, which lay nearly opposite Ruhrort, on the left bank of the Rhine; but, above all, the sweet consciousness that I would carry away with me, as indeed the people of Ruhrort had expressly wished, my beloved one from the dear old free town of Frankfurt.

Thus, then, I took my departure with my young wife, after the venerable Passavant had bestowed the priestly benediction on our union. We went forth in the name of God, to whom I must wholly ascribe it that I was led in this path. From Düsseldorf, where the presbytery of the congregation of Ruhrort, to which my brother Emil had joined himself, welcomed us in a large barge, adorned with flags and flowers, around which was quite a fleet of smaller boats, we sailed down the Rhine. According to the custom of the congregations in the Rhine provinces, we were received by the people not as a poor pastor about to enter on his office, but like a prince, amid the firing of guns and the loud huzzaing of the multitudes on both banks of the river, bidding us a hearty welcome. At the landing-place of Ruhrort, where all the vessels in the harbour were decorated with their flags, the whole congregation had assembled. I delivered to them an address of salutation from the ship. This was followed by the salutation addressed to me, on their part, by the president of the congregation; and

then we moved on in procession through the green triumphal arch, amid the pealing of the bells from the church tower, into the town, which was everywhere adorned with festoons of flowers, to the house of Haniel, where we were welcomed in the most hospitable manner, till our own parsonage-house should be put in order for our inhabiting it. I do not now particularly remember the contents of the sermon I preached on the following Sabbath, on entering on my office. There was, however, present with me, both during and after the delivery of it, a definite feeling that between me and the congregation a bond of union was formed that could not be more intimate; and the future abundantly confirmed the truth of this feeling.

Oh how incomparably happy was the time which was granted to me in dear Ruhrort! However brief it was—and it extended over not quite two years—yet it was the May-time of my official life. The spiritual leaven which had gradually penetrated into my heart at Frankfurt, now in Ruhrort unfolded itself and was seen—the bud which there began to swell here opened out into full leaf. Was it a wonder? I not only preached to a congregation hungering for the Word of God, which received from my lips, with eyes beaming with delight, whatever I had to offer them from the treasury of the Gospel; but I also felt myself as if borne up by the affections and by the prayers of considerable circles of experienced and well-informed Christians who gathered around me, and I thought that I saw very soon my constant and yet very imperfect instruction honoured with a rich blessing of fruitfulness among the old, and especially among the young.

Christian life on the Ruhr and in the Lower Rhine, especially at Mülheim, Duisburg, Baerl, Kettwig, and

in the principality of Mörs, had at that time less or more of a Tersteegen¹ shade about it, without, however, any separatistic tendency. "Inward Christianity" was the watchword of the faithful. "Spiritual experience," "the life hidden with God," "the death of self," "Christ in us," were the catchwords of their theology. But whoever would on that account, according to a certain new view, mark them with contempt as "subjectivists," must bear in mind their relation to their Lord, whom they served truly and in the full sincerity of their souls. Yet it happened, nevertheless, to many of them that, while they professed to lay the whole weight on holiness of heart, they yet at the same time fell, unconsciously to themselves, into the bondage of a certain external formalism. Tersteegen's saying, "By silence will they be known," was to them the rule of their conduct. They appeared sparing in words, and with their thoughts turned in upon themselves. They were shocked at loud laughter, or jokes, however harmless, and indeed at all manner of social intercourse which had not as its centre the one sacred object. And while attaching no importance to things indifferent, they comprehended under the class of "things of this world," which they condemned, and from which they stood wholly aloof, not only the theatre and concerts, not only all toasts and the singing of merry songs at family festivals, but they also regarded as worldly, and not befitting those who are

¹ "Gerhard Tersteegen, ribbon-weaver at Mülheim, on the Ruhr (died 1769), was a mystic, and that one of the noblest and most pious that ever lived. He is distinguished as a sacred poet. He was a patriarchal hermit, to whom anxious souls came from far and near to receive spiritual counsel, comfort, and refreshment; and he was withal a child in humility and simplicity. Without being a separatist, he regarded the Church with indifference and neglect."—*Kurtz*.—TR.

Christians, the taking of any interest in any other kind of literature than that which was distinctively religious. They even condemned all taking delight in the creations of art, even though it were sacred art. They had no conception of the regeneration of the world as the last aim of Christianity. The building up of the Church into a glorious temple of God upon earth, was to them an idea that was foreign, their whole sphere of vision being limited by the spiritual edification of the soul of each individual believer.

From this tendency, which was certainly unhealthful, and for which it would be a crying injustice to make the noble Tersteegen responsible, the faithful at Ruhrort ought to have had intelligence enough to have kept themselves freer. Tersteegen was their favourite and constant guide and adviser in the narrow way. His "Crumbs" constituted, the whole year through, the principal foundation of their household devotion, and the precious songs of his imperishable "Geistliches Blumengärtlein" (Little Garden of Spiritual Flowers) lived continually in their mouths and in their hearts. But they did not confine their religious reading wholly to Tersteegen's writings, but appropriated to themselves also the spiritual treasures found in the writings of Lampe and other devoted servants of God. But, above all, they turned from the brooks and cisterns ever afresh to the living fountain, the Word of God itself. They were diligent searchers of the Bible, and this guarded them against many errors into which others had fallen, through a too unconditional attachment to the mystics of the French Catholic Church—Poiret, J. de Bernières-Louvigny, Madame de Guyon, and others—whom Tersteegen, by means of translations and otherwise, made accessible to wider circles of readers in order

to guard their inner life against the blighting influence of a dead orthodoxy. But did the sea-faring life of the Christians at Ruhrort, which, in contrast to the occupation of weavers which prevailed in other places, extended the horizon of their thoughts and brought them into contact with men of different lands, help to give a fresher and freer direction to their thoughts? This was the case, as might naturally have been expected. But the principal thing by which they were kept from the narrowness of a false legal ascetism, was the circumstance that to them the Scripture doctrine of justification by faith alone, which to those who are called mystics, and even to a Thomas à Kempis,¹ was hid under a thick veil, was revealed in unclouded clearness, as the Reformers had brought it forth again from underneath the rubbish of Romish institutions.

Among the faithful of those who were the first-fruits of my ministry there were two men who, though they sat at my feet as if eager to learn like the rest, with a modesty and humility which often put me to the blush, were yet true fathers in Christ to me. The one, named Scholten, was in his youth a driver of horses along the river-side, but who became at a later period, by fidelity and industry, and through the dowry he acquired by his wife, a well-to-do owner of land and property at a colliery. He was at an early period of life led into the ways of holiness, principally by means of Tersteegen's writings, which he was wont to fasten on the

¹ Was born at Kempen, near Cologne, about 1380. He was educated among the "Brethren of the Common Life." He afterwards became a canon in the monastery on Mount St Agnes, at Zwoll. He employed himself in transcribing the Bible and several of St Bernard's treatises, a work in which he excelled. He transcribed also from older manuscripts a work entitled "De Imitatione Christi," which is now generally supposed to have been composed by Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris.—Tr.

crupper of the horses behind which he walked, and to read from this strange desk. He afterwards consecrated all his spare hours to a very diligent perusal of God's Word ; and by personal inquiry, by prayer, and conversation with other like-minded friends, he at length acquired a knowledge of the Bible which many theologians might have envied. And his extensive knowledge of the Bible was perfectly equalled by his understanding of its contents.

When I came to Ruhrort, this dear amiable man, to whom my heart was very soon drawn, was regarded, and properly so, among the pious of that place, and throughout the whole surrounding district, as a mature Christian of great enlightenment and experience. He was invited to visit those who were seeking after salvation, and to speak to them of the way of life ; and as he had in a remarkable degree the gift of presenting the truth in a clear and lively manner, he frequently conducted meetings for religious instruction and devotion, sometimes in one place and sometimes in another. Though the labours thus imposed on him of visiting among the dwellings of the people were very great, yet after he was assured by the excellent clergyman of the place of his approbation of his conduct, he always responded to such invitations with joy ; and I have myself many a time, and to my own great edification, been witness of the unction and solidity and popular power with which he was wont, "from the heart to the heart," to proclaim the word of life. To very many indeed he was a messenger of blessings, and not least to myself. He has now departed from earth to the Church triumphant. A few years ago, when I saw him, then an old man of ninety years, I addressed him in these words :—" My dear Scholten, how greatly have I reason

to thank you! Through you the Lord led me deeper, not only into the knowledge of my own corrupt heart, but also of the word of His grace. And yet even more than this you were to me. May God reward you!"

The other of the two men who were to me, I must confess, though it was altogether unconsciously to themselves, as my spiritual mentors, and whom I number among the most beloved of those I have met with on my life's journey, was a poor master-tailor, by name Wickop. To prevent all sneering at the mention of this man, I remind the reader of the words of the apostle: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."¹ He was self-taught from his childhood, but, according to the words of the prophet, "taught of the Lord,"² full of spirit and of fine feeling, and as rich in faith and in love as in unassuming modesty and genuine humility. He was compared, not without truth, to the disciple who lay on Jesus' bosom, the apostle John; while in his friend Scholten there was perceived more of the nature of Peter. On his lofty brow rested, as it were, the reflection of the "wisdom that is from above," of which the Apostle James says, "It is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."³

On his clear and beautiful countenance there shone the light of mildness, and gentleness, and inward peace, which made the most pleasing impression on all who beheld him. The true-hearted, open glance of his

¹ 1 Cor. i. 27, 28.

² Is. liv. 13.

³ James iii. 17.

friendly eye inspired all with the most perfect confidence in him, and his words streamed forth from his lips so clear, so full of meaning, so well arranged, yea, often admirably selected, and as if springing from a kind of sacred humour, that no one was left in doubt that this man, although he had never passed through the schools of science and of literature, was yet in the possession of true profound education. His whole appearance confirmed in a high degree a well-known saying of Goethe's, who, without being conscious of it, often gave forth predictions, as formerly the Rabbi Gamaliel and the high-priest Caiaphas did; and still more, there was fulfilled in him that word of One greater than all, which was spoken to fishermen and publicans: "I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist."¹ This beloved man lived and moved in the atmosphere of the Word of God as in his proper element; and how frequently had he not occasion amid his labours to echo, from his own experience, these words of David: "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!"² He was rich in possessing a deep insight into the Holy Scriptures; and it was a great pleasure to hear him when, with an eye beaming with delight, but yet with the greatest modesty, he communicated how he believed that he had discovered, in this place or in that, some new depths of meaning, had found some new treasury of truths, or the solution of some biblical difficulty. But he was rich not only in his intelligent acquaintance with the Bible, but also in his experience of the nearness of the Lord, and of the efficacy of prayer, for he was eminently also a man of prayer.

¹ Luke xxi. 15.

² Ps. cxxxix. 17.

But let no one suppose that he was one who, like an anchorite, withdrew from the world. He mingled in the most friendly way with his fellow-men, and so far as his ability reached, he was always ready to help his fellow-citizens and his neighbours, and cheerfully took part in all undertakings which were for the common weal, and in all Christian associations. He looked with delight on the beautiful world of nature, "the divine picture-book for learners," as he called it; and his soul was so attuned, that even what was truly beautiful in secular art and poetry awakened a responsive echo within him.

These two friends I now saw every Sabbath sitting before me, along with not a few other experienced and mature Christians, in the very attentive and always numerous congregation; and one very easily conceives how a young preacher would be excited and quickened by having such hearers as these. He could not but feel himself fired with earnestness in his endeavour always to present well-considered discourses, corresponding to their expectations and necessities. After the public services of the Church were concluded, these Christian friends were accustomed to meet together again, in the house of one or another of their number, to converse together in a familiar manner over what they had heard; and to their no little joy I also sometimes was present at these pleasant meetings. It happened that I frequently heard there many beautiful thoughts expressed, which, alas, I had not spoken as I ought to have done, and many deep interpretations of Scripture given which made me ashamed; for with sincerity of heart they really ascribed them to me, and I had only thankfully to note what they said. By this means, I naturally felt myself spurred to more

diligent study of the Scriptures, and to more earnest prayer, that I might, at least in some measure, be worthy of the remarkable confidence which, to my shame, they placed in me.

On one occasion there happened to me what once also occurred in the experience of the celebrated Bishop Albertini of the Moravian Brethren. As he was preaching on the words of the apostle, "In labours more abundant,"¹ &c., one of his auditors, to the surprise of the whole congregation, cried out, "It is plain that Paul was strongly inclined to pride and vainglory, whatever else may be deduced from this passage." So, when discoursing on the words, "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil,"² I allowed the inconsiderate remark to escape my lips, following therein the opinion of Saurin, whose writings I had but recently been engaged in reading, that the apostle, in the last words of that text, alluded to the superstition of the later Judaism, according to which "Sammæl," a wicked spirit, held the world in terror, and ruled over it by Death as his jailer and hangman. No sooner had I said this than one of the friends sitting in the circle I have above referred to, addressed to me, quite inoffensively, and in a modest manner, the question, Whether the apostle, then, did not believe and wish to teach that the devil truly had the power of death, in so far as he not only filled the soul with fear through death, but also, after he had drawn men aside into sin, led men away into hell by means of death as his executioner? The question filled me with surprise and amazement. I had not only made

¹ 2 Cor. ii. 23-30.

² Heb. ii. 14.

the apostle to be suspected of writing in accommodation to a Jewish superstition, but I had also given rise to the thought that I myself denied the existence of the devil. I assured the friends, notwithstanding all I had said on the subject, that I was no such heretic as that; yea, I begged them to pardon me that I had for the moment been so forgetful. But by this I only made the case the more embarrassing. They, in reply, begged me to pardon their boldness, and assured me that they had not the remotest doubt about my soundness in the faith. I mention this occurrence only as an evidence at once of the delicate forbearance which the faithful of the congregation at Ruhrort showed to their young pastor, as also of the modesty which at all times they evinced in all their intercourse with him.

I may well say that the congregation took me and my wife by the hand. Whatever they could do in anticipation of our wishes, that they cheerfully did. They took care that our house was well supplied with meat and drink, so that we scarcely needed to purchase anything. When a little son was born to us, whom it was found necessary to nurse with a nursing-bottle, they very considerately arranged that a milk-cow kept by one of them should be reserved for our house exclusively. When we thought of filling our garden with vegetables instead of flowers, they told us that we would receive abundance of vegetables from the gardens of the congregation; and so we certainly found it to be the case. The friends celebrated our birthdays, and came to us on such occasions with their good-wishes and with presents for us. They surprised us on the occurrence of such family festivals with choral and psalm singing, and by other such displays and acts—and always in the

most delicate way, as proved the greatness of their affectionate interest in us.

“But had you no adversaries?” Do you mean personal adversaries? I am inclined to believe I had none. There were, however, certainly not wanting those who opposed themselves to my doctrines. These adversaries were chiefly found among the families of several wealthy and in other respects very honourable owners of coal-works, who had come over from the county of Mark,¹ and settled at Ruhrort, where they had stores of the produce of their works. This they did for the sake of conducting the transport on the Ruhr and the Rhine, and superintending the traffic at the harbour of Ruhrort. In the district I have named, at that time distinguished for the spirit of patriotism it displayed, there still survived the recollections of the “great monarch,”² such as perhaps was found in no other district of the Prussian Fatherland. In every house one found his portrait. No region was richer in the anecdotes which were related by the people concerning “old Fritz,” than was the district of Mark. But, along with his fame as a conquering hero, they gloried in him also as the philosopher of Sans-Souci, and his principles here found

¹ An old county, now comprehended in the Prussian province of Westphalia.

² Frederick II. of Prussia, Frederick the Great. After a brilliant reign, so far as the advancement of the material interests of Prussia are concerned, he died in 1786 at the palace of Sans-Souci. He was an avowed unbeliever in revealed religion. His notions even of natural religion were of the vaguest kind. He admired Voltaire, and was greatly influenced in his opinions by the French literati of that period. On one occasion, writing to Voltaire, he said: “Were I a heathen, I would worship you under the name of Apollo; were I a Jew, I would assign you a place beside the kingly prophet and his son; were I a Papist, I would make you my guardian saint and my father confessor; but as I am no one of these, I can do no more than content myself with admiring you as a philosopher, loving you as a poet, and honouring you as a friend.”—TR.

hospitable acceptance. Hence there appeared in many of the inhabitants of that place a spirit of opposition to the faith to which I was attached with my whole heart, and which I loudly proclaimed. Yet, for all that, this did not separate them from the church, nor alienate them from myself personally. We met frequently with one another, disputed often keenly enough, and then sat down peacefully again together in the Presbyterium. They derisively called those who were believers "*the pure*," and watched to see if they could not discover some weakness or imperfection in their characters. In this respect, perhaps, they did not watch in vain; but there was one at least against whom they could find no charge of inconsistency or shortcoming—that was the master-tailor Wickop. This man enjoyed the esteem and love of all. Yea, when he left this world, in the peace of God, not only the whole congregation of the faithful, but the outside world besides, adorned his grave with an honourable memorial; an almost solitary example of these words of our Lord, "If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you;" for "the servant is not greater than his Lord,"¹ seeming not to be fulfilled. But in this disciple the leaven of divine grace had fully penetrated the dough of his whole nature in a way rarely to be met with. He was distinguished for his Christian excellence, reaching even to the eminence of the first disciples of Christianity, of whom it is said that "they had favour with all the people."²

But what helped, in an essential degree, to gladden the period of my residence at Ruhrort, was my nearness to my brother Emil in Baerl. The towers of our respective churches saluted each other across the

¹ Jno. xv. 20.

² Acts ii. 47.

Rhine ; and on the Sabbath, when the wind was favourable, I could hear his bells ringing, or he mine. A short walk along the banks of the Rhine, and then a sail across the stream, brought us into fellowship with each other—and this often happened. And then we freely and frankly communicated with one another about our respective studies, our sermons, the affairs of our congregations, and the interests of our homes, as well as also the thoughts and feelings of our hearts. In Baerl, also, which had been singularly blessed in the labours there of my uncle, Gottfried Daniel Krummacher, in all the useful freshness of his first zeal in the service of the Lord, and also in those of his successor, Snethlage, who is now Oberhofprediger, ecclesiastical and spiritual life were then in a very prosperous condition ; and that which was once said of the Church of Jerusalem might almost have been said of that of Baerl and the region around it : “ The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.” As a rule, the people of Baerl were better conducted and more prosperous than those of Ruhrort. They were quieter, more hospitable, and, inasmuch as they belonged exclusively to the Reformed faith, they held strongly to the Calvinistic doctrine of the Sacrament of the Supper, which in Ruhrort, since the union of 1817, had fallen more into the background ; but in respect of the inwardness of their faith in the Lord, and in the fidelity of their service to Him, they stood in no respect behind my dear congregation at Ruhrort.

Also the old Duisburg, the scene of my boyhood, lay only some half an hour’s journey from Ruhrort across the Rhine, and it never allowed the recollections which flowed over my soul, in ceaseless waves rolling up from the past, to be at rest. I had frequent personal inter-

course with Gunther, who was formerly professor, and with the burgomaster Schlechtendahl, who were steadfast adherents of Menken¹ and the Hasenkamps, having much in common with these two noble men. Gunther and the burgomaster were the two great promoters there of Church life. Ross, in the neighbouring town of Budberg, who acted toward me and my brother as if we had been his own children, received us often under his hospitable roof with unequalled heartiness and good feeling, and refreshed us with his genial humour. Besides this, the Dutch transport-ships, which sometimes remained during the whole winter in the harbour of Ruhrort, gave me the opportunity of forming many excellent acquaintanceships among their captains and their families. Thus there were many things of a pleasant nature connected with my residence in Ruhrort fitted to engrave its name indelibly on my heart. It was truly the spring-time of my official life which I spent there.

¹ Menken and the two Hasenkamps were of the religious party called Collenbuschians, founded by a physician called Collenbusch, of Wichlinghausen (died 1803). This party was a sort of offshoot from Spener's Pietism, and was pervaded by the elements of Oetinger's Theosophy. Oetinger's development was "a retreat from the snowy regions of Wolffianism, leading through the misty lands of the intuition of Jacob Boehme, of central visionaries, of the alchemists of Swedenborg. And then, after all, we are again attracted to this *Magus* of the South by his wonderful life of prayer, by the mysterious intercourse with a higher world, by his thoughtful living and moving in the mystery of Scripture." This distinguished Swabian prelate died in 1782.—Tr.

CHAPTER VIII.

BARMEN.

IN the beginning of the year 1825, after I had already, to the great joy of my congregation, declined the calls I had received from the congregations of Langenberg and Kronenberg, there appeared in my church men from Gemark, a parish in the town of Barmen. They were presbyters. One of the two pastoral charges in that parish was vacant. They heard me preach, and after divine service they paid me a friendly visit ; but beyond that they gave me no information, and then departed. On the following Sabbath other deputies also appeared in the church. I observed that by this time my congregation, to their no little annoyance, perceived what was doing. Enough. I was chosen by the congregation of Gemark ; and although my heart bled at the thought of leaving Ruhrort, yet I accepted the call I had received with the approbation of my Christian friends, who recognised it as a call from the Lord, which I could not disregard. Many things attracted me—the wide sphere of action which was thus opened to me, the fame of the spiritual life which reigned in the Wupperthal, the fellowship with so large a number of distinguished, highly-gifted preachers, into the midst of which I should by such a step be introduced. But, above all, this translation to Gemark would bring me

near to my uncle in Elberfeld ; and I had the prospect, which was soon realised, that my brother would in a short time leave Baerl, and would again become my near neighbour. Yet, in spite of all this, I durst not ask my heart what was to be done. It would have decided quite otherwise. I thought, however, that the Lord had decided, and therefore I accepted the call in His name.

The first among the ministers in the Wupperthal who welcomed me with a brotherly salutation, next to my uncle, Gottfried Daniel, was Pastor Sander of Wichlinghausen, which was also a parish in Barmen. Although I had heard his name before, yet this was the first occasion on which I met him. But this first meeting had this effect, that it filled me with the liveliest anticipation of our future friendship. It brought to me consolation, for it was not without great anxiety that I now entered on my new sphere of labour.

My entrance into the Wupperthal, accompanied by a long procession of splendid equipages and a troop of stately horsemen at their head, represented in the most worthy manner the wealth of that industrial district. In the midst of it all, however, Ruhrort, inferior, it is true, as to pleasantness of situation, and ruder in the character of its population, yet for all that more agreeable and more fitted to engage the affections of the heart, hovered before the eye of my memory. Yea, in spite of all the heartiness with which they now met and welcomed me into the Wupperthal, I thought that I felt a different and a colder atmosphere breathing on me than that which I had hitherto experienced. And this feeling was no delusion. Oh, with what deep thankfulness, and at the same time inward shame, do I look back on

the great and overflowing love with which I was continuously, in ever-increasing measure, honoured during my twenty years' residence in the Wupperthal! But the love here assumed an altogether different form and attitude from that which, almost to my injury, brightened with its golden halo my days at Ruhrort. It was, in comparison to the love of that my first congregation, something like the thoughtful love of the mature man measuring the worth of men, as compared with the instinctive love and respect of the innocent child; or like the love of husband and wife, which, in the course of years, has grown into a deeply rooted reciprocal affection, as compared with the love of the newly married during the so-called honeymoon.

The principal feature in the character of the people of Berg¹—the Clevisch type of character prevailing in Ruhrort—among whom I now lived, I cannot otherwise describe than as a general intelligence and intellectual acuteness. They are a people of quick reflection, with whom the heart less frequently asserts itself. The sophist is more akin to them than the mystic, the scholastic than the enthusiast. They almost seem also as if they had been created with a religious capacity for Calvinism. Everywhere system was demanded, and therefore the Heidelberg Catechism² was raised to a higher place than the Enchiridion³ of Luther. They held it as of special doctrinal importance, and hence it came about that the tendency of their faith showed

¹ The duchy of Berg, in the old circle of Westphalia, bounded on the north by the duchy of Cleves.—Tr.

² Prepared under the direction of the Elector Frederick III., by Ursinus and Olevianus, two professors of Heidelberg, for the use of the schools of the Palatinate.—Tr.

³ Enchiridion (= Manual), der Kleine Katechismus.—The smaller catechism, prepared by Luther in 1529 for the use of the people and children, as the larger was for the use of the clergy and schoolmasters.—Tr.

itself even in Lutheran congregations as predominantly Reformed. They were, almost to the extreme of Puritanism, a Protestant people, and from the heart they abhorred whatever, even in a remote degree, in constitution, worship, or doctrine, swayed toward Romanism. The fine arts had no attraction for them. Their passion was rather for science in its popularized form. Nor did they take any delight in singing, particularly in choral singing, the text of which was too lyrical and altogether too sentimental for them, but could not easily have been made too dogmatic. Besides, this sober, calculating, speculative people presented in their personal character, which was pervaded by the Gospel, the evidences of their didactic modes of thought. They knew thoroughly and clearly whatever they required to know. They were what they were without any reserve or hesitancy, and they regarded ignorance of what the Gospel of Christ taught as equivalent to a being ashamed of it. They always carried their confession forward to the same degree of fulness as their faith, and did not think they had reason to shun inquiry into the rectitude of their conduct in daily life, provided they stood to their profession.

Many such Christians as these, firmly rooted in the doctrines of salvation, I met with among the members of my new congregation at Barmen. Many disturbing elements, however, from the districts of the Upper Rhine and the river Sieg, on the banks of which Jung-Stilling¹ was born, afterwards penetrated amongst them,

¹ A celebrated mystic. He died at Karlsruhe in 1817. As a physician, he was distinguished for his skill in diseases of the eye. His autobiography, which was prepared at the suggestion of Goethe, who had a great fondness for him, and refers frequently to him in his "Dichtung und Wahrheit," has been published in English. "The great element of his character was an invincible and intense faith in God, and an immediate

so that the peculiar features of the Bergish character appeared less sharply defined than they were in my congregation at Elberfeld, to which I was next removed.

For more than thirty years before this, the congregation at Gemarke had enjoyed, in their Pastor Krall, the ministration of one who, as a guide of the people, appeared to many of them as a living illustration of the words of the apostle, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."¹ Few pastors have ever been so highly honoured among the people of his charge as he was. He might well have said of himself, with Job, "I chose out their way, and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourner."² On his friendly, yea, generally smiling lips, nevertheless, there lay an episcopal imperative, which quickly made itself apparent to all under this outward appearance of gentleness, and before which all were constrained to yield. With all his humility, perhaps by very reason of it, he was shepherd of his diocese in the sense of the word in which it was applicable at once to one who cared for their souls, and who was also a "governor." Even in his own house, which was regarded by the people with a certain degree of veneration as a tabernacle of God with the children of men, as it was in very truth, and among his own family, although he was childless, this double character did not fail to exhibit itself. His domestic servants passed through his room on tiptoe like fairies; and if after the heat and burden of the day his wife brought to him a lighted match for his clay pipe, it was done with a deportment and a

Providence, ever at hand in the time of trouble, and which momentarily preserved man from evil."—TR.

¹ James iii. 2.

² Job xxix. 25.

demeanour as if she presented it to a saint. His sermons were uniformly of the same general character. There was first an introduction, in a sentence, bearing some relation to the text; then an explanation of the text, followed by a three-fold application: to unbelievers, to those who were longing for salvation, and finally to those who had already turned to the Lord and were living a life of faith. The contents of his sermons—which were always, to a minute, of precisely the same length, and never contained a single word or thought which had not first been carefully considered, and then committed to writing—were good, home-baked, catechism-bread, solid and nourishing, but without any generous refreshing ingredients. It was impossible but that every one of his hearers, under such teaching, should become tolerably well acquainted with dogmatic theology, as exhibited by Calvin, even to the profound doctrine of predestination. An Elberfeld critic once said, If any one should imagine that the venerable Krall filled up the measure of his sermon on the Saturday, as one fills a flagon by only turning the crane at his feet, this would be as untrue as it would be odious. He wrote his sermons praying for divine guidance, and therefore there rested on them a rich blessing from above.

I was now appointed as successor to this venerable man, after he had, of his own accord, resigned his office, on account of his advanced age and bodily infirmity, to the no small grief of the greatest part of the congregation. I mention only a part of the congregation, for there certainly were not wanting those who were glad at this result, inasmuch as it freed them from a “hierarchical yoke,” as they called it, from which they could not otherwise escape. But the venerable Krall remained to his death a benefactor to the congregation, for he

was a very wealthy man, as well as its circumspect and benevolent counsellor. To me, also, he acted the part of a kind paternal friend. Many hours have I, with great respect, spent beside him; and I had reason to thank him for many salutary instructions and advices.

However immature and inexperienced I felt myself to be as the successor of such a man, yet it was perhaps for the good of the congregation that now, once again, the fresh youthful breath of the "first love" to the Lord, and to the sacred office with which I was now invested, should blow upon them. My excellent and richly-gifted colleague, Dr Gräber, who afterwards became general superintendent, was certainly not deficient in zeal in testifying for the truth, and in warmth of heart; but yet he was at least ten years my senior, and was greatly inclined toward dialectics, whilst I was more a man of feeling and of imagination. Thus one in faith, the complement of each other, we went on in our work hand in hand, with the most fraternal affection toward each other; and it caused no disturbance to our confidential relationship that he often blamed me, and perhaps justly so, for my rhetorical and even dogmatic extravagances; while I, on my part, also often reproved him for his too cautious and dry argumentative moderation and reserve in the statement of doctrine.

In Barmen there was at that time very great activity displayed in the sphere of ecclesiastical life, the waves of which, from year to year, rose ever higher. The extensive population of Lower Barmen exhibited in the fullest representation the beautiful spectacle of a true Christian Church-union, and was blessed with the labours of these distinguished men of God, Snethlage and Leipoldt, who were still in the prime of their youth. In Wupperfeld the theosophic Pastor Feldhoff poured

out the thoughts which filled his burning heart, and awakened many to a new life. There also laboured the eloquent Heuser, whose appearance, as often as he entered the pulpit, seemed to be a fulfilment of the promise of the Lord by the prophet Zephaniah, "Then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent."¹ In Wichlinghausen, Sander sounded the trumpet of a pure Gospel, so that far and wide, over mountain and valley, it summoned to the standard of the Cross. Associated with these men was Pastor Lindl, formerly a Romish priest, who had been forced to leave Sarepta,² in Russia. By his powerful sermons on the necessity of repentance, preached here and there, he aroused the minds of the people. At my parsonage-house he was solemnly consecrated as the first inspector of the Barmen Mission Seminary, which had then just been established.

Great crowds of hearers were everywhere thronging the churches, and it was quite a common thing to hear the sound of choral singing, in which many voices were united, proceeding from the workshops and factories, and echoing from the woods and hills around on the Sabbath afternoons. Our time was indeed almost wholly taken up with our official duties. In addition to the services of public worship on the Lord's day, were week-day sermons, and many services connected with baptisms and funerals. The children, as a rule, from their tenth year, and not seldom from their eighth and ninth years, attended our catechism classes. Baptisms and marriages were all celebrated in the houses

¹ Zeph. iii. 9.

² A Russian town on the Scarpa, not far from its junction with the Volga. It was founded in 1765 by a German colony of Herrnhutters.—Tr.

of those concerned ; and it was expected that on these occasions the preacher would remain with the company after performing the duty, and season the conversation by taking an active part in it. Constant domiciliary visitation among the families of the congregation we reckoned among our common official duties. Besides, all who were sick expected to be frequently visited by their pastor. In addition to all this there were duties connected with the societies for Bible circulation, for missions and other Christian purposes, which devolved upon us ; and our houses were frequently resorted to by those who sought instruction in the way of salvation, or who only needed counsel as to their secular affairs. But all these varied duties were undertaken with joy, and the fruit of our labour seemed to increase in our hands. In our fields of labour we realised the fulfilment of that comparison mentioned by James, “ Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain.”¹ As a rule, the sowing of the good seed and the reaping of the harvest were not separated by any great interval of time.

Tersteegen once said that he would not represent himself as one possessing in true experience that which he described to others of some profound truth, and of the condition of a pure soul ; but that rather he would frequently be regarded as nothing else than as one who first, by the grace of God, had come to the knowledge of that which he proclaimed as precious, and to be desired, and who sought to attain to a genuine experience of it, yea, who also could not forbear in weakness to commend it to others. I must make the same confession regarding myself in view of my labours at that time, although

¹ James v. 7.

I am by no means entitled to compare myself to this man, the latchet of whose shoes I do not, in truth, esteem myself worthy to unloose. Many of those things which I have preached about the glory of inward Christianity, animated me only at first as ideals, and became, first in the way of thorough self-knowledge, and increasing enlightenment from above, and after many inward conflicts, more and more the true possession of my inner life.

It was in Gemarke, at a week-day evening service, before a crowded congregation, that I first delivered my sermons on the life of the prophets Elijah and Elisha. In Elberfeld¹ I also delivered them in the same manner. In response to the frequent requests of my hearers, I published at this time my lectures on the Song of Solomon, and a volume of sermons under the title, “Blicke in das Reich der Gnade” (Glimpses into the Kingdom of Grace). This firstling of my homiletical publications had the honour of attracting the attention of Goethe, who spoke of it in Rohr’s “Predigerbibliothek” in the following terms, which were, as a matter of course, by no means agreeable to me:—

“Gemarke is a respectable market-town of some 380 houses, with all the privileges of a town, in the Wupperthal, in the circle of Barmen and duchy of Berg, situated over against Elberfeld. The inhabitants have considerable linen, ribbon, bed-ticking, and thread factories, and carry on an extensive traffic in these manufactures, as well as in bleached yarns. There is one Reformed and one Catholic Church in the place.

“Herr Krummacher is the preacher in this town. His audience consists of manufacturers, booksellers,

¹ The town of Elberfeld is connected with the town of Barmen by a bridge over the Wüpper. The *circle* of Elberfeld comprehends the valley of Barmen, and contains four towns and twelve villages.—Tr.

and workmen who are principally engaged in weaving. In their own narrow district they are to be regarded as excellent, well-conducted men, to whom it is of the greatest moment that nothing take place that is out of the way; and for this reason there is scarcely any mention of great crimes amongst them. They live more or less in straitened circumstances, exposed to the social inconveniences and trials both of mind and body which man, as man, is capable of suffering. Therefore, in general, there are found among them many of a diseased and afflicted mind. In general, however, they are unacquainted with all that can stir the imagination and the feelings; and although advanced in home knowledge, yet they are in want of proper quickening nourishment for the spirit and heart.

“The weavers have been known from of old to be a people disposed to an abstruse form of religion, wherewith they accommodate themselves in quietness to one another. The preacher appears to satisfy the spiritual necessities of his congregation, by agreeably setting forth their condition, and exposing their faults, in a way they can endure it, and he intends thereby to animate in them the hope of present and of future good. Such appears to be the aim of these sermons, in which he adopts the following method.

“He takes the German translation of the Bible as canonical, simply as it is, adopting its language without farther criticism, and interpreting it arbitrarily, as an unlearned Church father would do, according to his system already prepared. Even the superscriptions of the different chapters serve him for texts, and the customary parallel passages as proofs; yea, he twists the word, whatever it may be, and whatever be the proper meaning attached to it, to his own use, and finds in it

abundant confirmation of the interpretation he is pleased to give it, and which he deduces for the special purpose of imparting to the people quietness and consolation !

“ He declares that man is good for nothing, and threatens them all with devils and everlasting punishment. Yet he has always the means at hand of procuring for them redemption and justification. That any one should become pure and better thereby, he does not indeed desire, being contented that it does no injury, because, the aforesaid being granted, the cure is always ready, and confidence can be placed in the physician and in the medicine.

“ In this way his expositions are tropical and pictorial, the imagination seen and manifest on all sides ; but good sense is concentrated into the smallest compass, and is not at all heard. Thus his hearers vainly fancy that they return to their homes from such displays made better, though their ears have received much more than their hearts.

“ How this method of treating the subject of religion stands related to that which is prevalent in other similar well-known, but separistic communities—Herrnhutters, Pietists, etc.—is manifest. And one can well see how a minister of such a stamp will be welcome to them, as the inhabitants of that district, as remarked already, are altogether of the working classes, engaged in the toil of the hands, and devoted to secular gain, whom one needs only to lull to sleep over their bodily and mental injuries. On this account, one may justly call these productions *narcotic sermons*, which appear truly very wonderful in the clear light in which central Germany rejoices.”¹

¹ Goethe's Werke, Ausgabe von 1840, B. 32, Seite 377-79. Compare the preface to the “ Glimpses into the Kingdom of Grace.”—TR.

My work in Barmen had been now carried on into the sixth year with pleasure, under the blessing of God, when our mutual love—that of the congregation, and also mine—was put to a severe test by my election to the office of pastor of the great Reformed congregation of Elberfeld. We both endured the test. The bond between us had been bound so firmly and closely that a dissolution of it could not then be thought of. Of the joy which my renewed resolution to minister among them gave to my dear congregation, and which sought its expression in love-gifts of many kinds, I shall say nothing; nor will I attempt to describe the increased delight with which I again resumed my work. This *second* stadium of my ministerial life in Gemarke began with a new and extensive revival of religion in the congregation; although the spiritual excitement could not be expected to continue long in the same high degree. Gradually the waves subsided, and the course of things returned to their accustomed form—yea, sometimes it appeared to me as if, here and there, I could discern the beginnings of a certain lassitude appearing; not visibly, indeed, in the matter of attendance at public worship, but in the interest manifested in the Kingdom of the Truth.

The question of the Agenda¹ began also to be

¹ i.e., *things to be done*. It is a name given by ancient ecclesiastical writers to books which were published by authority as guides to ministers and people in the various services of public worship. It first occurs, in this sense, in the writings of Johannes de Janua, 1287. It was adopted in the Lutheran Church of Germany, and is there still used to designate the public liturgy of the Church, the book containing the formulæ of prayer and ceremonies to be observed by the minister in conducting public worship. Since the 16th century, the Roman Catholic Church has made use of the term *ritual*, instead of *agenda*. In order to promote his scheme of union, which he had inaugurated at the Jubilee of the Reformation, 1817, between the Lutheran and the Calvinistic Churches of Germany,

agitated in the congregation, much to the injury of its spiritual life. My colleague Gräber, on one occasion, on his return from the provincial synod, of which he had been moderator, and where they were of opinion he had not been decided enough against the Prussian agenda, was met by a number of rude boys, who chalked upon his back the figure of a cross, as if they would thereby indicate that he intended to make the congregation Catholic.

What also caused a certain reaction in the spiritual life of the Church of Barmen was a *sorrowful episode*, of which I must, in a few words, give some account. There appeared among us a certain German preacher from America, a man of great rhetorical power according to the style of the Methodists, and capable of wielding a great influence over his audience. He was regarded as a very pattern of piety; and from our pulpit, which we willingly resigned to him for a time, was able, in a very remarkable degree, particularly by the number of his religious anecdotes, and histories of cases of conversion, to arrest the attention of the great crowds that assembled in the church hours even before the time of public worship, whenever he preached, and to move them to tears, the signal for which was usually his own tears flowing copiously. The publication of a collection of poems, teeming with warm emo-

King Frederick William III. introduced a new agenda in 1822, which was chiefly prepared by himself, principally from Lutheran sources. It did not give much satisfaction, on account of its stringent regulations, which by some were regarded as Romanizing in their tendency. A second edition was therefore issued in 1829, intended to be more conciliatory in its character. The congregations in the Wupperthal being, for the most part, Reformed, disapproved of the arbitrary measure of the Government in introducing the new liturgy. They desired to retain more freedom in their forms of religious worship. Hence the question of the agenda was agitated in the Church.—TR.

tion, and exhibiting true poetic talent, could only heighten the general estimation in which he was held. Hundreds of souls were awakened by means of this earnest man, and hung upon him with an almost idolatrous veneration. All this elevated his oratorical pathos more and more; and not less also his pride, which at length he was not able any longer to conceal behind the artful guise of humility. Rendered bold by the triumph he had won, and believing himself firmly rooted in the favour of the people, he ventured to give utterance from the pulpit to witty statements, popular expressions, and a chaotic mixture of accidental ideas and thoughts of the most extravagant kind. But that was not all; the stories by means of which he sought to awaken souls and melt to tears, and in which he was wont, as it were, to open up both heaven and hell to the view of his auditors, gradually assumed so strange, yea, so wild a character, that doubt arose in the mind whether they were truths or only fictions. At the same time, the discovery was every now and then being made that there was not wanting in the apparently seraphic man, a delight in material enjoyments, and still less a craving after the favour of the great and the rich. Enough. His reputation had already passed beyond its highest point. And what now happened? From America there came tidings regarding him which compromised in the most serious manner his moral character. There appeared young men with disclosures which suddenly stamped on the brow of the celebrated man the mark of an unmasked hypocrite of the basest kind. Yea, it appeared manifest that this man, even quite recently, whilst he was regarded by thousands as full of the Spirit and of holy enthusiasm, had been guilty of crimes, of which it is "a shame even

to speak!" Naturally, as the effect of these discoveries, he at once stood isolated, as if he had been a leper. Not only the churches, but now the houses of the people were shut against him. His disciples, moreover, not only withdrew from him, but for the most part they went back again to the world, and nothing remained for him but to leave the Wupperthal, yea, Germany itself, with disgrace and ignominy, and to return in the utmost haste to America, where, as we afterwards heard, he met with a fearful end. In the Wupperthal they endeavoured to forget this very sad ecclesiastical intermezzo. Whatever the man had related of an edifying nature, they did not repeat; but looked upon it as to be classed only among false inventions and incredible fables. His poems were everywhere cast into the fire, or were converted into mere waste paper. And here, also, we pass by in silence the name of this unhappy man.

But this sad event did not occur without producing lamentable consequences, injurious to the prosperity of the Church. The enemies of Christianity naturally derived from it a new occasion of reproach against the Gospel and its friends. Those who were not established in the faith, gathered therefrom also doubts regarding the regenerating and sanctifying power of the Word of the Cross, which this man had proclaimed in so lively and earnest a manner. By this sorrowful occurrence, also, many of the faithful were for a long time deprived of that impartiality with which they had hitherto listened to warm and animated sermons; and particularly there was infused into them a mistrust in all stories regarding the experiences of the Christian life, as if they were all of them inventions contrived "*in majorem Dei*

gloriam."¹ A great scandal was thus created, whose destructive consequences, however, were, in course of time, greatly counteracted in the circles of men who were seeking salvation. Some, for instance, found in the life-course of that miserable man only a fulfilment of the words of the apostle in his Epistle to the Hebrews, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame."² Others thought on Balaam, whose New Testament representative they supposed him to be. But all regarded the event as teaching them humility, inasmuch as his conduct created in them the consciousness how greatly they were wanting in the gift of distinguishing spirits; while, at the same time, it impressed more deeply upon them the truth, that it was not feeling (*Empfindung*), but the disposition of the mind (*Gesinnung*), which made a man a Christian, inasmuch as the old sinful nature could assume a bastard-blossom of apparently pious feeling, which had nothing in it in common with the life of faith to which it perhaps bore a likeness; and, in a word, it was a spur to them to earnest self-examination, and it awakened them to renewed fervour and zeal in a life of watchfulness and prayer. Herein there was seen a fulfilment of that word which teaches that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Thus this sad history proved at

¹ "For the greater glory of God"—the favourite rule of the Jesuits.—Tr.

² Heb. vi. 4-6.

length to be the means of spiritual blessing to hundreds.

“You come from the valley, do you not, where stories are made?” Thus Schleiermacher once, with a pleasant but ironical laugh, addressed a young man who had introduced himself to him as a Candidate from the Wupperthal. The celebrated theologian no doubt meant, by the “stories,” the “tracts” so often met with in the Wupperthal, and circulated even beyond the valley in other regions, containing records of the experience enjoyed by some of the immediate nearness of God, and examples of remarkable answers to prayer; and he intended also by the expression to give indication of his possessing by no means a strong faith in these little things (“Sächelchen”), which lay so far beneath the sphere in which his spirit moved.

In experiences of that kind the congregation of Gemarke, richly blessed from former times, was also not wanting. As it would have been difficult to find among them a single family in which at least one true disciple, or one tried handmaid, of the Lord could not have been found; so, on the other hand, there were many houses in which all the inmates, young and old, were walking in the way of life. And in how many of these dwellings could one easily feel as if he had entered into the tent of Isaac and Rebecca, or into the house at Bethany! My heart yet swells within me when I think of two brothers there, of whom, after many years' intercourse, the whole community testified that with them never anything else could be seen than love, friendship, and constant acts of kindness, united with the most genuine humility; or of a certain joiner's family, of whom it was said, that whoever was sorrowful or was conflicting with doubts must go to it in order

to return comforted, strengthened, and refreshed ; or of the family of the owner of the factory, who lived among his work-people, as of old, in the plains of Mamre, the patriarch Abraham did among his servants, and who seemed to carry on his exceedingly prosperous business only for their sakes, and for the interests of the kingdom of God ; or of the families of the always happy and contented silk-weavers, among whom the whole of the 128th psalm seemed to be translated into life and action, verse for verse ; and of many more besides of kindred spirit ! What wonder is it, then, that among such families thus devoted to the Lord, that word of the Prince of Peace verified itself continually : “ He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him ! ”¹

I mention the case, for instance, of a young woman belonging to a family in humble life, who had been for more than twelve years grievously afflicted under manifold sufferings. During my pastoral visits to her, which were very frequent, I never saw the least shadow of impatience on her always cloudless brow ; and from her lips, instead of complaints, there always streamed forth the utterances of thanksgiving to God, that she was enabled to trust to His grace. And to what an extent did she experience the condescending love of her Lord ! If she at any time needed bodily refreshment, she laid the matter in childlike simplicity before Him, and she required not long to wait till some one of her many female friends surprised her by bringing to her that very thing which in secret prayer she had asked from the Lord. If a dark cloud ever threatened to overshadow her mind, she prayed, “ Lord, send me a comforter ! ” and ere she knew it, there stood beside her, if

¹ Jno. xiv. 21.

not her pastor, yet some other experienced Christian friend, who had felt himself moved by some secret impulse to visit her with words of consolation.

I knew also a poor frail ribbon-weaver, who was frequently in great domestic straits, but on such occasions was wont to cheer up his family with the words: "Children, only have patience! Ye know that we have an all-powerful Helper in our time of need, and a rich Lord!" Retiring to his little chamber, he then poured out his sorrows confidingly into His bosom; and to the very end of his life He never left him in straits or disappointed his hopes, but when things seemed to come to an extremity, He always helped him, even hundreds of times, and not seldom in a truly wonderful manner. I was also acquainted with an old couple, not like Elkanah and Hannah, who had only one son, but blessed with many sons, who when they grew up were under the necessity of going forth into the world one after another, and some of them to a great distance. To the friends who expressed their astonishment at their freedom from care, and the calm and cheerful peace with which they regarded this departure of their sons from their home into a world full of temptations, they were wont to reply: "We have commended them to our Lord, and do it daily, and He has said to us that they will all be His possession; and how can *He* not take care of them?" And they were indeed the heritage of the Lord, and walked, and still walk, all of them, in the light of His countenance. A Christian friend once sprang after his boy who had fallen into the swollen flood of the Wupper, and as he sprang he cried, "Lord, teach me to swim!" He swam skilfully, although he had never tried it before, and he saved his child. He raised no claim for a reward for such an exploit.

How many remarkable incidents of a similar character could I not recount ! But experiences of this kind, it must be noticed, were solely limited to answers to prayer, and to the inner testimonies of the Holy Spirit ; never apart from the divine Word, but always in harmony with it. Of appearances from the invisible world, with which some were said to have been favoured, of audible voices which were heard coming forth from it, or of new revelations, there was very rarely indeed any mention made. As already remarked, the people of Elberfeld were in no degree inclined to fanaticism ; and if this seems to contradict the appearance of the famous Ronsdorf sect of Zionites¹ in the preceding century, it must at the same time be remarked that this sect bore a very realistic character. It built itself on a false interpretation of the written word of God, animated by an expectation little different from that gross form of conception prevalent among the later Jews, of the near approach of the manifestation of the perfected kingdom of Christ on the earth. But after the so-called “ Mother of Zion ” gave birth to a girl, instead of the hoped-for son who was to rule with a rod of iron, the whole sect came utterly to nothing. Since that time there has to this day appeared no trace of fanaticism in the whole district of Berg. On the contrary, the general opposition to such a tendency has only since that time become the more decided. I am, nevertheless, far from affirming

¹ Elias Eller, overseer of a factory at Elberfeld, founded in 1737 a religious colony at Ronsdorf, as the “ New Zion.” His wife, Anna von Buchel, who, under fanatical excitement, prophesied of the approach of the millennium, he appointed as “ Mother of Zion,” styling himself the “ Father of Zion.” This colony at Ronsdorf obtained at length the privileges of a town, and Eller became burgomaster, distinguished only for his insane religious fanaticism and his tyranny over his followers. The grandfather of the great Schleiermacher, who was a Reformed preacher, was one of his disciples ; but his eyes were at last opened to the delusion, and he escaped to Holland.—TR.

that the spiritual life of the inhabitants of the Wupperthal has always been free from all excrescences. In some cases these are found to exist, and they appear in forms to which we shall afterwards have occasion to refer.

From Barmen, I made an excursion into Holland, where, during the whole fifteenth century, the reformatory activity of the Beghards,¹ the Lollards,² and the "Brethren of the Common Life,"³ was so conspicuous; and where the National Church, after having been nursed by Calvin's teaching, at one time stood in so close and important a relation to the German Church of the Lower Rhine. The people of that land, which

¹ The *Beghards* was the name of a religious association, formed in imitation of the Beguines, which sprang up in the Church in the thirteenth century. These brotherhoods, so-called, existed principally in the Netherlands, Germany, and France. They supported themselves by weaving. They were instrumental in keeping alive the lamp of truth in many places. They, however, ultimately associated generally with the heretical Fratricelli, and were suppressed in 1311 by the Council of Vienna. They existed, however, as a monastic association in connection with the Orders of St Francis and St Dominic, till 1650, when they were finally abolished by Pope Innocent. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the name was generally given to all persons who opposed the worldly tendencies of the Romish Church. It was given to the Waldenses, Wyckliffites, and Lollards, in France and England. The *Beguines* were a female association of a similar character, which originated prior to that of the Beghards, and was always more popular. It was ultimately formed into a monastic order. In almost all the large towns of Belgium there are still Beguinages, the largest of which is at Ghent, containing about seven hundred Beguines.—TR.

² A religious association, founded at Antwerp in 1300. They were called Lollards, or singers, from their practice of singing hymns. They devoted themselves specially to attendance on the sick, and to the burial of the dead.—TR.

³ An association of pious priests, founded by Gerhard Groot, at Deventer, in the Netherlands, in 1384. The institution in the Netherlands became the parent of many similar ones throughout the north of Europe. They devoted themselves to the duties of religion with great zeal; and by earnest evangelical sermons, and by means of their much frequented schools, they were instrumental in scattering far and wide the seeds of Gospel truth, and of preparing the way for the Reformation.—TR.

has been snatched from the ocean, who were once so powerful among the nations, ruling over the seas, unfurling their victorious standard in all parts of the world, and even dictating terms of peace to the proud Louis the Fourteenth—this people of the Netherlands, which then comprehended also Belgium, appeared to me, in comparison with their glorious past, as if they had been wholly removed from the scene of history, and laid to rest on their own soil, after it had been drenched with streams of martyr-blood, as if on an island severed from all the din and confusion of the world. But I quickly perceived that they had not withdrawn from their centuries of toil, and their conflicts, severe indeed, but carried on with knightly valour, without gaining a rich and enviable spoil, the fruit of many conquests.

I found their houses neat and clean, even to excess, and bearing evidences of the most solid comfort. I saw in them the signs—in pictures, carpets, and all kinds of household furniture—of a substantial and prosperous state of things, which did not originate yesterday. Their families exhibited a vigorous Christian life; and the finest and noblest manners and culture were manifested, particularly on the part of the women. They surprised me, I confess, by their intellectual quickness of perception, as well as by their whole graceful lively bearing; and they reminded me more of educated French ladies, whose language they spoke fluently, and with the most excellent accent, than of Dutch ladies, as they had been represented to me, at least by tradition; while in the men certainly there was not wanting that phlegmatic dulness usually attributed to the Netherlands. But it was the phlegma which is to this day associated with that old vigour

which once shrunk not back from the boldest undertakings, and against which the despotic tyranny of the blood-thirsty Alba dashed itself to pieces, and which chose as its motto the “*Je Maintiendrai*,” which holds its place to the present hour on the scutcheon of the house of Orange.

I found during my visit that the Dutch Church was divided into two hostile camps. The internal war in which they were engaged was the same old one which has dragged itself along from the sixteenth century, between Calvinistic orthodoxy and Arminianism, a great part of whose adherents had entered on a path gradually sloping down to Socinianism—yea, even to the dead level of the old vulgar Rationalism which had penetrated into Holland from Germany. Everywhere I saw waving the party standards of the so-called “old” and “new” light. The most active and valiant warriors, who drew towards them the sympathies of my heart, stood evidently on the side of the old Church doctrine. In the forefront of these, penetrated by the fire of their “first love,” and animated by a high youthful enthusiasm for Christ, both of them sprung from noble Portuguese families, and won over to the standard of the Gospel by means of the celebrated poet Bilderdijk, stood the two witnesses for the truth—Da Costa in Amsterdam, and Cappadose in the Hague. By their side, equipped in the full armour supplied by the Synod of Dordt, was the noble Groen van Prinsterer, reminding one, by his martial bearing and his heroic calmness, of the Ajax of Homer, who appears also to have chosen as his device the “*Saevis tranquillus in undis*” of William of Orange. In many respects, he may be spoken of as the Stahl of the Netherlands. He has recently written a panegyric

on his counterpart, the German Stahl. I became acquainted also with the animated and always active de Clerq, the skilful lawyer, and at the same time the greatest and most gifted improvisator which the Netherlands can boast of for versatility of talent, and for true poetic inspiration, as well as for the purity and harmony of his measures. These men, by their writings as well as by their conversation, laboured for the cause of pure doctrine. They had behind them, with many others, their contemporaries, and the greater part of their fellow-labourers belonging to the clergy, the majority of the people connected with the Church ; and they became the instruments in God's hands, and are so partly still, by whom the power of Pelagian neology, which was already on its way to universal dominion, was thoroughly paralysed, if not altogether broken.

I came into friendly fellowship on that occasion also with many of the clergy. I mention here only the pastors Van der Ham in Rotterdam, and Dyrk Molenaar in the Hague, who by their religious earnestness and their theological ability, and by their imposing venerable demeanour and their whole bearing, constrained me to imagine that I saw in them many of the old Netherlandish pillars of the Church—such as Gomarus, Boetius, and Vitringa—risen from the dead, and standing before me.

I frequently attended divine worship in the churches in Holland, and convinced myself, from what I saw, that zeal for a Church which numbered its witnesses, who had sealed their testimony with their blood, by thousands, had by no means disappeared from the land. I found the churches filled even to their remotest seats, and many of them crowded, with attentive hearers. The lengthened sermons, extending as a rule to, at the very

least, two hours, required not only that a carafe of water should be carried up to the pulpit for the refreshment of the preacher, but rendered it necessary also for the worshippers, after they had obtained a seat, to supply themselves with a hymn-book, a Bible, and a scent-bottle, and in winter with a warming-pan. I heard many sermons which bore the stamp of having been thoroughly wrought out, and were indisputably dogmatic in their character, delivered with a pathos which I have never met with to the same degree of elevation from a German pulpit; and I could not but envy the preachers the unfaltering eager attention which their hearers gave to their sermons, although the course of their delivery may have been for a moment interrupted two or three times by the preachers moistening their lips from the carafe in their pulpit, and by the use of their pocket-handkerchiefs, and although the sermon may not have been always brilliant with new thoughts.

I also heard sermons which savoured of the "New Light," but in which the rationalism appeared so faint, and as if under a veil, that the preachers would have been reckoned in most of the German churches as quite orthodox. This anxious caution and reserve of neo-logically inclined pastors appeared to me, beyond doubt, to indicate that by far the majority of the people frequenting the churches were still of the "Old Light" party. And at the present day this is, as I understand, the actual state of the theological controversy in which the theology of the university, as set forth by several of its leaders, is but a servile imitation of the German philosophy, which has already been overcome and vanquished from the field of argument in the land of its birth. No friend of the Gospel can in the present day make a journey through the Netherlands, and

become conversant with its Church-life, without bringing away with him rich spiritual profit. It is to be expected indeed that here and there, and principally in the great towns, he will meet with wickedness and immorality in many forms even on the public streets, such as he has perhaps nowhere else encountered in so high a degree, and in so wild a form of dissoluteness. As a general rule, he will there witness the revolting spectacle of sailors reeling about under the effects of brandy, and also drunken women of the lowest class. But yet he will find himself richly comforted by witnessing the vigorous Church-life, the steadfastness of Christian faith, the extensive acquaintance with the Bible, and the pure domestic morality which he will everywhere meet with among this people, and particularly among the middle classes of society. The blood-bedewed foundations of the Netherlandish Church are deeply laid, and will long outlast the straw-hay-and-stubble-work which is now sought to be built up upon it, and which it despises.

What in a particular manner helped to brighten my life in Barmen was the confidential fraternal relationship in which all we ministers, Reformed and Lutheran, stood to one another. There was no envy, no strife, no petty jealousy, no seeking to have the pre-eminence among us. We regarded ourselves as one in all things essential to the faith. Together, as a united band, we fought in common all our battles. We stood as one man against Rationalism and Materialism, as well as against Collenbuschianism,¹ Quietism,² and Antinomi-

¹ See Note, page 123.

² "The Reformation drove back the Romish Church, which had become wholly externalized, in life and doctrine, to a revival of mediæval mysticism. The powerful Jesuits, however, who, in the mechanical character of all their religious practices, hated, as much as they did Augustinism, every species of mysticism which held outward religious forms in little esteem, and was

anism. We furbished each other's shield, and whetted each other's sword, at our fortnightly conferences, the fresh animated life of which I have described in the biography of my departed friend Sander.¹ We communicated to each other our official experiences; and while there was by no means wanting mutual respectful demeanour, yet we did not spare one another, if any one on preaching exceeded due limits, or committed any mistake in performing his duties. It was a precious fellowship in which we lived and wrought together. Those of that happy circle who are yet living, Snethlage and Heuser, I hear in spirit calling to me, as they too look back with sorrow to the memories of that happy time: "Yes, yes; that it was!"

indeed not wholly free from fanatical enthusiasm. They branded it with the heretical name of '*Quietism*'" (*Kurtz*). The noblest and most devout of the mystics of that period was Francis of Sales (died 1622), whose "*Philothea*" stands only second to the "*Imitation of Christ*." Michael de Molinos, a Spanish priest, published (1681) his "*Manuductio Spiritualis*," a guide to a spiritual or contemplative life. His great doctrine is, that the highest exercise of the soul consists in the withdrawal of the mind from outward objects, and in directing it wholly towards God, so as to have the understanding and the will merged in Him. Molinos became the doctrinal guide of the mystics generally.—TR.

¹ Immanuel Friedr. Sander. Eine Prophetengestalt aus der Gegenwart gezeichnet von Dr F. W. Krummacher. Elberfeld, 1860.

CHAPTER IX.

ELBERFELD.

IN the year 1834 I received, for the second time, a call to Elberfeld. This gave rise to a new conflict within me, and to new commotion in the two congregations. My uncle had been compelled to promise to the friends in Elberfeld that he would wave a white handkerchief from the attic window of his house as soon as he received from me a favourable answer to the call. The day did come when the handkerchief was waved from the window. But I needed one also to wipe the tears from my eyes; for the departure was to me a sorrowful occasion, despite the joyful congratulations with which I was now on all hands saluted—as sorrowful to me, indeed, as it was to the beloved friends who crowded around me, for whom I cherished a deep affection, and whose displeasure, giving occasional expression to itself, grieved me more than their sorrow did. Enough. I took my departure; but, to me, it was as if I had lifted my anchor to sail away from a peaceful haven out into a stormy sea, full of dangerous rocks. I knew the proud traditions, the extensive Bible knowledge, the high expectations from their pastors, and the excessive critical tendencies by which this large congregation was distinguished. I knew about their sometimes impetuous contention for

freedom and independence; the intensive strength of the so-called lay element representing them in presbytery; the boldness, often severe enough, with which they were accustomed to call the preacher to account if in any respect he erred; but, to my comfort, I also knew of the enduring and self-sacrificing love which they were wont to show towards him, if they found him to be a true and faithful "steward of the mysteries of God." A large number of dear tried friends, my venerable uncle Gottfried Daniel, and the family of von der Heydt at their head, waited on me; and so once more, with some satisfaction, I struck my tent, and went forth.

And I have never repented of the course I then followed. Not only did I gain here for my official labours a wider and grander sphere of action, but it appeared to me also to be pervaded by a fulness of animating, intellectual elements. I do not believe that at that time, on the European continent, there was a place where the Gospel had shown itself in a higher measure as a *power*, and where the ecclesiastical life flowed in a fuller and fresher stream than at Elberfeld. Of the manner in which we preachers were here borne up by the spiritual animation of the congregation, elevated and continually carried forward in our work, there was no experience in any other corner of the Church of our Fatherland. Oh those grand imposing assemblages, gathered together in the Church every Sabbath-day—a great ocean of faces, and the men not fewer in number than the women! How overpowering their full-toned choral singing! It echoed far out into the streets, rendering the liturgical choruses and responses altogether superfluous. How earnest was the attention of the thousands as they listened to the words of the preacher! The lively evidences of the

deep impressions they produced on their minds were mirrored in their countenances! And what shall I say of the grand solemn Communion, over which, instead of light from the altar, the fire of a true devotion and of genuine worship diffused the radiance of a higher glory! And then the responsive echo of the sermons listened to on Sabbath, sounding all through the week in the homes of the congregation; the hearty joy with which the pastor was welcomed whenever he visited them; the animated and truly fruitful conversations on biblical or ecclesiastical subjects, or on practical Christianity, which were wont to season such visits; and, above all, the faith-strengthening evidences of the purifying and comforting power of the word of the Cross, which was able to overcome the world, and to raise above the trials of poverty and the fear of death, of which one heard in so many of the houses of the poor and the sorrowing, and beside the triumphant death-beds of so many of the dying, both among the humbler and the higher ranks of society!—what a powerful stimulus! what encouragements and incentives to offer his very best to such a congregation, could not the minister fail to experience from all these things!

In Elberfeld I succeeded Pastor Nourney, who died in the peace of God at an advanced age. As a pastor he was highly esteemed, and was richly blessed in his labours. The more stringently rigid adherents of the Confession in the congregation had only these things to blame him with: that his dogmatics in certain articles were not sharply enough defined, and that his heart was too tolerant, and that he was too friendly towards the union. At his jubilee, on his entering the fiftieth year of his official life, it all at once was made manifest, in a very pleasing yet splendid

manner, in how high a degree he possessed the love of all.

Among my associates in the ministry at Elberfeld, the first place is due to my uncle Gottfried Daniel Krummacher, a man thoroughly Calvinistic not only in his tone of mind, but even in his outward aspect. Under a severe, even sometimes gloomy, external appearance, like his great Geneva master,¹ there was concealed a deep childlike disposition; and behind his doctrinal belief, which he wore like a brazen coat of mail, there lay hidden a heart filled with love for all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ. A declared enemy of all that was false and unsound in religion, he sometimes purposely at once put on the mien of a man of the world, in opposition to a false pietism, or encountered those who appeared to deal with godliness as a sort of trade, with paradoxes which remained fixed in their very hearts like spears and nails. On one occasion, when a young theologian, who had travelled a great deal, addressed him with the words, "You wish, no doubt, to hear something of the kingdom of God?" he at once answered, "No." The youthful retailer of news must have been thunderstruck by this ready negative with which he was met. He probably afterwards felt constrained to reflect on the meaning of this response, so promptly given. The truthfulness of the man found its expression generally in his sermons. But there never appeared in them the traces of laboured ornament or of premeditated effect. There was everywhere manifest in them, under the plainest form, the most immediate evidences of an inner life. All was natural and original. His testimonies reminded one of the mythological daughter of the gods,² who was born in full dress,

¹ Calvin.

² Minerva.

and completely armed. Hence the deep and enduring impressions which they could always certainly be expected to produce. Perhaps few ministers of the Gospel could venture to appropriate to themselves, with greater justice than he, that word of the prophet: "The Lord hath made my mouth like a sharp sword; in the shadow of His hand hath He hid me, and made me a polished shaft; in His quiver hath He hid me;"¹ and also that word spoken by Moses: "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass."² The blessed memory of this man of God still remains warmly cherished above that of many in the Wupperthal. How distinctly uttered to this day by the mouth of thousands is that thankful testimony to his work: "Thou hast instructed many, and hast strengthened their hands; thy speech hath raised up many that had fallen, and the feeble knees hast thou made strong!"

My second colleague was Albert Kohl, a man of extensive knowledge and of great literary ability. He contributed much by his truly peculiar sermons, delivered "ore biblico,"³ to diffuse the knowledge of the Scriptures. The congregation of Elberfeld was, with good reason, proud of him. But now, at the time of my writing this, his harp hangs on the willows, or only emits the tones which find their expression in the 88th psalm.⁴ God is near to help those who are in the depths of sore affliction; and he fulfilled in his experience that word of the 97th psalm, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

¹ Is. xlix. 2. ² Deut. xxxii. 2. ³ With constant reference to the Bible.—TR.

⁴ "Let my prayer come before Thee: incline Thine ear unto my cry; for my soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave," &c.

The third was Hermann Ball, the skilful Hebrew scholar, the acute exegete, the zealous and uncompromising champion and defender of the "Reformed Zion"—a man in whose whole being his motto, "*Das Wort, und das Wort allein, und nichts als das Wort*" (The Word, and the Word alone, and nothing but the Word), was distinctly imprinted. On account of his tact and ability in the management of affairs, he was, in many ways, of great service to the congregation.

The fourth whom I mention, although the first in my esteem after my uncle's departure to his heavenly home, was a youthful brother, who reminded one of Apollos, of whom it is testified, in the Acts of the Apostles,¹ that he was "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures;" that he "was instructed in the way of the Lord; and, being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord." His name was Reinhard Hermann. He was the descendant of a family which had from generations past been richly blessed with all heavenly blessings. In his fiery energy of action he illustrated the words of the Song of Solomon, "Love is strong as death; zeal is firm as the grave."² But in his mouth those words of the psalm also expressed a truth, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."³ He soon finished his course, and was succeeded by Pastor Künzel, the man of anointed lips, who, worthy in a high degree of the title of pastor, to this day, along with five colleagues who all succeeded me, has charge of the congregation.

The pastors of the sister congregation of the Lutheran Confession, which, without any formal union, was yet in the most intimate manner united with the Reformed, were associated with us in close brotherly fellowship.

¹ Acts xviii. 24, 25. ² Song viii. 6; Luther's version. ³ Ps. lxix. 9.

During my time, the ministers of that congregation were Carl August Döring, an unwearied sower of the good seed, which he scattered abundantly over the field of the Church by his writings in prose and verse, as well as by his spoken words; and without exactly sowing in tears, he yet, before his departure to his heavenly home, reaped in joy the richest harvest. Then there followed the honoured Wilhelm Hülsmann, the first and the only one in the Wupperthal in whose sermons, which were always rich in thought, there appeared any tinge of Schleiermacher's doctrine. He was at length called to fill the office of Consistorial and Government Educational Counsellor in Düsseldorf, where, for the first time, he reached the position in public life which was most adapted to his peculiar gifts. After him, in the later years of the dear Sander, came the highly gifted and eloquent Jaspis, now General Superintendent of Pomerania, who, in a very special degree, knew how to attach the educated classes to the Church; and Feldner, whose peculiar character bore imprinted on every part of it the unmistakable stamp of his early patron, von Gerlach, but who afterwards, to the deep sorrow of his congregation, united himself to the separate section of the strict Lutheran party of the Church.

Perhaps nowhere in the evangelical Church were those who sustained the pastoral office held in higher honour than in the Wupperthal, and especially in the duchy of Berg. While the royal functionary, and even the teachers of the upper as well as of the lower schools, had reason to complain, if not directly of disrespectful neglect, yet at least of the cold reception which they met with in the different family circles, the pastor, on the contrary, the house-friend, always and everywhere cheerfully welcomed, had to be on his guard lest he

should contract some bad habit, and be unfavourably influenced by the manifold kindnesses with which he was honoured. He was made acquainted with all the family secrets. To him belonged, as a matter of course, the precedence on all solemn occasions, and the place of honour at all domestic festivals. Among all who are invested with office, he is in truth the only person who is specially held in respect; and that so little on account of his title and sacred orders, that it is rather believed that if these do not lower him, they at all events reveal a certain degree of estrangement from the people, and therefore they wish to address him by no other title than that of "Herr Pastor." I do not deny that the proud consciousness of the congregation that they had freely elected the preacher, manifests itself to some extent in this; and as little do I deny that the honour they pay to him is not exclusively rendered to the office with which he is invested as such, but rather sometimes to the worthy bearer of that office.

The conception of the pastoral office which in these recent times strives to gain for itself predominance here and there, particularly among the Lutherans, perhaps arising out of despair at the lamentable condition of the spiritually dead congregations, is altogether abhorred by the Church in the Rhenish province, and is regarded by it as "Romish leaven." According to that conception, Christ entrusted His treasures of grace, not to the community of believers, but to a new tribe of Levites, a class separated from the congregation and standing above it, the class of regularly called and ordained clergymen. To it, and not to the congregation, were the means of grace, the word, the sacraments, as well as the power of the keys, delivered. To this class is given a power and an authority which the con-

gregation is wholly destitute of. It acts in the name of God, and under an immediate commission from Him ; but the congregation never does so. The believing "laity" can and may preach the Gospel. But to produce the divine life in the soul by the Word is a prerogative granted only to the possessors of this office, as the successors of the apostles. A layman may also speak the comforting words of pardon to troubled souls ; but the bearer of this office alone truly dispenses pardon. The word of the Gospel comes to the full salvation of a man only when the authorized official person proclaims it. The Sacrament also is as inefficacious as the word, if the privileged administrator is not present. Many excellent gifts may be present within the congregation, but the charisma¹ which is in the office alone brings enduring blessings. Apart from the legal institution of the duly commissioned possessor of the office to which is entrusted the means of grace, this "minister of the holy tabernacle," there is no channel through which the blessings of salvation may flow to the Church. The latter never attains to the high blessings of its heavenly calling where it is not ministered unto by a clergy called and ordained according to regular ecclesiastical ordinance. Such is the idea of the pastoral office to which we refer.

On the other hand, the Rhenish Church saw in all this the rise of a new hierarchy, which contented itself indeed with expending its strength for the congregation only in the way of applying to it what has been already obtained by Christ, and not, according to the principle of the Romish Church, in making atonement ; but, nevertheless, in the one way as well as in the other, the

¹ *Χαρίσματα*, gifts and graces imparted from God. Cf. 1 Cor. vii. 7 ; 2 Cor. i. 11 ; Rom. i. 11 ; 1 Tim. iv. 14 ; &c.—TR.

office of a mediator is arrogated, and the immediateness of the relation of the congregation to God is materially restricted. And the Church on the Rhine will not be herein accused of an unjust opinion when incidents happen such as the following, which was lately reported from one of the provinces of our Prussian Fatherland. When several persons, who had long approved themselves as true Christians, wished to return from the fellowship of the Lutheran Separation to the National Church, and made their desire known to the clergyman of their district, they happened, among other things, to say to him, during their conversation with him, that they hoped they had received the pardon of their sins from the Lord, this "Lutheran pastor" of the Evangelical National Church said to them, "How dare ye venture to boast of the pardon of your sins, when it has not been adjudged to you from a confessional?" And when they appealed to the words of the Holy Scriptures, in which the approach to the throne of grace is declared to be set wide open to all believers, he reproached them with it as a culpable presumption, that they should venture to read the Scriptures for themselves. When they quoted again, in vindication of themselves, the example of the noble men of Berea, and adduced the command of the Lord, "Search the Scriptures,"¹ and at the same time reminded him of the promise given to all believers, that the Holy Spirit would lead them unto all truth, he violently reproached them as "enthusiasts," and dismissed them with the words, "The Holy Ghost comes only through the office, in the divine authority of which ye do not believe." The Rhenish Churches reject such an idea of the sacred office, and take up an opposite view.

¹ John v. 29.

Their view may be thus represented: The idea of mediation, as appertaining to the ministerial office, as it at present here and there, in the evangelical Church, seeks for itself expression, finds its support, it is true, in a tradition extending back over more than a thousand years; but it rests in a falsehood, in a delusion, and not in the truth. The first act of the Reformation, in which its whole principle immediately manifested itself, and which, therefore, had all the succeeding acts as its natural and necessary development, was a decided protest against the traditional Romish conception of the sacred office. Not only supported by the word, "By one offering Christ hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified,"¹ did it reject every atoning act in the Church as a denial of the sacrifice of Christ; but it assailed, as a false opinion, and opposed to the Gospel, the notion that Christ had entrusted, with the exclusive administration of the treasure of His grace, a class of priests peculiarly privileged above the community of the faithful, and different from them. According to the doctrine of all the Reformers, and especially according to Luther's doctrine, the word, the sacraments, and the power of the keys, are given to the whole community of believers. Christ did not renounce His threefold office of Prophet, Priest, and King, but continues still to execute it within the domain of His Church. But His Church, as a servant entrusted by Him with His office, must work, and must by the Word bring blessings to herself and others, must administer the sacraments for her own enjoyment and quickening, and for that of others, and, in His name, bind and loose—that is, must announce salvation to all who are penitent, and proclaim the law of justice and

¹ Heb. x. 14.

judgment against all who are impenitent. But because He wishes that within His Church it should *ordinarily* be so arranged, because, moreover, not all *can* discharge those duties, which perhaps they have the right and authority to perform, and finally, because if all made use of their authority, the general edification would thereby suffer, He has so ordained it, that individuals particularly gifted and endowed in the Church should be commissioned to represent the Church, by publicly preaching the Gospel, administering the sacraments, and exercising the power of the keys of discipline.

He has instituted the office of pastor, or shepherd of the people. “But are the shepherds also messengers, instead of the Church?” No; they are messengers in the stead of Christ, as the Church is called to be so; and they are only herein the mouth and the hand of the Church, the organ of the Church. “But is there, then, no distinction between the priesthood of the ordained shepherd and teacher, and the general priesthood of all believers?” No other than that the former appears in a regular public ministry, and the latter does not so appear. Yet through the separation to that ministry, the person so called enters into no higher rights and privileges, conveying to him authority, than they enjoy who are already believing members of the Church. As invested with ecclesiastical authority, he does not stand in a more immediate and direct relation to God than He did before. He brings, by virtue of His official position, nothing new to the word and sacraments as means of salvation. It is even possible that many of the laity who sit at the feet of him who exercises the sacred ministry, have a deeper insight into the meaning of the Scriptures, and know how to speak

the word with greater unction, and more efficaciously and impressively to urge upon men the truth, for their conviction as well as for their consolation, than he does ; yea, that all the members of his congregation may have had all their sins forgiven immediately by the Lord, before he has announced to them absolution. The minister remains a member of the great spiritual body, whose head is Christ, along with the other members. He needs their help as well as they need his. The grace of the office he holds is essentially none other than that which is common, which all believers glory in, though it manifests itself in other forms of operation.

Let us hear Luther ! “ Word, sacrament, and the keys, are given to the Church, *i.e.* to the people of Christ, over the wide world. We are all priests, and we have equally the same right to the Word of God, and to each of the sacraments. We all become priests by baptism. Injustice is done to the little words, ‘ Priester,’ ‘ Pfaff,’ ‘ Geistlich,’¹ and the like, when they are used with reference to a little section as separate from the general body of the Christian community—when they are applied to those in the sacred office. Yet there must be order observed, and a public testimony made. Therefore, from among such as are priests by baptism, some are selected and appointed to this special office that they may, in behalf of all of us, perform the duties of such an office. Do you ask, what

¹ A “ Priester,” one who performs the religious rite of sacrifice ; a priest. This title is retained in the Roman Catholic Church, because he who officiates at the mass is regarded as performing a sacrifice. “ Pfaff” is generally spoken in contempt, as designating a “ Priester.” “ Geistlich” is applied to all those who devote themselves to religious duties, as distinguished from the laity. These words are, however, sometimes used indiscriminately.—TR.

then the difference is between the priesthood and the laity in the Christian Church, since all are priests? I answer: The Holy Scriptures recognise no difference but this, that it calls those who are so chosen and ordained 'servants,' 'ministers,' 'stewards,' who are, on that account, required to preach to others Christ and the faith, and Christian freedom, which all who are Christ's participate in. For though we are all equally priests, yet we cannot all equally perform the functions of a servant, or a steward, or a preacher of Christ. By consecration to his office, the 'Pfaff' does not become holier or better than all baptized Christians are. If thou art not willing to confess to a 'Pfaff,' take a man, whether a layman or a priest, and confess to him; and as he says to thee, so let it be to thee an absolution. Every Christian is a Father-confessor. When St Paul says, "Who also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit,"¹ he speaks to all Christians; yet can they not all equally preach, although they may all have the same authority to do so." Thus far Luther.

Whence did the Reformers derive their free conceptions of the office of the ministry? They partly inferred them from the fundamental Gospel doctrine of the justification of the sinner by grace through faith in Christ, and partly they appealed in support of them to the express testimony of the Holy Scriptures. According to the doctrine of justification by faith, all believers, as they are purified and reconciled to God by one sacrifice, and are baptized into one body by one Spirit, have an equal claim to all the treasures of grace of the New Testament, and the same right to a free and an immediate access to the throne of grace. No one is needed to

¹ 2 Cor. iii. 6.

open the door of entrance before they can come ; it stands wide open for all of them, and they no longer need a representative and a mediator between themselves and God. They are, in truth, as members of one organized body, brought into relation to one another for mutual spiritual assistance ; and whoever renders this help in the form of a public service to the whole body of the Church, renders it not by a special spiritual endowment which he possesses, and by a special authority conferred on him, but as animated by the one spirit which is common to all, and from the authority which all possess ; nor has he received the rich spiritual gifts he may probably be endowed with through his consecration to the ministerial office, but he has been separated to that office on account of the charisma which was seen to be already in him.

The Scripture says : " Christ gave some, apostles ; and some, prophets ; and some, evangelists ; and some, pastors and teachers ; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."¹ All those here named exercise no other priesthood than that of all Christians. The apostles alone exercise their office by virtue of a charisma which was limited only to them, and was not conferred on the community of believers ; the charisma given them for the founding of the Church, according to a divinely appointed form, free from all error, that testimony might be authoritatively given of Christ and His word. It was appropriate for them to say, " Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."² The apostleship, in the specific meaning of the word, was confined wholly

¹ Ephes. iv. 11, 12.

² Gal. i. 8.

to the twelve. The apostles did not take up an authoritative, much less a mediatory place, with reference to the Church, beyond that special call they had to the office in which they were only the *διάκονοι* (ministers) of Christ. They were not the founders of a privileged clerical institute. The power of the keys did not belong exclusively to them, but, according to the words of Matthew¹ and John,² to the entire body of believers. The sacraments were not rightly administered, only when they administered them. The deacon Philip baptized, and believers broke bread from house to house, without the presence of the apostles among them. The testimony given to the truth was as efficacious in its power to convey the blessing of salvation, when given forth from the mouth of the believing laity, as when preached by the apostles. According to the Acts of the Apostles,³ those disciples who were driven by persecution from Jerusalem, went everywhere preaching the Gospel of the cross of Christ with success. We nowhere read that the Church had to wait on the apostles as on those who must first pour out upon them, as from some vessel, the grace of salvation from God. They hailed with great gladness the presence of these helpers of their joy, and instructors in the truth and in the service of God. But if the apostles communicated the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, the Church well knew that they did this, not by virtue of their office, but by virtue of their faith; and if they felt themselves greatly comforted by them, they did not attribute it to them as men who were priests in

¹ Matt. xviii. 17, 18, "If he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church," &c.

² Jno. xx. 21, &c.

³ Acts viii. 4.

some other sense different from that in which they also were priests, and as set in charge over fountains of consolation to which they, the laity, had no freedom of access, but as more enlightened and more experienced brethren, who, moreover, were not ashamed to confess that they on their part also needed to be comforted by them.

If, then, even the apostles, by their official position, were able to contribute nothing either to the efficacy of the revealed Word, or to the power of the sacraments, and, by virtue of their character as apostles, had it in their power to boast themselves neither of a more intimate relation to God, nor yet of more enlarged authority over the divine blessings of salvation, nor of a more valid proclamation of pardon to penitent sinners, than other believers enjoyed; how much less will this be the case with the succeeding guides of the Church, bishops, or presbyters? These, on the ground of their chismatic endowment, conferred on them by virtue of their selection from the number of the faithful, and not exclusively confined to preaching, distinguish themselves from the other members of the congregation by nothing else than this, that, with the view of preserving order in the Church, they exercise publicly, and as the great business to which their lives are consecrated, the functions for the purpose of which they have been invested with power and authority.

Such are the conceptions of the office of a minister of the Gospel, as they were at all times held in the Evangelical Church of the Rhineland, and even in the Lutheran Church; and they were all the more vigorously expressed, as the Romish propaganda pressed hard against them there.

It is known that the Rhenish Church sprung into

existence along with its present constitution and form of government, the presbyterial-synodical.¹ As this form of government has existed in that Church uninterruptedly, as a source of blessing to it, for three hundred years, while, at the same time, the pure Gospel has been always preached in it with power, Rationalism was never able to gain footing within its borders, and sects that rose up were always sooner or later overpowered by the general intelligence prevailing in the Church. If it be asked whether this constitution ever paralysed and oppressed us the preachers, I must confess—and in this I know that I utter the sentiments of all who were then my colleagues—that, on the whole, we could speak and boast only of a quickening, animating influence furthering our work, which it exerted upon us. How could it be otherwise, since I might say that a kind of natural tact led the congregations to elect from among themselves as their elders, deacons, and representatives, only the men most attached to the Church, and most deeply interested in its welfare? And the old liturgical formulas, solemnly read every year to the congregations, had this result also, that they made

¹ The form of Church government in Prussia is the *consistorial*. The king, as head of the Church, exercises his authority through the courts called consistories, which are composed of clergymen and lawyers selected by himself. Each province has a separate consistory. Having authority over all the consistories, there is an upper consistory (Oberkirchenrath), composed for the most part of professors of theology and other clergymen. The congregations have no voice in the management of their own interests, further than having the right to veto, for sufficient reason, any new appointment of a minister over them. The Oberkirchenrath has, however, attempted at various times, within these recent years, to organize separate parish Church courts, but with indifferent success. In the western provinces, Westphalia and the Rhine, the Presbyterian form of Church government has always prevailed. In each of these provinces there is a royal consistory, but it rarely interferes with the popular form of Church government.—TR.

prominent the high importance of these Church offices, as well as the sacred obligations resting on those who filled them.

Perhaps it happened now and then that, in individual strong-minded persons, the proud consciousness of their being presbyters¹ overstepped the measure of propriety, and sought for itself, for some time, a supremacy in the Church courts which, to the view of the clergy, appeared somewhat threatening. Yet they were always men of the best intentions with whom one had to transact, and so the moment did not fail to come when the opposition adjusted itself, and the relation in which all stood to one another returned to what was right and proper. Here there was one family which before all others I must make mention of, which, because of their remarkable natural talents, their energy in action, and their decision of character, seemed born to rule, so that I ventured to prognosticate with confidence, more than twenty years before it happened, that one of its members would occupy the seat of a minister. The oligarchical position which this family for a long time took up in the sphere of civil society, as well as in the sphere of the Church, was very disagreeable to many. Yet it must be granted to them that they always sought to promote the best interests of the town and of the Church; and their readiness to make sacrifices, and their munificence, never remained behind their zeal for the object they strove to accomplish. However the people lifted up their heels against their aristocratic bearing, yet they were in many ways a great blessing to the congregation, although afterwards, through their persevering, unrelenting consistency, they went to such a length that they drove off a party from it.

¹ Ruling presbyters, *i.e.* elders.

The year 1835 was, for the Church-life of the congregation, one that was full of disaster. As upon the Rhenish Church generally, so also upon it the new Agenda was forced, not perhaps according to the will of the civil authorities, but rather by the chief ecclesiastical courts. Bishop Ross, in whom, as a man held in high esteem in the Rhine province, the hope of success in this endeavour was founded, was entrusted with the carrying out of the project. The tidings of his arrival, and of the object of his mission, however, gave the signal to a universal movement in opposition to such a scheme. The renunciation which was demanded of them of their ancient time-hallowed formularies, and of their "simple, beautiful order of Divine worship," appeared to the congregation to be almost like a change of their confession, yea, like a very apostasy. The most decided remonstrances against it were put forth, and from time to time renewed. But when the commissioner, in other respects so mild, and a lover of peace and freedom, appeared all at once stern, and put on the mien of a grand inquisitor, and—from what power I am not able to judge—threatened the clergy with depositions which he kept concealed in his pocket, if the opposition were persisted in, then a small majority of the representatives of the congregation consented, with the greatest reluctance it is true, to the acceptance of the minimum of what was offered to them: namely, to accept the so-called small liturgy, with the omission, however, of the choruses and the responses, and with the addition to it of the Sabbath-morning prayer in use in the old Reformed Church. That was accepted, in the meantime, as all the amount of concession that could be obtained; but it was very far from restoring quietness to the congregation. However insignificant and almost

only formal the liturgical addition to the usual service of the sanctuary might be made to appear, the congregation nevertheless saw in this small patch the detested signs of a foreign power oppressing the free Church, and distrust, when once awakened, saw in it even something more. Enough. The edification of the congregation was, in consequence of this vexatious business, seriously interfered with.

Instead of the pure unrestrained joy with which the people were wont to respond to the summons of the Sabbath bells, their minds were for the time discomposed. Instead of conversing, as they had been wont to do in their social circles, about the Word of God, the "Agenda" now occupied the uppermost place in their minds. Between those who were inclined to yield the point, and the "Totalers" (the extreme party of opposition), there was a painful division; and it at length came to this, that a not inconsiderable portion of the latter party, and among them were persons whose loss we had reason to mourn over, separated themselves from the congregation, and constituted themselves into an independent "Ecclesiola," which continues to the present day. Indeed, the efforts to bring about uniformity at that time in the matter of Church government were by no means wise. Whatever urgent need there might be in the eastern provinces for the new Agenda, the Rhenish Churches which were at peace in the enjoyment of their Christian privileges, and satisfied with the liturgical treasures they had inherited from their fathers, could well dispense with it. It was at a later period seen to be a mistake that due importance was not given to the congregational and confessional peculiarities of the different ecclesiastical circles of the country. For many years the last traces of the lamentable "Agenda Con-

troversy" have, with the sanction of the highest authorities, entirely disappeared from the forms of worship as observed in my former congregation at Elberfeld. How much disturbance, confusion, and injury to the spiritual prosperity of the Church would be spared if men were sensible enough beforehand to call to remembrance the words: "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things!"¹

It has often been said, as a reproach to the Rhinelanders, that they are not genuine Prussians. But in this reproach great injustice is done to them. One might perhaps find amongst them a few who would not shrink from the thought that they ought to belong to some other State than that of Prussia. They know, indeed, too well what they have become through their incorporation with Prussia, and how, from that time, not only their remarkable prosperity, and their commercial and industrial activity, but also even the essential advancement of their intellectual culture, is to be dated. But it is nevertheless true that the spirit of patriotism, with its specific Prussian national consciousness, with its pride of historic traditions, and with its hereditary, and, as if inborn, pious veneration not only for the house of its ancient rulers, but also for the whole of its nobles, and with its respect for the uniform and the profession of the soldier, and the panoply of war, has not yet gained such a deep hold over them as it has over the Prussians in the old provinces. They are good Prussian subjects, not, however, so much from instinct, as rather from deliberate choice. Whoever may feel surprised at this should think how many changes of government they have

¹ Acts xv. 28.

already experienced, and how recent is their annexation to their new Fatherland.¹ It must be regarded as a misfortune that the image of a true Prussian has always hovered before their minds in the form of a Berliner. They conceive of him, perhaps, as a person well-dressed, clothed with the appearance of fashion, but as a windy talker, whose word is not to be depended upon, as one who, stepping boldly forward, with high bombastic talk, acts the part of a learned man, and is accustomed, in speaking, to say "*We*," as if he were a member of the king's cabinet, who boldly criticises every one, and with his senseless attempts at wit, reveals a certain sentimentalism, which speaks, however, rather of the theatre, than makes itself worthy of notice by presenting anything that has the breath of true feeling. These are mere peculiarities, which stand diametrically opposed to those which characterise the inhabitants of the Lower Rhine, and particularly the people of Berg, who love all that is solid and true, and manifest in this respect a sobriety often culminating in the extreme of prosaic plainness. In their social intercourse, they exhibit a directness in their style of conversation which frequently degenerates into thoughtless rudeness, and not seldom a frankness and nonchalance which borders on incivility, coarseness, and insolence. But already, by the frequency and facility of communication between the provinces, by the general military service in which all must take part, the process of naturalization has been essentially advanced, and the people of Berg, in spite

¹ The Province of the Rhine is composed of territory taken in 1814 from France and the Grand-duchy of Berg, which formerly belonged to the Elector of Bavaria. At the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, the Rhine province was given to Prussia, and has since formed a part of that kingdom. —Tr.

of the hindrances which have grown up in their history, from their natural disposition, their confession, their customs, and defects, will emerge from the process true normal Prussians.

As such I saw them when, in the year 1833, the now deceased King Frederick William IV., then, as crown-prince, in all the grace of his youthful dignity, and adorned with all those endowments of mind and those excellences of character which distinguished him, visited the Rhine province. The genuine enthusiasm with which this amiable prince was everywhere saluted and accompanied was beyond all description. Never did the loyalty of any people exhibit itself so worthily as on that occasion. The countenance of every one was lighted up with joy, if but a sight of the prince was obtained; and they to whom he addressed a friendly word, or to whom he stretched out his right hand, felt themselves as raised to the very pinnacle of happiness. He spent a Sabbath in the Wupperthal, and it devolved upon me, by his express wish, although I lived in Barmen, to preach on that day, the 20th October, in the High Church of Elberfeld. I subjoin the sermon preached on that occasion.

“And at that time Solomon held a feast, and all Israel with him, a great congregation, from the entering in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt, before the Lord our God, seven days and seven days, even fourteen days. On the eighth day he sent the people away: and they blessed the king, and went unto their tents joyful and glad of heart, for all the goodness that the Lord had done for David His servant, and for Israel His people.”—
1 Kings viii. 65, 66.

These words we have read place us in the midst of a scene which was one of the grandest in the whole

history of Israel. They bring us into the midst of a great national festival. It is thousands of years indeed since the joyful notes which sounded forth on that day were heard ; but it seems to me as if they still echoed and lived anew, vibrating in a lofty strain on the harp-strings of our hearts. Come, let us draw near and contemplate for a little, more closely, this great festival in Israel. And first let us consider the *object* of the festival, and then the *festival itself*.

I. We find ourselves in Jerusalem. Never was the city in a higher excitement of joy than it is to-day. The people have streamed in crowds into it from all parts of the land, from the river of Egypt even unto Lebanon. Every countenance is radiant with joy ; the words of praise and thanksgiving are on every lip. What does all this mean ? It is not the song of victory we hear. For years the valiant sword of Judah has slumbered in its sheath undisturbed, and the banner of peace has waved from the summit of Mount Zion. It is a joy of a different kind that now moves the people. It is a joy unmixed and incomparably holy. No ; this festival has no bloody field as the background on which it rests. The whole of the joyful excitement among the people is stirred up by their zeal for the Lord, and their interest in His worship. You all remember how, on one occasion, David with amiable humility once cried out, " See, now I dwell in an house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains ! " ¹ What " that man after God's own heart " dared meanwhile only to desire the accomplishment of, and to prepare for, was now brought to a successful issue by Solomon. The sacred temple now stands completed on the summit of Mount

¹ 2 Sam. vii. 2.

Moriah ; a building which is a monument of faith ; a psalm of praise to Jehovah in stone and lime. But that which carries away the people with such excitement of joy is not the stone walls they see rise before them, or the beautiful and richly adorned rows of pillars. It is the solemn purpose for which the building is erected, to be the dwelling-place of the Most High. It is the circumstance that the Holy One of Israel has now found an house to dwell in, where He may manifest Himself among His chosen ; no longer as a guest sojourning among them, but having a fixed habitation. Now, for the first time, He has His home in Judah. For His priests who served Him, and for their significant acts of worship, there is now afforded ample and fitting space. The people see all this accomplished, and their hearts swell with gladness. That which gave delight to the people made Solomon, their great king, also glad at heart. He rejoices and praises the Lord with them.

I might, indeed, well envy Israel the joy of that day. Yet, lo ! my eye rests on my people, my country ; and what do I perceive ? O surely here is more than Solomon's temple ! Here stands forth the temple of living stones, whose foundation is Christ. Here the Lord meets me, not amid the darkness, or behind a veil, but with open face. Here is the reality, while on Zion there was only seen the shadow. Here is the blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel. Here is the true mercy-seat, the true ark of the covenant, *the* sacrifice which perfecteth for ever them that are sanctified, *the* High Priest who has for us entered into Heaven to present us to the Father, clothed in His own righteousness. And . . . But why should I say more ? Yes, brethren, if ye wish to ask me which

among all the nations of the earth I consider as that which has been chiefly chosen by God as the Israel of the New Covenant, with gladness of heart I bear testimony that it is you—you, my German people! and I could with ease give proof that this belief of mine is not unfounded.

I might begin my proof by uncovering to you the depths of the German language, which, like that of ancient Israel, was formed, as no other has been, into a language of the sanctuary. Before that Gospel came to us, it carried it, as if in the germ, in its bosom. This language expressed already, from the beginning, the truth, that whatever God commands is law (*“Gesetz”*), i.e. firmly fixed and immovable; the violation of the *“Gesetz”* is sin (*“Sünde”*), that is, something that must be expiated; the greatest wretchedness of man is his *“Elend”* (misery), his being made a foreigner, his banishment and estrangement from his father's house; for the bringing him back from his estrangement there must be the propitiation (*“versöhnung”*), the *sühnung* (expiation), and that by the Son. Thus I might go on to show you the wonderful depth of our language, and to prove that it had Christian ideas pervading it at its very formation, so as to prepare it beforehand for being able to receive and embody the message from Christ. Thousands of expressions I could mention, which lay ready from the beginning, prepared through a divine influence presiding over their formation, as so many vessels and forms into which the ideas of the divine revelation might be received as soon as revealed. No other language is so capable of receiving these ideas, of preserving them in their full force, and of transmitting them in their pure and unencumbered truthfulness, as is our German language.

The formation and structure of our language will also account for the circumstance that the German translation of the Bible, among all that have been executed, stands in the fore-ground as the most noteworthy, and pervaded by the deepest and most hallowed unction.

I might further remind you that our German Fatherland, like ancient Israel, has been richly blessed by God with the precious gift of true sacred art, as no other land has. I might, for instance, place before you the old domes towering heavenward, as thoughtful copies of the Temple of Israel, which found their first models in the devotion and the faith of the German Church. I might bring before you all our sacred images that have come to us from ancient times, which, as if some Christian Bezaleel had breathed upon them, bear on their fore-front, as no others do, the stamp of the deepest evangelical life. But especially would I have you to observe that it was our Church that gave birth to the chorale, the truly hallowed Christian mode of offering the sacrifice of praise, and that it was the Church of our Fatherland also which received by inheritance the harp of David, attuned to New Testament song. She possesses the evangelical psalm, the true Church hymn. She first struck the key-note; other Churches have only prolonged it.

I could also open before you the year-book of the history of our Fatherland, and unveil to you the resemblances between the divine method of the education of our people and the training of ancient Israel. I might show you how the theocracy of Israel has nowhere found so true an image and counterpart as it has in the relation subsisting between the German people and their rulers—a relation bearing in it the

idea of a lieutenancy in the name of God, such as is taught by the eternal Word, and is firmly rooted in all our hearts. Our monarch's crown has always been seen by us as all-radiant with the glory of an immediate divine investiture, and Church and State have never been so closely, so inwardly united as they have been in our land.

I might, in illustration of the same truth, summon before you the bands of prophets and evangelists with whom the Lord has blessed our people as He has not any other nation; and I might remind you, in addition, how the brightest constellations which hundreds of years ago illuminated the horizon of the Church, arose in by far the largest number from out of the bosom of our German Church. I might prove to you how no Church ever enjoyed so great a fulness of evangelical light as ours; yea, how it was called to be the moon to catch and reflect again upon the world the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. I might bring before your eyes the man who, as a light moving amid the darkness, worthy almost to stand by the side of Paul and Peter, the valiant hero for the truth of God, who was ordained not only to bless his own age, but to extend his influence for good to succeeding centuries—the man whose torch, kindled at the fire of the Gospel, yet to the present day diffuses its blissful light over the whole earth, from pole to pole; and for this great office he was, as it were prophetically, pointed out in a very remarkable historical manner. For the Galatians, to whom that letter was written—a letter which principally contains the very kernel and the central principle of the Gospel, the doctrine of justification by faith alone without works—were, according to an old tradition, of German origin, perhaps from the neighbour-

hood of the Elbe, and were carried over Italy under the leadership of a Lothar or Luther into Asia Minor. And lo, many hundreds of years later, in the same region, a Luther again appears, who kindles his torch at that letter to the Galatians, and receives a commission from God to give back to the Church, in all their unveiled glory, the doctrines taught in this epistle, and to lead His people a second time, only in a holier sense, to Galatia!

But why should we proceed further in this direction? I only wished, in a few cursory remarks, to point out how my statement might be illustrated and proved, that God intended great things for our people, such as might be regarded as ordained for none other than the Israel of the New Covenant. And, indeed, it were easy to multiply such illustrations and proofs, and those things which might seem of an opposite character it would not be difficult to explain. It is true we lament, with bitter sorrow, that even in our land there has been manifested the spirit of a falling away from the Word of truth. But the poisonous plant of the false doctrine did not grow up in our land.¹ Even in

¹ Modern infidelity, the product of that general lethargy which fell upon the Churches after the Reformation, first developed itself among the so-called English Deists. Voltaire, then known by his assumed name, Francois Arouet, came over to England in 1725. He adopted the infidelity of Morgan and Tindal, and especially that of the profligate and superficial Bolingbroke, secretary of state under Queen Anne, and carried it back with him to France. Rousseau, who also gathered his weapons from England as Voltaire did (he died also in the same year as Voltaire, 1778), exerted a wide influence by his writings, where infidelity appeared in a form not so rude and offensive as it did in those of Voltaire, in undermining all faith in Christianity. The infidel party in France grew in numbers, and became bolder. They issued their great work, the "Encyclopédie Universelle," edited by D'Alembert and Diderot, which very materially aided in the wider diffusion of those principles which at length showed their tendency in the open war, which began in 1793, against all that was holy—the Revolution, with all its horrors and blasphemies.

the worst times, however, the falling away has, through the grace of God, never become general. Of that the hills and valleys which surround us here in a wide circle can give joyful testimony. And finally, in these recent times, in the region of science and intellectual culture, there has arisen a crisis which sheds upon us a silver light, and casting its hopeful radiance over the foaming, boiling cauldron of the present conflict, fills us with the expectation of coming good ; yea, leads us to the belief, that in the hidden future there lies the

Diderot was called to the court of Catherine II. of Russia, and infected the nobility there with the poison of the French infidelity, which was but a development of the English Deism.

The works of the English Deists, first imported by way of France, were for the most part translated into the German language, and widely circulated throughout Germany. Their principles readily took root, the soil having been in some measure prepared for them. David Hume's "Essay on Miracles" was very popular in Germany, and intensified the infidel spirit which was fostered by the works of the English Deists, and by the writings of Voltaire and the French school. Voltaire, who was called to Berlin (1750) by Frederick the Great, diffused among the literati, of whom for a time he was the admired and acknowledged head, of the Prussian capital, and by them through the whole of Germany, and particularly among the higher classes, the taint of the frivolous French Naturalism. The king, surrounded by French Free-thinkers, showed his subjects the example of scoffing at all positive religion. The great German organ of this "Illuminism" was the Berlin journal (1765-92), the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek*, which introduced from France and England all manner of infidel arguments and objections, and scattered them throughout Germany. Illuminism invaded the sphere of the theologian, and created Rationalism, from the withering blight of which Germany is but now recovering. Scepticism has there now spent itself, and has been proved to be but vanity.

Kant's (died 1804) philosophy sprang out of David Hume's infidelity, and it is well known how extensive has been the influence of that philosophy, as modified by Fichte (died 1814), Fries (died 1843), Schelling (died 1854), and Hegel (died 1831), in the interests of rationalism and infidelity.

Thus it may justly be said that infidelity and rationalism in Germany are of foreign origin, and not the natural product of the soil.
—TR.

gracious purpose of the Lord to usher in a new Reformation.

Germany, the Israel of the New Covenant times! O pleasant heart-quickenning thought! May it become more and more evident that it is even so! But is it true—my Fatherland in a narrower sense, may I not venture to salute thee as the Benjamin and Judah in this Israel? Yea, the Lord deals in a specially gracious manner with thee, thou dear Prussia; with thee, before all lands, it is evident that thou thyself mayest be taken as a proof that the eyes of God are continually open in grace and mercy over the whole boundaries of Germany. That we are not worthy of all this His goodness, is among all clear things the clearest. No, O Lord, we are less than the least of all such love; unworthy of all that mercy and faithfulness Thou hast shown toward us, and art still making to pass before us up to this present hour!

It cannot be mistaken that, out of the dark tumult of battle of that never-to-be-forgotten October day,¹ the morning-dawn of a new era broke over us—that the knees bent to the earth on the bloody battle-field, as well as the cross borne on the helmets of our brave soldiers, without its being so intended, were a signifi-

¹ Alluding to the memorable Völkerschlacht (battle of nations), which was fought at Leipsic (16th-18th October 1813) between the Allies and the French, who were led by Napoleon in person. The Allies were completely victorious, and pursued the French across the Rhine. They then entered Paris, and the Congress of Vienna met to re-arrange the affairs of Europe. The "Confederation of the Rhine," formed by Napoleon in 1806, with himself as protector, was now dissolved; Europe was emancipated from the French yoke, and Germany was freed from the humiliation of foreign domination, which it had for seven years endured. The "Liberation Wars," terminated by the bloody battle of Leipsic, introduced a new era into the development of Germany; a spirit of moral earnestness widely diffused itself among the people, and they entered on a new career of religious and intellectual elevation.—Tr.

cant symbol, and afforded a kind of prophetic pre-intimation of the near outshining of a new and glorious day. That it is even so, the present aspects of the times give token in many thousand ways. I look round upon our land. Yes, praise the Lord, O my soul! The Lord is among us, the Lord is with us! What do I see? In the Church, a new awakening to life; in science, unmistakably a more earnest effort of mind, a deeper necessity felt; on the Universities there have fallen again the tongues of fire which bear witness for Christ; from the pulpits there is heard more and more, in new and distinct utterances, the proclamation of the old good Word; in the seminaries of learning a powerful process of development is going on towards a more evangelical form of culture; and along with these there are flourishing mission schools under the shelter of a gentle royal sceptre, Bible societies in full and unwearied activity, institutions aiming at the promotion of the welfare of the neglected and the criminal. And what is yet more than all this, there are not inconsiderable bands of men, constantly increasing in number in all districts of the land, among all classes and conditions of society, who have sworn that they will never more bow the knee to Baal; a company of praying men encompassing the land as with a chain, diffusing blessings all around. And if further evidences be needed to prove that God is with us, consider that at a time when here and there the most sacred bonds were rent asunder by traitor hands, our people gave a cheering proof that true fidelity had not yet altogether disappeared from the earth. In the days when, around our borders, a gulf opened its fearful mouth to vomit forth into the world spirits accursed of God, then the Prussian people gathered more closely in a compact circle of

defence around the throne of their ruler. And if a fire now burns among us, it is the fire of an enthusiastic and ardent love for the dear house of our ancestral prince. And the fearful commotions that here and there arise, are able to exert no wider influence upon us than is necessary to call forth the most glorious protestations against the profane spirit they display. Truly it is evident, and the circumstances powerfully confirm the judgment, that the Lord has not yet forsaken us with His grace.

And what shall I more say? I am silent—Oh, your own hearts know well how to follow out that line of thought which here opens before me! An essential ingredient in the cup of Israel's joy at that festival was the circumstance that the king himself carried before his people the banner of Zion, and, deeply rooted in the faith of his fathers, walked in the peaceful pilgrim path of those who pass through this world as strangers on a journey to that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. One of the notes of praise sounding from their harp was the consciousness that a ruler stood at their head who adorned the crown he wore, a crown which, wherever it appeared, was the joyous token, full of promise to all the people, of peace and safety. This crown came not forth from the workshop of an earthly artist. It was not formed by the hands of man. It was not made of perishable materials. *That* was the crown of Solomon, that the kindness and love of God had shone upon him. It was the fairest diadem, the richest ornament, that he appeared seated on his throne as a man whose countenance constrained the Queen of Sheba to cry out, "Blessed be the Lord thy God which delighted in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel!" When Israel thought thereon,

the jubilee-song of the people rose higher, and sounded forth in clearer notes, and all countenances were radiant with joy and hope. Once more I am silent—what I might further say to you already your own hearts proclaim to you in the joy which pervades them. Yes, brethren, it is clear as day, if any nation has now occasion and ground to echo in full accord that festival gladness of ancient Israel, then, people of Prussia, it is you ; you, among whom there have been always seen the shining footsteps of the tender love of God—a people whose greatness and splendour gleam out into the remotest distance, and in whom is anew fulfilled what is written of Israel under the reign of Jehoshaphat : “ And the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdom of the lands that were round about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat.”

II. How did Israel celebrate the festival ? We read : “ And Solomon at that time held a feast, and all Israel with him, a great congregation, from the entering in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt, before the Lord our God.” Hear ye this ? “ *Before the Lord !* ” Thus thanking God, praying, offering up sacrifice ; and especially doing homage, and devoting themselves unto the Holy One of Israel, and vowing unto Him to follow Him fully. Brethren, ye understand this. A like thing is this day done among us. But, behold, I come nearer to you, and I first unfurl a banner in your midst. I observe what ye are thinking. Ye think it is the eagle-banner, the dark-coloured victorious standard of our Fatherland, and I see you in the act of rallying in bands around it with enthusiastic joyfulness. Now, perhaps also that, beloved ! But, meanwhile, the banner which I at this moment unfurl before you is a

different one. It is the sign in which all salvation rests ; the sign in which the welfare of States in general, as well as the happiness of each one of you in particular, finds a sure basis. Ye see it now : it is the banner of the Cross ! Around it do ye rally, and worship with adoring homage Him who hung thereon, even Christ Jesus ! Say not, " We will worship God." All worshippers who come to God without Christ are rejected ! Say not, " We will honour Christ." Ye ought to worship Him, for He is King ! Think not in your hearts, we will do Him homage according to the measure of our faith. No, *all* honour must be rendered to Him. The Father requires it. Answer not, " We seek to imitate in our lives His example." That is nothing. The grace of the Eternal is as His blessing, a crown which is not bestowed as a reward of work separated from faith, the living faith in the name of Jesus. Oh, consider it, that the love of God is a love in Christ Jesus ; and only in the measure in which they honour the name of His Son will men be truly blessed of God. Let me further say to you, that God deals with sinners not otherwise than through Christ ; and in so far only as in faith we place Him in the midst, between ourselves and the Almighty, will we succeed in opening over our heads His fountains of blessing, and remove from our borders His judgments. Therefore, whoever loves his people, his country, and his own soul, let him rally to my banner ; let him in true allegiance stretch out toward it his right hand, vowing to the Lord, and from the very depths of his soul let him join in the jubilee chorus of Israel : " Praise be to Jesus Christ ! All honour to the Lamb !"

Along with the banner of the Cross, I erect in the midst of you an altar holy to the Lord—and, lo,

scarcely does it rise up into view, when my people gather in crowds around it! They think they are looking on the altar of the Fatherland. And I see how they offer a solemn vow, and express an ardent wish for the welfare of the highly loved land of their fathers. And see how they cast down a sword upon the altar. They wish it to be "one man and one wall," if there should be strife again. And how they bring all their strength, consecrating it to the achievement of the lofty aims of the fathers, and then how they break out with the good, old, joyful watchword, "All for one, and one for all!" Yes, on our altar, which we now erect, there is even room for all that;—but room also for a very different kind of offering. There is room on it also for tears of repentance, because of our ingratitude; room for the sacrifice of a broken heart and a grieved mind; room for a confession, like that of the centurion, "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldest come under my roof;" room for the sighs of publicans and sinners, and for the effusions of souls hungering for grace and crying for mercy. Oh that my people would more and more, with such gifts and sacrifices, cover the altar of the Lord; so would there soon descend upon it a fire from heaven, as upon the altar in the temple of Israel, giving witness that they had come up before God as a sacrifice well-pleasing in His sight, and they would return in showers of blessing again upon the earth.

And, finally, I lay before you, upon the steps of that altar, a book for your signature. I imagine your thoughts. Ye think it is the book bearing the signatures of a people loyal to their king—the book wherein there is recorded the names and pledges of those who are protesting against the spirit of the times, which has broken away from God and His Word, and

against those evil principles that have emanated from the abyss. No, my brethren, in that book stand inscribed, long ago, all your names. But this book I mean is the book of the suppliant—the book in which they record their names who wish to be bound together with us in a covenant to bring before God continually, every day, the interests of our land and our people, and earnestly to plead before Him His own promises; to plead for a general outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and, instead of the sparks that have hitherto shone, to draw down a very flame of new life upon our land. And, oh, what do I see? How also to this book they gather in crowds, with the pen wherewith to inscribe their names in their hands! Now I take this document in both of my hands, and lift it joyfully up, and prophesy to my people, that to-day or to-morrow the new Benjamin and Judah of God will be revealed in full splendour. Here is the document which warrants it; here the letter, here the seal!

Now to conclude. The termination of that festival in Israel was joyful; its consequences were altogether blessed. Our festival to-day will also bear its blossom. How read we? “And Solomon sent the people away: and they blessed the king, and went unto their tents joyful and glad of heart, for all the goodness that the Lord had done for David His servant, and for Israel His people.” They had anew been constrained to say, “We are a people with whom the Lord is present;” and before the powerful impression which the consideration of all the goodness and mercy with which God had crowned Israel had produced within them, all the clouds of debasing covetousness and worldliness, which had here and there gathered around the heart, were all at once completely swept away. Their inner

life was all radiant with the clear shining as of spring. Their hearts overflowed with thankfulness, and they bowed down in humble adoration. Their souls were like bright festal chambers, echoing with the sweet tones of praise; and there was perhaps no one among the whole people who did not feel himself constrained by new love, and strengthened with new might, while giving himself up to the duties of domestic and public life.

And the Jews returned from the festival not only "joyful," but of "good courage." From that which Jehovah had already done for Israel, there was legitimately drawn the conclusion, that, in the future, He would do yet more for His people. They remembered that He was called the Amen, the Faithful and True; and they believed that, in the thousand bright illustrations of the kindness He had hitherto displayed, they saw the promise revealed: "Israel, I am thy God! Fear not, My grace is a Fountain which is never exhausted!" And if they wanted yet further supports for their hope of the future, these were richly supplied them by the festival itself from which they now returned home. There were so many things in those blessed days they had just spent, which warranted them to cherish the happiest expectations for the future. Their universal jubilee at the entrance of God into the temple which had been prepared; Solomon's going before them with the banner of Zion and with the censer of prayer; the enthusiasm of the affection shown by the whole people for their paternal ruler; the earnest, heartfelt prayer for the king, his house, his government, and his country, rising up from the lips of the thousands of Israel—all this, and many other such-like things, oh, how they lighted up the future,

as if Israel's firmament had been sown over with the golden stars of hope!

“They went unto their tents glad of heart, and they blessed the king.” Brethren, here I end, and in silence retire into the background. Lo, I see one standing now in the midst of you, one incomparably more glorious, a herald from the presence-chamber of Jehovah, a seer with his sacred harp consecrated to God. There he is, and he salutes my people on the right hand and on the left. Why beams his countenance with joy? The man, it is easily seen in him, brings good tidings. Only with significant look revealing to us his secret, he passes quickly through our midst, he hastens to the throne of the king, and joyfully opens his mouth to deliver his message. Come, let us stand with reverence at a distance, and listen in silence to his word. “Thus,” begins the seer, “thus saith the Lord to thee, His anointed, I hold thee by thy right hand, that thou mayest subdue nations before thee, and loose the loins of kings, and to open before thee the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut before thee; I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron: and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel. Lo, thou wilt be my shepherd, and shalt perform all my pleasure; even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid. And I the Lord will make thy land as a garden of Eden, and thy fields as a garden of the Lord. And I will give great peace to thy land, that nothing but delight and joy may be

found therein, and thanks and songs of praise throughout all its borders!"¹ Thus speaks the seer of God in the name of Jehovah. "Yea, Amen, we joyfully exclaim. 'So let it be!'" Raise thyself aloft, Prussian Eagle, on the wings of faith, and choose for thyself thine element in the marvellous light of that Sun, under whose wings there is health and salvation. Build thine eyrie in the rock Christ, and thou shalt never be overcome, and the gleam of thy crown will make the nations tremble!

"And they blessed the king." Now, dear brethren, I have long enough held in your hearts with rein and bridle. Now let every restraint give way, and allow the freest scope to the animation and joy of your hearts; gather joyfully around the throne of the noblest father of his country; give voice to the feelings which burn within you; salute him with the cry, "Long live the king!" and no longer hesitate with childlike joy, as every one's heart may prompt him to speak out, to pour forth your good wishes into his bosom! May the Lord our God be with him, and crown him with grace as with a shield! May the king rejoice in Jehovah's strength, and be very joyful in His salvation! May the Lord grant him the desire of his heart, and deny him nothing which his lips have craved! May the Lord prosper all his designs! May He make him a blessing continually, and make him glad with the joy of His countenance! May he also, through the power of God, stand as a beautiful pillar under the temple-roof of the true Church; as a strong tower against which the waves from the abyss may dash themselves to pieces! May the great salvation be granted unto him from the Lord; to him, and to his seed after him, for

¹ See Isaiah xliv. 28, xlv. 1, &c.

ever ! May blessings descend on the future heir of his throne ! May the grace of God in Christ Jesus cover him with its healing wings ! May the Lord, before whom he, along with us, lies in the dust, fulfil the thousand joyful hopes with which a whole people look upon him, our ardently beloved Prince ! May the God of his father be his helper ! May he be blessed, and may the blessing of God be upon him, which may reach "to the precious things of the lasting hills !" From day to day may the bond divinely formed, which binds us and our royal house together in such loving fellowship, be more and more closely knit together ; and may the holy relationship root itself continually the deeper in the love of Christ, and in the Word of Life, that it may endure through all time, and be perpetuated in eternity ! Brethren, what do I hear ? truly our desires and prayers for blessing pierce through the heavens. A voice from above comes hovering down to us. Ye may all hear it. To the assurance and great joy of your hearts, ye may hear it echoing—it is the voice of God, the Faithful and True—"Amen, so let it be !" This is the voice from the clouds. Thus let all be glad and rejoice ! Brethren, what we desire, may it be granted ! Amen, it will ! Yea, hallelujah, amen !

A public festival was given by the magistrates of Elberfeld on the occasion of the Prince's visit, at which he very graciously condescended to be present. His demeanour, in its power to win our affections, was befitting the princely nobility and amiable gracefulness which he inherited from his father—a gracefulness which, in its most familiar condescension, never passed beyond the bounds of what was right and fitting. My love

and veneration for him drew me on, toward the close of the festival, to make some observations which happily gave expression to the innermost thoughts and feelings of the whole company seated around the table, and which were applauded with the highest enthusiasm. The Crown Prince replied to the acclamation by saying to me, "Krummacher, pray!" One of the Prince's retinue, the General von Thile, had caused the toast I then gave, so far as he could recall it to remembrance, to be afterwards lithographed for his friends; and I am sorry that I cannot here insert it, for the simple reason that I no longer possess a copy of it. I remember only that I saluted the Crown Prince as the prototype of the future German people, not only as risen up again into a united nation, but also come into the possession of all the virtues of their ancestors—renewed, however, and regenerated by the purifying influence of Christian truth; and this I only now remember, because thereby the first foundations were laid of that relation which I afterwards sustained to him, which led to my being called to Berlin, and afterwards to Potsdam. In the year 1841, when the Prince, who had by this time ascended the throne, came to Elberfeld, he was received with the same tumult of joy as before. Alas, that at a later period a blighting mildew should have fallen upon and poisoned these blossoms of the purest patriotism! Yet in spite of all that, the Wupperthal, so far as regards the majority of its inhabitants, remained true and loyal to the king, and they showed this in the most splendid manner on several occasions, when dangers seriously threatened the Prussian Fatherland.

If I were asked to bring forward, from among the different classes belonging to the Reformed Congre-

gation of Elberfeld, persons in whom its spiritual and ecclesiastical character showed itself in a clear and distinct manner, I would select as such from among the burghers "old Diedrich," and from among the higher classes, particularly from among the female portion of them, the mother of the well-known family of Heydt. The former was regarded as, in a remarkable degree, an "experienced Christian," which he really was. From his own personal experience he knew all the steps of the inner life of faith. He knew also how to speak of an awakening out of a state of spiritual death, of conflicts with sin under the law, of an entrance upon a state of grace, and of the blessedness of the first love under the comforting words and gracious assurances that came to him from the Lord. He could speak from experience also of a spiritual warfare against many foes; of doubts, of wrestlings with ungodly thoughts; of being deprived of the comfort of the Holy Spirit, and of the darkening of his faith; but he could speak also of victories gained through the Word and Spirit of God, of naked faith, and also of a faith full of emotion and of joy, and of all other steps and stages of a living Christianity. What wonder is it then, that seldom a single day passed by in which some soul, seeking for God, did not visit this "Father in Christ," that he might be aided and comforted by his counsel? And he was indeed an excellent counsellor, who always knew how to strike the nail on the very head, in the most original and often most humorous way. No one left his presence without receiving the blessing either of comfort and consolation, or of warning and instruction.¹

¹ In the manuscript of the Autobiography, the description of the character of the late Frau von der Heydt, which would naturally have been here inserted, is unhappily wanting. We refer the reader, as a compensation for this defect, to the "Frauenbriefe," edited by Adolf Zahn, where he

In the year 1840 I paid a visit to my parents in Bremen, and it was on this occasion that I threw the torch of war into the midst of the Church-life of Bremen, by a sermon which I was permitted to preach in the Church of St Ansgar,¹ of which my father was at that time pastor primarius. I had heard several sermons there which, by their flat rationalistic character, veiled under a light biblical white-wash, so stirred me up that I felt a deep, genuine sympathy with the congregation, from whom the comforting truths of the Gospel were so hidden. I ought, however, at the same time, to have comforted myself in the thought, that in that town, so richly blessed from olden times with spiritual blessings, over whose gates the ineffaceable inscription, "*Hospitium ecclesiae Domini*," could yet be read, there were not wanting those who gave earnest and decided proclamation to the Word of God. There yet stood in its pulpits, after Menken, that valiant witness for Bible truth, had closed his eyes on this world, such preachers as—not to speak of my own father, who has since departed to glory—the highly-honoured Treviranus, unweariedly active for the advancement of the kingdom of God; the energetic and eloquent Mallet; the deeply earnest Müller, calmly giving witness to the mighty power of the truth; Mallet's colleague, the enthusiastic and highly-educated Pauli; von Hanfstengel, who especially, by his spirit of gentleness and love, won men's hearts to the Gospel; and many others. But these men were as seldom heard by the majority of those who belonged to the congregation of St Ansgar, as was my father himself find, very clearly and distinctly presented, a portraiture of that noble lady. —ED.

¹ A monk of Corvey, afterwards Archbishop of Hamburg, missionary to the Swedes in the middle of the ninth century.—TR.

self. I entertained the hope, and in this I was not mistaken, that they would be enticed by curiosity for once, to gather together for the purpose of hearing a stranger.

On that occasion I selected as my text the words of the apostle: "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."¹ The theme of my discourse I announced as "Paul, not a man in accordance with the opinions of our time." Without being, in the remotest degree, led aside into allusions to any persons, I unfolded, with the greatest calmness, the diametrical opposition between the rationalistic sentiments which prevailed in our time, and the ideas of the great apostle. I set forth the great earnestness with which the apostle warned the preachers against preaching to their congregations any other Gospel than that which he had preached. Naturally, my sermon was regarded as a direct polemic against the rationalistic clergy, although it was so only in an indirect way. Dr Paniel, in a brochure overflowing with bitterness and gall, was the first who threw down the gauntlet, because he thought my sermon particularly directed against him. A great many other pamphlets followed this one, published at Bremen and elsewhere, on both sides of the controversy. Two of these were from my own pen; the latter, and the more extended, under the title, "*Der scheinheilige Rationalismus vor dem Richterstuhl der heiligen Schrift.*"² That the violent hatred with which I was assailed from many sides did not fall easily upon

¹ Gal. i. 8, 9.

² "The pretended Rationalism before the Tribunal of the Holy Scriptures."

me may be readily imagined; but it was as little able to cause me to repent of my sermon at Bremen, as was that expression of the King to some one who was standing beside him: "I wished to call Krummacher to Berlin, but for the present this cannot be done."

The consciousness that I spoke that word, not "of envy and strife," but with a good intention, and for the honour of that Gospel which is dearer to me than all other things besides, imparted to me consolation in the midst of all this. The congratulations also with which I was welcomed on my return to Elberfeld, helped me patiently and without injury to bear the ignominy with which I was assailed. Meanwhile it appeared, the longer the more manifest, that this ecclesiastical controversy was so far not without blessed fruits to many, inasmuch as by means of it they learned accurately to distinguish between biblical Christianity and the empty, effete form of doctrine which had hitherto been offered to them under all kinds of pious representations; and among the journalistic stones which were hurled at my head, there also reached me many a "*macte virtute esto!*"¹ even from many hitherto unknown friends, which inwardly quickened me.

I do not advise any of my brethren in office to enter too rashly on a declaration of theological warfare; yet, at the same time, let there be no changing of sides, or proposals to capitulate, in opposing unbelievers. The injunction, "endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," is addressed to every herald of the Gospel. But persuasion is better than condemnation; and an undermining process, by means of calm, clear arguments, is generally more successful than a tempestuous assault.

¹ "Well done; be of good courage."

A war, such as I then carried on, is not brought to a conclusion, even for the representative of the just cause, without a "full and overflowing measure" of many kinds of annoyances and sorrows. Even the most glorious victory—and it is obvious that I gained such a victory, in so far, at least, as I had unanswerably proved that the Word of God was on my side—is bought at a costly enough price, by many sad hours and sleepless nights spent in prayers and sighs. To hear one's sermon stigmatized before all the world as a "curse-and-condemnation sermon," and one's-self declared to be "a raving fanatic," is certainly not agreeable. But that can be borne, if the enmity one is exposed to does not pour itself, like a fructifying dew, over the weeds of sin, bitterness, and hatred and envy, and other dark and hateful passions, which remain concealed in our own nature, so as to make them grow up more luxuriantly within us. One who aims the lance of truth against sinners is immediately, and indeed with justice, ranked among sinners themselves. But even this may be a gain to him.

Another excursion, undertaken from Barmen to the old Hanse town,¹ at that time divided into two ecclesiastical camps, had a happier and more harmonious issue than that last named. It brought me into the dear land of Würtemberg, where I enjoyed the

¹ Bremen. In the middle ages, certain commercial towns in the north of Europe entered into a league or *Hansa* (a corporation) for promoting their common interests. The number of these Hanse towns varied at different periods. At one time there were as many as eighty-five joined together in this confederacy. These towns enjoyed great privileges, and rose to high political importance. The Hanse League was dissolved in 1630, when the last general diet was held at Lubeck. Since that time the title of Hanse towns has been confined to Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg.—TR.

opportunity of fellowship with men whom I number among my dearest and most valued friends I have met on my journey of life. The Suabian people,¹ among whom, at a later period, I frequently sojourned, gained altogether a larger place in my heart than before, and my affection for them has not to this hour decreased. If depth of feeling and heartiness of character, united with a clear, vigorous intellect, and with a fresh, lively imagination, under the most amiable and unassuming simplicity of character, are the essential characteristics of the German people, then among all who belong to the German family the Suabians are the most German. If I were asked to point out persons in whom these features of character appeared to me to be displayed with special clearness, I would name, among crowned heads, the first Duke of Würtemberg, "Eberhard im Bart," who, in that contention of princes as to who among them was most to be envied, declared that it was he, because he could pass the night safely in the thickest forest, under the shelter of any one of his subjects; among philosophers, Schelling, who formed an era in the kingdom of ideas; among the poets of ancient times, the Minnesingers,² and their exact counterpart in modern times, Ludwig Uhland; among artists, Dannecker,³ the unassuming sculptor of the

¹ Swabia or Suabia is one of the original ten circles into which Germany was divided. It was so called from the Suevi, a German tribe which settled there. It was a dukedom from the fifth to the thirteenth century, when, the reigning family becoming extinct, it was divided among neighbouring princes. The chief portion of Swabia now forms the kingdom of Würtemberg and the grand-duchy of Baden.—Tr.

² The name given to the German minstrels, "the nightingales of the Middle Ages," who, near the close of the first half of the twelfth century, began to sing of earthly love and sorrow. They transferred to the whole female sex the ordinary feeling with which men then regarded the "Holy Virgin."—Tr.

³ Johann Heinrich Dannecker, born at Stuttgart 1758, died 1841. As a

most splendid of all the statues of Christ ; and, finally, among theologians, the profound Albert Bengel,¹ who has made the field of theology, and particularly that of the interpretation of the Scriptures, fruitful for centuries with the fulness of his great and precious thoughts.

In Stuttgart I came into the midst of the excitements of a very active Christian life. The old pietist, Father Dann—like a veteran hero on the bulwarks, covered with the scars and the dust of battle—still occupied his pulpit. His helpers, the venerable merchants and citizens Hering, Josenhans, and others, acted under him, not only as zealous associates in the work of Missions, and of tract and Bible circulation, but also as earnest and circumspect conductors of religious meetings. They permitted me also to address their meetings, which were very numerously attended. “Love for love” might have been appropriately written over the door of the chamber in which these Christian friends met together for prayer, in confidential mutual affection. The 133d psalm was seen here in its full realization. With what “unity” did the brethren dwell together ! “How good and how pleasant” was their assembly ! It was like “the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even sculptor he occupied one of the foremost places among German artists. “Sculpture has three great masters to point to, who impressed profound Christian views upon brass and marble. The Italian *Canova* (died 1822) was the renewer of this art. The German *Dannecker*, inspired by him, excelled his master. His Christ represents the Divine Mediator in a sublime marble statue, as he beheld Him in vision. But greater than both of these is the Dane, Thorwaldsen.”—Tr.

¹ Prelate at Stuttgart, died 1752, author of “*Gnomon Novi Testamenti*,” a commentary on the New Testament, “distinguished by pregnancy of expression and depth of comprehension.” An English translation of the “*Gnomon*” has recently been issued by the publishers of this work, in 5 vols. 8vo.—Tr.

Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garment; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion."

The first excursion I made from Stuttgart¹ was to Kirchheim unter Teck, to Albert Knapp, the intimate friend of my brother Emil, and his fellow-student at the University of Tübingen, with whom, till then, I was acquainted only through correspondence. If I ever met a young man, all bright and radiant with the most hopeful promise for the future of his career in life, it was this noble son of the Suabian land, in the cheerful, budding, spring-time of his life, as a pastor and a poet, as well as in the midst of a newly-formed household. The very image of ruddy health, tall of stature, firmly built—his brow, his mouth, his eyes, all reflecting the lively energy of his spirit and unfeigned happiness—he won the affection of all those with whom he became acquainted. Whenever he opened his lips in conversation, one heard from him the richest efflorescence of genuine old Suabianism. From morning to evening this amiable man sparkled, like a fountain from a rock, with striking thoughts—thoughts gleaming like images of gold, and pervaded with wit and humour. I do not forget the pleasant walk which we had together to Dreien, behind the lofty ruins of the Castle of Neuffen. An unfailing flow of surprising ideas, animating thoughts, and harmless, lively incidents, shortened for us the hours into minutes. Having arrived at a lonely house on our way, he bade me accompany him into it to pay a visit to a "dear invalid," who had long lain on her bed of pain, without any hope of recovery. We stepped gently within, and after her pastor had introduced me to her, though apparently approaching her

¹ In September 1832.

latter end, she heartily welcomed me in a pleasant manner, spoke cheerfully to me, and after I had reminded her of several of the promises of the Gospel, she asked me to pray with her. The request she made met my own feelings; my heart overflowed; from moment to moment the pale countenance of the sick woman seemed brightened with sunny gladness; and after the "Amen," she reached out to me her thin, trembling hand, and whispered, with the expression of a spirit already raised up to the enjoyment of heaven, that she would leave this world in peace, for she rejoiced in God her Saviour. Deeply moved by what we saw, we continued our journey up the mountain. But when we had arrived at the ancient fortress, and had lain down on the soft, mossy carpet that encompassed the ruins, to refresh ourselves with the bread and wine we had brought with us, friend Knapp suddenly disappeared, but soon afterwards returned, and recited to us from his note-book a poem which he had composed on the spot, pervaded by a spirit of the loftiest poetic enthusiasm.

That in Albert Knapp¹ there was a true poetic inborn genius, no one will seriously deny; and yet he is not generally mentioned in our recent histories of literature as ranked among the "Suabian poets;" although, without doubt, he would have been named among them, and in the very foremost rank, had he consecrated his harp to the spirit of the world, instead of seeking all his inspiration from the Spirit of God. But worldly fame, to which the way and the door stood wide open for him, he gladly cast at his feet; and recognised it as his calling, as it indeed was the impulse of his heart, to sing the praises of the

¹ Died 18th June 1864.

heavenly Prince of Peace, through whom he knew he was redeemed, and ordained "to the inheritance of the saints in light." Instead of worldly fame, there was destined for him, so long as a Church of Christ shall remain on earth, the glorious reward of God, that his "Eines wünsch' ich mir vor allem Andern," "An dein Blüten und Erbleichen," "Abend ist es, Herr, die Stunde," and many other of his hymns, shall never cease to be sung in it. We bless him, in the name of many thousands to whom the melodies of his harp, breathing peace and joy, have lightened their steps on the way to the city of God; and we hope that the people of Stuttgart may long refresh themselves at the "streams of living water," which, according to the word of the Lord,¹ yet flow for them to this hour, from the life and labours of their highly-gifted pastor.

From Kirchheim, which was then the residence of the Duchess of Würtemberg, the illustrious mother of the then King of Würtemberg, one of the noblest and most pious of women whose brow a princely diadem ever adorned, and also Knapp's noble and friendly patroness, I went to Calw² to visit Christian Barth, the noble hermit, but who from his lonely cell embraced the whole world with the arms of his missionary love, and who continuously exchanged despatches concerning the kingdom of God with all the nations of the earth, as perhaps no ruler, diplomatist, or ambassador ever did. Who can number the tracts, and the precious books for religious edification, which, like a very flock of spiritual doves bearing messages of peace, with his letters and intercessions, from year to year went forth in all directions from his quiet dwelling?

¹ John vii. 38.

² A village in Würtemberg, in the circle of the Black Forest.

I spent happy days also under the roof of this beloved friend, surrounded by numberless trophies of the victories which had been gained in the battles of the Lord throughout the heathen world—bows and clubs, idol images that had been cast down, and amulets. Among these there flitted about also several turtles and parrots, which saluted us with their screams. In Barth I found a normal genuine Suabian, thoroughly original, pure of heart, full of earnest wit, and of lively earnestness. A few months ago, he shook the dust of the pilgrim from off his feet, and now, from his throne in the kingdom above, he surveys with unclouded eye the future, as it shall unfold itself among the nations on the earth here below.

I was present at the anniversary festival of the Free Church colony of Kornthal,¹ which is not far from Stuttgart. Its founder and patriarch, the magnanimous, resolute Hoffmann, presided over it in the full strength of his manhood. From all corners of the land hundreds of guests streamed in to the festival, who—when I arrived along with my Stuttgart friends—partook of their breakfast in the open air, partly gathered around long tables, and partly stretched out on the grass. After this, the bells invited them into

¹ "There existed in Protestant Würtemberg an activity of the religious spirit in the national life as nowhere else. Pietism, Chiliasm, Separatism, the Conventicle system, &c., assumed powerful forms; solid scientific knowledge, philosophical culture, and lately also philosophical and critically destructive tendencies, forced themselves upon the clergy of this county from Tübingen. The dissatisfaction with many of the innovations in the liturgy, hymn-book, &c., drove many from the Established Church. After the adoption of forcible measures had proven fruitless, the Government allowed (1818) those dissatisfied to establish the congregation of Kornthal, with a peculiar ecclesiastical and civil constitution, after apostolic example" (*Kurtz*).—TR.

the large, well-lighted church, the hymn sounded forth, and the chief of the colony delivered an excellent address with impressive animation. The inspector and the pastor of the place spoke in like manner. On the afternoon it came to my turn to address the multitude. My text was the history of the woman taken in adultery;¹ my theme, "Free grace in Christ." I extolled highly the free grace of God, not knowing that a great part of my audience consisted of Michælians,² who, in opposition to the Pregizerians,³ whose doctrine of grace bordered closely on Antinomianism, strongly accentuated the doctrine of the personal sanctification of believers, which brought them under the condemnation of affirming the doctrine of salvation by works. Thus I had the misfortune of unconsciously throwing the apple of discord among the people assembled there. My situation resembled somewhat that of the apostle at Jerusalem, who, when he spoke of the resurrection from the dead, became the innocent occasion of a violent "uproar" among the Pharisees and the Sadducees, so that "the multitude was divided." The theme for social conversation during the remaining part of that festival day was now given; yet reconciliation and explanations were found, and in the evening we separated from one another in peace, and with our hearts anew animated by brotherly love.

But the most precious result of my Würtemberg

¹ John viii. 1-11.

² Founded by Michael Hahn (died 1819), a butcher in Würtemberg. This system is a product of Spener's Pietism, and the Theosophy of Oetinger, the "*Magus* of the South." It is especially distinguished as disregarding the doctrine of justification in favour of sanctification, and as giving prominence to the doctrines of Christ *in* us, to the neglect of the doctrine of Christ *for* us.—TR.

³ Founded by a preacher called Pregizer, of Haiterbach, a town in the circle of the Black Forest.—TR.

journey was the experience I gained at the deathbed of Ludwig Hofacker, who was above many richly blessed in his evangelistic labours. He yet to this day preaches to many thousands, and will long continue so to preach, in his widely-spread published testimonies to the truth. This dear friend, as he lay there so calmly and with such patience, saluted me with his countenance, once beautiful and ruddy, but now white as a lily, and spoke to me with Simeon-like peace of his near approaching departure to his heavenly home. At the same time he addressed to me the animating exhortation: "Let the trumpet of Zion never be withdrawn from thy mouth, so long as there is a breath within thee!" Soon after this he departed to his reward above, like gold purified in the furnace. The Suabian land lost in him its most powerful preacher. And so early! He was only thirty years of age; but, as the prophet testifieth, "This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."¹

In Stuttgart I also met with the famous sculptor Dannecker, by whose personal appearance I was scarcely less animated than I was by the marble statues of his rich *atelier*, breathing spirit and life. The man reminded me, by his simplicity and by his frank honesty of manners, of his German predecessors of art in the Middle Ages. As I conceive of the artist, Peter Vischer² of Nürnberg, the sculptor of the statues of the apostles in the Church of St Sebaldus, the simple,

¹ Is. xxviii. 29.

² A celebrated old German sculptor, born about the middle of the fifteenth century. His masterpiece is the tomb of St Sebald, in the church of that saint at Nürnberg. Among other figures sculptured on it are twelve small statues of the apostles. In one part he has also introduced his own portrait in his working dress.—Tr.

unassuming man, with leathern apron and waistcoat, and with hammer and mallet in his hands, so Dannecker stood before me, and gave expression, in the fullest and most inartistic idiom of his Fatherland, to the most brilliant flashes of his good-natured Suabian wit. Dannecker was in his art a pious man, for how otherwise could he have made his statue of Christ? It would have seemed very strange to him if what one, who had seen his colossal bust of Schiller, wrote not long ago, had come to his sight—"I was altogether overcome with devotion before this god!" (namely, Schiller). "Thou fool," would Dannecker have replied; "depart to the asylum for the insane, which is thy proper dwelling!"

On my journey homeward I enjoyed a happy day in the hospitable refuge of Idyllic poets, artists, and all the world, under the mountain fortress of "Weibertreu," at Weinsberg, in the hospitable vine-covered house of the amiable Justinus Kerner, the poet, physician, and ghost-seeing enthusiast. At that time he stood on the summit of his theurgic eccentricities, whose mystic smoke-clouds were continually agitated by the lightning flashes of an inexhaustible humour. His exciting and horrifying tales of the wonderful things he experienced as a somnambulist were continually accompanied by anecdotes, which were extremely comical in their character. Thus a short time before, a celebrated theologian had been permitted to accompany him to the sick-bed of the prophetess von Prevorst, and after he had asked permission from Kerner, he tried exorcism upon her in his own way. Approaching her couch in a solemn manner, he began his exorcising with this strange formula: "In the name of Reason, to which is given power over all spectres; in the name of Science,

before whose light all forms of deception vanish away ; in the name of Christianity, which has purified the air of all wicked spirits, I command thee, O demon, who hast no existence, to come out of this sick woman !” She suddenly interrupted the solemn exercise, and assailed the learned exorciser, in the strong Suabian dialect, with a very torrent of abuse, and among other things, with the delicate exclamation : “Thou human ass, thinkest thou that I am afraid of thy vile chattering ? Away ! begone ! lest there come upon thee something which thou wilt not soon forget !” How crest-fallen the noble exorcist hastened thence, and how the event had filled many with laughter, which, on this occasion, repeated itself in us when we heard the incident, was related to us by Kerner in the most drastic way.

In dear Justinus, faith, unbelief, and superstition penetrated each other, in a constant fermentation, in a most wonderful manner. The Holy Scriptures he prized as a vade-mecum on which his all was placed ; and yet its authority was null and void as often as the revelations of his prophetess came into opposition to it. Kerner the fantast, however, did not hide from me Kerner the poet, whose thoughtful and emotional genius expressed itself, during my stay there, in brilliant flashes, particularly when sitting in his vine-covered arbour, and amid his wine cups, which were daily heard ringing there. In his lyrical poems the innermost and the noblest side of his nature presents itself to us in the most beautiful development. Among the Suabian poets he will always be mentioned side by side with his bosom friends Uhland and Gustavus Schwab.

As a man of an altogether different nature, and as

one side of it related intellectually to the Weinsberger Kerner, was the poet Hebel, the immortal editor of the "Rhine House-Friend," and also of the incomparable collection of "German Poetry," with whom I became acquainted when in Carlsruhe. At the same time, I became acquainted with him also as Hebel the prelate and the theologian, and was not a little astonished at the difference which I had occasion to discover between the two aspects in which he presented himself. Who is there that has watched, so narrowly as Hebel the poet has done, even the gentlest sounds of the intellectual and spiritual life of a people yet living in comparative innocence; and who is there that has understood how to touch the tenderest strings, even those that vibrate to religious truth, in our inmost heart, by the magic charm of poetic description, as he has? But what of Hebel the theologian? To me, in this aspect of his character, he manifested himself as the most jejune rationalist—as a man of kindred spirit with Paulus of Heidelberg. It appeared to me as a psychological mystery, that, in the same person, heart and head should lie so far separated from each other! As I discovered, however, at "the latter end," a compromise was formed by which the former was not placed at a disadvantage.

I ventured to visit old Paulus¹ also, when on my return journey I touched at Heidelberg. The good-natured Suabian, in whom I found the same contradiction between the heart and head which I had found in Hebel, received me with true fatherly heartiness, although he was sitting at work surrounded by his huge folios. He at once engaged in conversation with

¹ Eberh. Gottl. Paulus died August 1851, at the age of 90 years. He was one of the leading champions of the Vulgar Rationalism.—TR.

me on theological questions. When in the course of my observations I expressed the idea, that to him Christ seemed to be nothing more than a mere man, he sprang suddenly from his seat, and replied with great passion, and with glowing cheeks: "That is an unjust statement which people are not weary of repeating against me! Believe me, that I never look up to the Holy One on the cross, without sinking in deep devotion before Him. No, He is not a mere man as other men. He was an extraordinary phenomenon, altogether peculiar in His character, elevated high above the whole human race, to be admired, yea, to be adored." And much more to a similar intent he spake, with true animation, regarding the person of the Lord. Highly delighted at hearing such an altogether unexpected effusion from his mouth, I left him, wishing him the peace of old Simeon, which he took in a friendly way, indeed, replying to me, "I heartily thank you." Perhaps in my simplicity I gave too favourable an interpretation to his confession; yet I read, also, in one of his later writings the words, "Christ is a miracle, a meteoric stone which has fallen down between our two ages of the world."

We now return to the Wupperthal. One is accustomed to think of the Church of this valley as presenting a sort of muster-roll of all possible sects. But though something of a Corinthian character is found amongst them, and such a saying is heard as "I am of Paul, or Cephas, or Apollos, or Christ," yet there is no foundation for this opinion. If ever congregations felt themselves bound to their Church by their glorious traditions, then it is these. Perhaps, in consequence

of the extensive acquaintance with the Word of God there prevalent, a variety of views does exist on this or that point of Christian doctrine, which again leads to this result, that under the general banner of the kingdom—which, as far as the essentials of the Christian faith are concerned, unites all in one—there are gathered together smaller groups of persons sympathizing with one another under diverse party banners. But this “*itio in partes*” endures only until the signal sounds, summoning all to the defence of the general citadel of the ancient Church confession. Then all stand forth as one phalanx closely knit together. No one among them thinks lightly of separating from the congregation. There have, it is true, been no lack of attempts to build up sects. Gichtelians,¹ Methodists, Darbyites,² Baptists, sent their emissaries, hoping to find, in the rich spiritual life of the valley, the wished-for materials wherewith to build up their little sectional Churches. But in such expectations they were disappointed; and only the last-named of these denominations has lately succeeded in gathering a very small

¹ The followers of John Gichtel (died 1710), an eccentric admirer of the great mystic Jacob Böhme. “The Gichtelians called themselves Angelic Brethren (Matt. xxii. 30), and strove, in the spirit of their master, to attain to an angelic sinlessness, by tearing loose from all carnal desires, laws, and toils, and to a priesthood, after the order of Melchisedec, to appease the wrath of God” (*Kurtz*).—Tr.

² The Plymouth Brethren, “related on the one hand with Irvingism, by their expectation of the approaching advent of Christ, and likewise regarding themselves as the Latter-day Saints, formed, on the other hand, the most decided antithesis to Irvingian hierarchism, by their absolute Independentism. John Darby, at first advocate, then a clergyman in the Anglican Church, established a sectarian apocalyptico-independent society at Plymouth; but he soon emigrated to Paris, and from thence to Vaud, when Lausanne became the chief seat of the sect.” This sect is deeply tinged with Antinomianism. Their religion is a sort of Individualism. They are also, for the most part, Anabaptists and Millenarians.—Tr.

and feeble band around their standard, promising a stricter discipline, and a closer fellowship of brethren with one another.

As we already mentioned, there arose for a time during the Agenda controversy, under Doctor Kohlbrügge¹ (altogether on grounds connected with Church order), a small independent congregation, which, however, did not merit the name of a sect, since in all doctrines it rested on the foundations of the Reformed Church, and recognised the Heidelberg Catechism as its symbol. Such is the case also with the community which has there recently arisen—only that in so far it has more the appearance of a separate schismatical church, that it also affords room in its midst for those who hold the Baptist view regarding the ordinance of baptism.

A small portion among those who were awakened caused considerable trouble during my time by their dangerous misconception of the doctrine of free grace, and the relations of the “new man” to the “old man,” which brought them close to the borders of the most decided Antinomianism. Among those who held ex-

¹ “When, in 1835, the Prussian government made every preparation to force the introduction of the Union in the Wupperthal, and threatened the resistant Reformed preachers with deposition, there arose an excitement among the Reformed scarcely less violent than that among the Lutherans in Silesia. The clergy, with the majority of their Church members, finally accepted the liturgy of the Union, adding the clause, however, ‘so far as it agreed with the nature of the Reformed ritual.’ But a portion of the congregations, and of them many of their most excellent members, separated, and persistently rejected all overtures of re-union. The royal Act of Tolerance, of 1847, gave them finally the privilege of organizing an independent congregation at Elberfeld, which called Dr Kohlbrügge, who was formerly preacher of the restored Lutheran Church at Amsterdam, to be their pastor. This congregation, under the name of the “Dutch Reformed Church,” is the only anti-unionistic, rigidly Reformed congregation in Germany” (*Kurtz*).—Tr.

treme views, they taught that sin could henceforth do so little injury to a pardoned sinner, that it rather tended to the glory of the Physician and of the blood of Christ; and that the old man (which is sinful) assails so little the new man in a regenerated Christian, that he can give it free scope, and leave it to its lusts without any danger thereby arising to the new man. Fortunately, with the greatest number of the people, this ever remained only a theory; yet it is to be feared that, in the heat of controversy with their opponents, and in defiance to them, some were led gradually to put the seal of practice to their heresy. Some, indeed, began already, for the sake of a demonstration against the "proud saints" (as they called their opponents), openly to visit the taverns, and most of them avoided coming to hear our sermons, because they did not wish to hear it preached that a new man, who holds himself as passive against the old, instead of crucifying it, is only a phantom. That heresy was, however, gradually overcome, and it has long since wholly disappeared. They knew nothing of a justification which excluded personal holiness. That word of the Apostle Jude,¹ against those "who turn the grace of God into lasciviousness," victoriously extended its influence among them.

If any accusation is to be brought against believers in the Wupperthal in general, one might mention first, a certain over-estimation of their individual outward forms of life as the only true ones in which Christian life can manifest itself; and then, also, a mistaking of the steps of the transition from a state of unbelief to one of faith, and, in consequence of that, a too hasty proceeding in conferring the titles, "Christian" and "unchristian."

¹ Jude 4.

tian," on others ; and, farther, a too distinctive refusal of every exegetical interpretation of Scripture which deviates in any way from that which has been handed down to them from their fathers, and has now become naturalized among them ; and, finally, too depreciatory an estimate of the value of theological science. On the part of many also, perhaps, the reality of their conversion was determined on too narrow grounds. In so far as a person came not up to the standard of a recognised model, he was at least viewed with mistrust. It not seldom happened, also, that tender attachment to their pastors was, on the part of many of them, confounded with love to the Lord Himself, and much of the "love of Christ," with which it was supposed they burned, when closely examined, dissolved itself into a mere human party zeal. In other respects, however, I know no place in our Fatherland where there existed so much sound practical Christianity as in that much decried, yet, at the same time, much praised valley. It is, as it has well been called, one of the "streets of Jerusalem," blessed above thousands of others.

Like Jerusalem of old, this valley was also, from year to year, the place of resort of vast numbers of the friends of the kingdom of God from far and near, sometimes even from the remotest regions of the earth. What a list of names do I find recorded on the pages of my album of excellent men who were on these occasions my guests ! Of the large numbers of *Germans* whose names are here inserted, I mention only the following :— Dr Tholuck, of Halle ; Dr Kling, who was then in Marburg ; Wilhelm Hoffman, of Basil ; Ludwig von Bülow, of Nisky ; Professor Volkmann, of Leipzig ; the

profound and judicious Heinrich von Schubert, of Munich, who taught how to understand the book of nature ; the minister von Theile, the highly honoured Christian of Berlin ; Bunsen, who added these words after his name, " The Word of the Lord our light and rule of conduct ! " Wilhelm Hofacker, of Würtemberg, worthy of great honour, with his brother Ludwig ; Otto Mengelnberg, the painter, who added the motto : " He is the fairest among the sons of men ; " Carl von Zezschwitz, of Dresden, with his son, who is now professor in Leipzig ; Baron von Wiesenhütten, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine ; von Bernstorff of Schleswig-Holstein ; Professor Schaff, and Pastors Souchon and Kuntze, of Berlin.

Among those from *France* and *Switzerland*, were :—Professors Gaussen, author of a work on the Inspiration (Theopneustia) of the Holy Scriptures, and the highly meritorious Colonel Trouchin de l'Avigne, both of Geneva ; Rivier, of Lausanne, and Honnegger, of Zurich ; and Valette and Bost, pastors from Paris.

Among the numerous friends who came from the Baltic provinces of *Russia*, were :—Pastors Huhn, of Reval ; Hunnius, of Narwa ; and Berkholz, of Riga ; Professor Dr Keil, of Dorpat, and Christiani, at present also Professor of Theology there ; Prince Carl Liven, of Courland ; Pastor Knieriem, and von Wagner, of Petersburg ; and from Esthonia, the excellent families, Zoege von Manteuffel, von Stiernhielm, von Glehn, von Sivers, and von Maydell.

Of friends from *England*, I name only Reed, of London, who is widely known as the author of " Martha," and Lord Roden. Of visitors from *Sweden*, I find the names of Provost Arrhe'n, of Helsingborg, and Pastor Steenhoff, of Carlshafen. From the *Netherlands*, Dr

Capadose, of the Hague; the intellectual Nickolaus Bleets, of Haarlem; and the Baron von Boetzelaer, of Utrecht. Of the large number of *missionaries* who visited us, I here only mention the names of Leupoldt, from Benares; Isenberg, from Abyssinia; Terlinden and his wife, from the Cape of Good Hope; and Gutzlaff, the "Apostle of China." Many of those whose names I have mentioned have already passed away to their heavenly home. I lay a wreath of loving remembrance on their tombs. With them, though living in the realms of light, I remain still united in spirit, until, as we hope, we shall meet again in glory.

Many *Americans* also visited Elberfeld. Two of these, the venerable Dr Hoffeditz, and the active and zealous Pastor Schneck of Chambersburg, came for the purpose of presenting to me, from the Synod of Pennsylvania, a call to be one of the professors in the theological seminary of Mercersburg. Their appearance amongst us gave rise to a great commotion in the congregation, and in me to a great conflict of contending feelings in coming to a decision on the matter. I long hesitated what to do, especially as from a high quarter the encouragement came to me that I might accept the invitation, and do so with the assurance that, after a certain number of years, I should again be called back to my Fatherland. Meanwhile God the Lord decided otherwise, and helped me to see, with great clearness of inward conviction, that that was not the sphere of labour to which He had called me. I therefore declined the invitation, and so a new bond

was formed between me and my congregation. The beloved deputies accepted my declinature, saying without anger, though not without sorrow, "As the Lord will," and prepared for their departure to their distant fatherland. Yet, to my great comfort, their journey was not wholly fruitless. I recommended to them, in my stead, Dr Schaff,¹ at that time a privat-docent at the University of Berlin. They visited him, found him suitable for their institution, and, after their return, proposed him to the Synod. He was appointed as professor at Mercersburg, and continues there to the present day, making his influence extensively and beneficially felt. He has taken with him to America the sound German theology, and has already supplied many congregations there with thoroughly educated pastors. Whether he will succeed in defending the German colonists, as with all zeal he is endeavouring to do, against a gradual passing over into Anglicanism, time will tell. To me it appears doubtful, after all experiments that have been hitherto made; and this was one of the grounds on which I did not see my way to the acceptance of the call that had been addressed to me.

¹ The translator takes the opportunity of inserting here an extract from a letter with which he has been favoured from Dr Schaff with reference to the above :—"I was called to the professorship in Mercersburg, in Pennsylvania, to which Krummacher was first called; but he errs when he states that I am there still. I moved to New York in 1864, to organize the American translation and adaptation of 'Lange's Commentary on the Bible,' and am there still. Nor did I ever intend to prevent Germans from being Americanized, but simply to save the good elements in this necessary and salutary process of amalgamation of nations, which is going on in America, on an Anglo-Saxon foundation—the best for any new nationality and country."

That the Church of the Lower Rhine, particularly in the district of Berg, is proportionally richer in gifted preachers and zealous pastors than that of all the other provinces of our Fatherland, admits not of question. The constitution of the Church contributes to this result. The right of freely electing their own pastors, which the congregations enjoy, is a powerful stimulus to the candidates to restless efforts after self-improvement. But, above all, the pastors are encouraged and animated by the spiritual life, of which none of the congregations there are altogether destitute. They feel themselves lifted up and carried, as it were, in the arms of a praying people; and the rich, clear echo from the congregations, in response to their testimonies for the truth, helps them to open their mouths with freedom, and gives them boldness of utterance. Their constant spiritual intercourse with the members of their congregations supplies them also with suitable material for their sermons, and enables them to speak in a practical and pointed manner. A certain hereditary deeply-rooted custom among them helps them to maintain their pastoral dignity. This surrounds them with the barriers of a decorum, the least transgression of which would destroy their whole influence. Hence it follows that no preacher indulges himself in any kind of extravagance, or takes any part in the amusements of the men of the world, or ever appears at a ball or a theatre, or even a concert, or is ever seen at a card-table, or armed with a hunting-rifle. Alas, how many of them are there elsewhere, however, who act otherwise, amid general toleration! In that district, such conduct would inevitably bring to nought all respect for ministers of religion.

The sermons preached in the churches of the Lower

Rhine have been spoken of as being monotonous in their character ; and this has not been without just cause, if a constant reiteration of certain fundamental articles of Christian doctrine, presented in a form consecrated by long use, may be so styled. In no sermon is the great fact of redemption ever passed by unnoticed. In every one the method of salvation by Christ is unfolded. Repentance, conversion, faith, regeneration, justification, and sanctification—the last-named doctrine, however, less frequently—are the prominent watchwords in all of them. A great many of the forms of expression used by the ministers in treating of the interests of the soul, are stereotyped, and the very tone of voice in which they are uttered bears about it, for the most part, a sort of solemn pulpit pathos. It might be desirable for them in general to extend somewhat the circle of the topics they discuss from the pulpit, and enter more frequently into the regions of ethics ; and to make their statements freer, and in a more individual style, and their mode of speech more conversational, yea, sometimes to adopt the form of dialogue. The Rhine pastor, however, appears to have adopted as his motto the words of the apostle to the Philippians, “ To preach the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, and for you it is safe.” And the result, so far at least justifying this method, is that one will meet with few congregations which are so well-established, and so steadfast in the knowledge and confession of the essential doctrines of the Gospel, as are the congregations in that district. In the Reformed Churches this result is greatly owing to the sermons preached on the Sabbath afternoons, which are consecrated, the whole year through, to the exposition of the fifty-two heads of the Heidelberg Catechism. The smaller Lutheran

Catechism may be more easily comprehended by children, and more pervaded by feeling; certainly more instructive than the Heidelberg one. Experience proves this. Only very rarely, however, in these regions, where the smaller catechism of Luther is in use, will one meet with that clear, distinct acquaintance with the whole system of Christian doctrine, which is so common in the Rhenish Churches. It is to be confessed that, even among these, the *knowledge* of the way of salvation is often confounded with *the way itself*, and *perceptions* of the truth with *faith*; yet, as a corrective of this tendency, the general well-known expression, according to which there is a sharp distinction drawn between "Christian in word" (buchstäblichen Christen), and the "awakened," is in current use among them.

The Christianity exhibited among the congregations of the Lower Rhine has been condemned by some as partaking of the character of Quietism. I wonder that it has not rather been described as the Christianity of Industrialism. For where has there been developed a greater activity than there, in behalf of all the interests of the kingdom of God? Where has there been displayed such skill in the establishing of societies for their furtherance? Where is there seen so active a zeal for missions, for Bible and tract circulation, for the cause of young men's associations, and for all kinds of Christian work? And where is there so unwearied a self-sacrificing labour put forth for the promotion of these objects, or for the increase in the number of churches or schools, or other agencies for the spiritual welfare of the community, as is to be met with there? Let one only look at Elberfeld, for instance, where, amid other labour, within a very short time, two magnificent new churches

have been erected, an elegant "Society house" established, and the number of preachers has been almost doubled; and all this has been accomplished, without any State aid, by the free-will offerings of the congregations, who besides, from their own resources, independently provide all that is necessary for the maintenance of the churches and schools, and for the support of the poor. And as in Elberfeld, so in the whole of the Wupperthal, and more or less in all the congregations in the surrounding district. I may mention only the congregation in the little town of Langenberg, not far from the Wupperthal, where at that time my brother Emil, and Lange, who is now professor in Bonn, were pastors. What streams of spiritual as well as of material blessings have continuously, for a long course of years, flowed forth from that little town, which almost alone maintains the North American Mission, stands at the head of the Inner Mission for the Rhineland, sends out itinerant preachers almost wholly at its own expense, and besides contributes richly to all Christian enterprises! There is, therefore, certainly no foundation for the complaint against them of "Quietism," and of a "dull, dreamy mysticism." Would to God that the spiritual activity manifested in these parishes penetrated through thousands of other parishes which are remarkable only for their *vis inertiae*!

For four years from the time of my receiving the call from America, the life of my congregation in Elberfeld proceeded on in its calm and prosperous course. The Agenda controversy was forgotten. The separation of the small congregation under Kohlbrügge no longer caused sorrow. The last traces of the liturgies that had been forced upon us were banished from the Church.

The ancient forms of public worship, almost, it must be confessed, puritanical in their character, which had been handed down from our fathers as a precious legacy, and were regarded as almost sacred, were again restored to their wonted place. It might be said of the congregation at that time, as was testified of the Church at Jerusalem : " Then had the church rest and was edified ; and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, was multiplied." Yet it was not long till the waves of the Confessional controversy began to dash against the gates of the Wupperthal. It happened that Feldner, a genuine Lutheran pastor from the province of Brandenburg, was called to Elberfeld. His colleague Jaspis gradually took up a more decided place by his side in advocating the same views. Even Sander began also, though in a more pacific and gentle spirit, to give strong utterance to the peculiar doctrinal views of the Lutheran Church. Pastor Hermann Ball, who was born, as it were, with a Calvinistic helmet on his head, manifested the strongest opposition to their teachings. The practice of celebrating the Lord's Supper, participated in by both of the congregations in common, which had existed almost from the time of the Reformation, appeared to be in danger of being set aside. At the same time, also, the intimate fraternal relationship which had existed between the pastors of the two congregations was threatened with disruption. Instead of the pure proclamation of the Gospel of peace, a lamentable unfruitful preaching of polemics began to prevail, and murmurs began to be heard, chiefly on the side of the Lutherans, of contemplated changes from one side to another, and of imminent separations. Praise be to God, the storm passed by without accomplishing any

material injury. While the storm was raging in threatening fury over our heads, I was asked whether I would consent to exchange Elberfeld for another sphere of labour. I listened to this proposal with a lighter heart than I would have done at any other time.

CHAPTER X.

BERLIN.

BERLIN now became my new home, and the large congregation of Trinity Church my field of labour. The King himself had expressly appointed me as successor to Marheinecke¹ in that sphere. My colleague was a superintendent, who was at the same time assistant preacher, afternoon preacher, a consistorial counsellor, as well as our superior and our inferior, all in one. My introduction to my office here was in a manner which appeared to me to be more suitable for the first ordination of a candidate, than for one who had already been engaged in the labours of the pastorate, and therefore, while it was in some degree humiliating to me, yet it was, on that account, so much the more useful and salutary to me. I entered with deep emotion into the bond connecting me with my new congregation, but was filled with not a little consternation when, after the service had been concluded, one remarked to me that it was questionable whether I had really seen *my own* congregation before me, since it was only through official arrangements that the Berliner knew that he belonged to a parish at all. At a later period my relation to the congregation assumed a more favourable form. Yet, at the same

¹ Died 1846.

time, I cannot deny that the beginning of my official life in Berlin was associated with many bitter disappointments. Thus I knew that a preacher could not be expected to be welcomed to his parish in a city where was the royal residence, in the same way as on the Rhine, with a splendid procession of carriages and horses, and amid the pealing of the bells and the firing of guns, and therefore the very simple, plain way in which we were received on our arrival did not for a moment surprise me. It was also not unknown to me that in a city crowded with inhabitants, the most of whose houses were filled like very barracks, one might count himself very happy if he could find only a place where to lay his head. Yet the strong contrast in which my official residence in the Tauben Strasse stood to the beautiful, spacious, comfortable parsonage-house which I had just left in Elberfeld, presented itself in so striking a manner before me, that I could not with any heart take delight in the green blooming garlands with which my eldest son, who was then residing as a candidate in Berlin, and two beloved friends, had adorned the lintels and door-posts of our house, to welcome us on our first entrance into it.

When for the first time I set out, in accordance with our Rhenish custom, to visit my congregation, unexpected occurrences presented themselves before me, which greatly threatened to damp the joy of my entrance on my new situation. The discoveries which soon pressed themselves upon me of the great amount of poverty, misery, and starvation—found particularly in the cellars and back-buildings of the houses—strongly contrasting with the splendid descriptions which had been given to me of my parish, as one of the most wealthy and prosperous in the city, which, no doubt, it

was, were not directly fitted to exert any cheering influence upon me. Yet I was carried over the sorrow which the impression thus made was fitted to awaken, by remembering that word of the Lord, that "the poor have the Gospel preached to them." But that which also next very deeply depressed me, was the discovery that there was an almost total want on the part of the people of any interest in the Church, or connection with it as a congregation. With what astonishment they were wont to stare at the man who visited them, introducing himself to them as their "new pastor!" As a general rule they were dumb, and I distinctly discovered in them that they supposed there lay behind my visit no other object than the performance of some piece of work relating to them. Not a few remarked that they had already their "confessor" in this or that parish, often lying at some distance, who had baptized all their children, and would also confirm them. Many announced to me that they would not long remain in that part of the city where I met them to-day, but would in a short time remove to some other; and of such persons there were so many, that suddenly the whole congregation presented to me the sad spectacle of a people always shifting about from place to place. Several also discovered by their whole demeanour, that "pastor," and "church," and "church congregation," were to them words with which they were altogether unacquainted, as they had long ago renounced all connection with such things. I did not refrain from continuing visits to these families; but with what sorrowful amazement was I filled at the ignorance of everything appertaining to Christianity which I there found! The image of the "city of intelligence" always remained in my mind, but it hovered

now indistinctly before me, and at last vanished altogether, the more deeply I penetrated into the true state of matters. I had hoped to find in the congregation connected with Trinity Church some distinct traces at least of the intellectual and spiritual activity of Schleiermacher and Marheinecke there. But I found none, and convinced myself that it must have been only the *élite* of the higher educated classes scattered throughout the city, who had at one time assembled in crowds around the pulpits of these theological notabilities.

But although there were many things fitted to fill me with disappointment and sorrow in my visits to the families of the parish, yet it happened also that here and there I discovered Christian families who heartily replied to my salutations, giving evidence that they were in living sympathy with me in faith, and in the disposition of their minds. Such families, however, for the most part dated the beginning of their spiritual life from the labours of the deceased "Father Jaenicke," under whom they had been awakened, and whose sermons they had comprehended.

The discoveries I made reached their climax when I began to visit one after another of the churches of the city, and to compare the number of those who attended divine worship with the population of the several parishes. I never saw so proportionally small a number attend the Sabbath forenoon worship as here; and I arrived at the conclusion, that of the population of Berlin, approaching half a million, not more, after deducting the number of the military attending the garrison church, than thirty thousand persons, and these mostly women, attended the public worship of God. Who will wonder, therefore, that at the begin-

ning of my labours in Berlin, I had to fight with a feeling of regret that rose up within me, that I had consented to the change which had brought me hither, and that a sorrowful home-sickness and longing after the church-life, and the delightful assemblies for the worship of God, of the Wupperthal, formed the keynote of my thoughts?

To the already-mentioned discouraging experiences, many of a more insignificant and unessential character were added, but which by no means seemed to counter-balance these feelings. Thus, among other things, it was a difficulty for me to change, at least in the winter time, the hour of the early morning public worship, during which every one had to bring with him his lamp to a cold dark church, from seven to eight o'clock, and after that the principal morning service, from nine to ten o'clock. Moreover, it cost me great trouble to bring about the arranging of a chamber for the service of confirmation at my own residence, and I only gained my object by repeated application to the highest ecclesiastical authorities. Then, ere I was aware of it, a circular from the Consistorium was sent to my house, which was evidently intended for me, directing me to remove the title of Dr, which I had legally acquired, from my name in the Church Register, publishing an order, according to which no clergyman was entitled to make use of his title of Doctor of Philosophy. Shortly after this, the theological faculty of the University of Berlin conferred on me the degree of Doctor of Theology. It made me sorry to be almost compelled to believe that the authorities placed immediately over me did not wish well to me. I surely was mistaken; for the only ground for that could be that, without any fault of mine, they were not consulted in my immediate

appointment; and they were surely raised high above such a littleness as this. Yet it grieves me, even to this day, that I was for a moment constrained to doubt their friendly interest in me.

Thus there were many things which conspired to humble me to the dust, and to lead me to prayer. The thought for a long time lay heavy upon me, that in my leaving Elberfeld for Berlin, I had acted in accordance with my own wishes, without having the comfort of thinking that I had the Divine sanction for so doing. But I was not too long depressed by this doubt. God the Lord began to comfort me. I had the longer the greater reason to look upon my new field of labour in a different and a more friendly light. Not only did my audiences perceptibly increase in number, so that within a short time every seat in my church was occupied, and even all available space filled; but I felt myself sustained by the prayers of my people, and discovered evidences that the Gospel which I preached, with a joyful opening of my mouth, awakened corresponding feelings, and produced blessed fruits. I even saw a small band of beloved men of all ranks, increasing ever in number and in strength of Christian character, gathered around me in more intimate fellowship, among whom I often felt as happy as if I had suddenly been placed again amid the much loved circle of my dear friends in the Wupperthal. If the outward appearance of these new friends was somewhat different, if their Christianity had more in it of the elements of sentimentalism, and if the language of their enthusiasm at times approached to the animation of the language of the stage, yet their sincerity, their faith in the blood of Christ, their love to the Lord, were the same as among the more robust and less

æsthetic believers of the Rhineland. In the much frequented religious services connected with missions, which I was accustomed to conduct, I found these dear friends always in great numbers around me; and they will themselves, with me, joyfully call to remembrance the pleasant hours which we then spent in fellowship with one another. Many of the older persons amongst them have already departed to their home above; others of them I have now and then the opportunity of meeting with, on the occasion of public festivals, in the neighbouring city of Berlin.

It was, moreover, a notable and a joyful experience in Berlin, that the churches of the preachers who adhered to the Bible—and it is ground of thanks to God that now there is no longer a destitution of such preachers—were by far the most numerously attended. I do not also affirm that the number of their adherents among the population in general far exceeded that of those who had attached themselves to the rationalistically-inclined clergymen. Without doubt the fact was otherwise. Yet the adherents of the latter, for the most part, showed no interest in the Church, or the Word of God and the Sacraments. Perhaps they sent their children to the clergymen to be confirmed; but they regarded themselves as having long ago outgrown all need of attendance on public ordinances.

It would in any case contribute much to the advancement of the kingdom of God in the capital, if the parishes were not too large, so that the pastors might be able in some degree to give special attention to the spiritual interests of the people. The number of churches and pastors in Berlin ought to be, at the very least, doubled. Hence, in consequence of the large

extent of the parishes, the lamentable mechanism in almost all the official functions of the clergy; the summary way in which the ordinance of baptism is celebrated, when sometimes as many as twenty children and more are presented at once, whose parents and god-fathers may be altogether unknown; the continual performance of the funeral service (*parentatio*) beside the coffins and at the graves of departed persons, whose names even may be unknown; and, above all, the long rows of communicants, particularly on festival days, who are almost perfect strangers to the body and blood of the Lord—lamentable facts, which cannot be too deeply mourned over. Much has been done during several years past to mitigate the evil; but all that has as yet been done is but an insignificant portion of what ought to be accomplished.

With gladness do I call to remembrance the circle of preachers among whom I was welcomed after my entrance on my duties in Berlin. Such associations exist everywhere; but in none can the fellowship be more fraternal and cheerful than that which we enjoyed in the houses of the members in succession every Monday evening. The interpretation and elucidation of some book of the Bible naturally formed the foundation for our conversation during the first half of the evening, and we seldom separated from one another without carrying away with us some new exegetical or homiletic ideas, which we had gathered from each other during our conversation. After the scientific conference had been closed, there followed a free conversation on all manner of pastoral matters, and a confidential exchange of experiences which had been gained during the week preceding. The confederation of the Evangelical Church confession cannot be conceived of as

assuming a purer and more perfect outward expression than it did among us.

The members of that circle, two of whom have already shaken the dust of this earth from off their feet, were the following:—Couard,¹ the senior among the brethren, who was one of the first to open a way for biblical Christianity at a time when from the pulpits of Berlin the coldest rationalism was publicly and boastfully proclaimed; Bachmann, the pastor of the Church of St James, and himself a James whom the little evangelical church in the distant city of Lisbon boasted of as its founder and first bishop, and who succeeded in building up, from its foundation to its very pinnacle, from the loose and fluctuating materials of the population of the capital—a thing which was apparently impossible—a numerous congregation of intelligent and steadfast members; Friedrich Arndt, the anointed and undismayed witness for the Lord on the walls of Jerusalem, who never ceased to glorify Christ, changing not his voice, in accommodation to times and circumstances, to please friends or propitiate foes; Büchsel, who had the courage, in addressing the most educated and most religious of the people, to presuppose in them the very lowest measures of Christian knowledge and of the life of faith, and to whom it was given, through “the foolishness of preaching,” but in sermons charged with the electricity of personal conviction, and richly seasoned with unaffected religious humour, to bring many to the enjoyment of salvation; Fournier, the French Protestant of the noblest mould, true and clear, of calm, intelligent decision, full of holy zeal, but withal a man of moderation; Kober, the superintendent, who even in the brotherly circle did not for-

¹ Died in 1865.

get his official character, using discipline and administering reproof at the right time; Souchon, in whom there was seen something of his great ancestor and intellectual relative, Saurin; Edward Kuntze, the unweariedly zealous and active city missionary to the heathen and the Jews of Berlin. He now rests from his labours, and his works have followed and still do follow him. The last of this fellowship was Bräunig, the gentle spirit, who was snatched away from the altar of the Church militant to that of the Church triumphant, as Moses, the faithful servant of the Lord, formerly was, by the Neschika,¹ the kiss of the Lord.

Very precious was this fellowship! Who can doubt it? That to the present day it continues a beloved circle of friends, the same as it formerly was, although since I was separated from it the divergent elements may have become somewhat more marked, I am glad to believe. I may here refer to Kober, who was then my colleague, and to his function amongst us as moderator. Sometimes his authority was needed at our round-table. Not that at any time our deportment was unbecoming the character of theologians; yet it appeared occasionally to be somewhat more elastic and less restrained within rigid bounds than I was accustomed to in the pastoral conferences which we held in the Wupperthal. A fondness for wit was something quite natural to the Berliner, and it almost seemed as if that propensity remained even after the "old man" had been cast out. If it happened that the flashes of humour in our circle threatened on any occasion to pass beyond the bounds

¹ נִשְׁקָה *i.e.* a kiss. Deut. xxxiv. 5, "Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there, in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord," or, as it may be rendered, "at the mouth of the Lord." The Jews interpret the expression as meaning "with a kiss from the mouth of the Lord," that is, by an easy death, a εὐθανασία, a delightful, peaceful death.—TR.

of moderation, then Kober was wont, as the exorciser of the evil spirit, to stand up, like a true Saxon, among us, and exercise his authority as the inflexible guardian of propriety and the enemy of everything that unnecessarily went beyond the bounds of consistency. Under his castigatory admonitions, which at such times he addressed to us, everything quickly returned to the proper course again, and good humour and brotherly fellowship prevailed.

It was regarded as a proper thing in Berlin that no one of the brethren should in any way interfere with another in the labours of the pulpit, or in pastoral work. Every one had his own parish and congregation, and limited his attention exclusively to it, being contented that others should also confine themselves to their own congregations. If I were required to describe in few words the points of difference between the Berlin clergymen and those of the Lower Rhine, viewed as preachers, then I would grant to the former the preference in this respect, that they lay greater stress on the logical arrangement, the form and diction of their discourses; that they take in a wider range of subjects, and not only draw within the sphere of their discussions, whatever be the immediate topic they have to handle, the deifications of art characteristic of the times, the prevailing æsthetic mis-education, the so-called “*Denkgläubigkeit*,”¹ and the phantom of a

¹ A Gnostic term—the watchword of Intellectualism, contrasted with “*Bibelgläubigkeit*.” It was a word commonly appropriated by the old Rationalism as indicative of its fundamental principle, that Reason is the measure and rule of truth—that in matters of faith it decides what is true and what false. Schleiermacher regarded the essence of religion as consisting in *feeling* (the feeling of *absolute* dependence), and thereby took up a position opposed to that of Hegel, who placed the peculiar essence of religion in the intellect—in *knowledge*. These two principles, represented by Schleiermacher on the one hand, and by Hegel on the other, were in conflict

sentimentalism tinged with religion, but also more comprehensively touch upon the variety of the conditions of life, uncover with more versatility their hidden sores, and place in a clearer light the possibility, as well as the necessity, of their Christian transfiguration; further, that while steadfastly adhering to the Confession, they treat more tenderly the minor points and the manifold shades (Nüancen) of Christianity, they condescend in a more friendly way to help by argument and reasoning those who are involved in doubts, and, on the whole, lay greater emphasis on the necessity of proving the existence of faith by a life of holiness.

On the contrary, the sermons of the clergymen of the Lower Rhine are delivered more "ore biblico;" the Holy Scriptures, not only of the New, but in equal measure of the Old Testament, are more fully presented for the spiritual edification of the congregation; the article of the justification of the sinner through faith alone without works is more thoroughly discussed and placed more prominently before the minds of the people as the central doctrine of the whole Gospel; the freeness of the grace of God in Christ more distinctly affirmed; the boundary between grace and nature more sharply drawn; and particularly the nature of the new birth more correctly declared and more absolutely set forth as the foundation of all personal Christianity. No

during the age of Illuminism, and of the renovation in Germany. "In a city so excitable and so dependent upon intellectual impulses as Berlin, Schleiermacher, with his freshness of life, his sympathy for individualities, his intellectual presence, his practical development of thought, and his rhetorical skill, was the man of the moment; while Hegel, with the granite firmness of his dialectics, with his earnest, manly surrender to the objective power of life, for a long time attracted only a limited circle of men inquiring more deeply" (*Kahn*). Marheinecke, Krummacher's predecessor, was in this controversy on the side of Hegel, whose system was also a "Denkgläubigkeit."—TR.

wonder, therefore, that in these churches more sudden "awakenings," and more powerful "breakings through" into the divine life, should be more frequently met with than among the congregations of Berlin, where the Word of God is less frequently exhibited with the weight and force of the "hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces," but reveals for the most part its power only as a leaven gently penetrating the minds of the people, often for a long time imperceptibly.

I know not whether in the one place or in the other the danger of spiritual self-deception be more imminent. But it is certain that here, in Berlin, one seldom meets with those lively ebullitions of joy on account of experienced grace, and that confident certainty of divine sonship, which is commonly met with among the congregations on the Rhine.

Among the believing members of the Berlin congregations there were, at the time of my entrance on my duties there, three men whose names worthily rank with that of the then already departed Baron von Kottwitz.¹ The first of these, Samuel Elsner, was the widely-known zealous agent and manager of the Bible and Tract Society. He was always ready to go forth to war, when he was needed, in defence of the honour of his Lord Jesus Christ; and wherever he went he was unwearied in his endeavours to win others to the standard of Christ. A genuine native of the Athens on the banks of the Spree, he furnished in the whole tone of his life a striking proof that even the Berlin mother-wit might be elevated above the sphere of worldly life, and made subservient to the interests of

¹ The leaders of the rising evangelical party at that time in Germany were Neander, Hengstenberg, Tholuck, Olshausen, Baron von Kottwitz, Count Voss, von Bethmann Holweg, and the Gerlachs.—TR.

the kingdom of heaven. It is true that in standing forth in its defence he sometimes assumed the regal mien which was natural to him. There remained in him something of an autocratic spirit, which it will be difficult to find named among the benedictions of the Sermon on the Mount, according to which the meek alone will inherit the earth. His pastor Arndt knew how gentleness and meekness were needed in associating with this beloved man; but he also knew how thoroughly in course of time he became on all points master of his impulsive natural disposition, and with what child-like joy and peace, resting on free grace alone, he at last departed to the eternal sanctuary.

The second of the three to whom I refer was a noble Count,¹ whose heart was deeply moved at the godlessness and the spiritual destitution of the higher ranks of society. He acted as a missionary among those of his own rank, introducing into their saloons and drawing-rooms his own writings, which, like a kind of spiritual incendiary-letters, failed not to cause an excitement wherever they were carried. I know families which, by their means, received the first impulse towards self-reflection, and the entrance on an earnest Christian life. Yea, if at the present time in Berlin, more than in other places, the interests of the kingdom of God have awakened toward them the sympathies and the labours of the most distinguished ranks of society, very much of this happy state of things is due to the quiet but penetrating influence of the man of whom I now speak. Moreover, his evangelistic activity, which he carried on both by word and deed, was not confined to these higher circles alone, but manifested itself on all sides wherever the interests of

¹ Count Arnim-Blumberg.

the Foreign or the Home Missions were concerned. He understood how to make to himself friends of the unrighteous Mammon; and he still practises this noble art, for God has to this day spared his life, and will, we hope, long spare it.¹

The third whom I have in my mind shrinks back into deepest insignificance in the presence of the other two. He was only Elsner's satellite, and the bearer of his shield and helmet; but yet his name will long be held in remembrance in a wide extended circle. I refer to Dreger, the humble teacher of an elementary school, a man who prosecuted his path through life with meekness, but in whose heart the command, "Feed my lambs," found an echo, and who willingly recognised himself as a messenger whom the Lord sent forth into the highways and behind the hedges, that he might summon and gather in the halt and the lame and the blind, saying, "Come, for all things are ready!" And he cried, and entreated, and invited men everywhere, and his labour was not fruitless. The number can scarcely be reckoned up of those whom this lowly evangelist has led into the ways of righteousness, almost more by the clear, mild, shining light of his consistent life of faith, than by the thousands of Christian tracts which he scattered over the surging waves of the population of the capital, and by the awakening and warning Word which he was wont in simplicity to read at the religious meetings which he conducted. Many from the ranks of the burghers—men equally approved and equally warm at heart for the interests of the kingdom of God—associated themselves with him in his work. Among such the names of Kampfmeyer, Griese, sen., and Lobeck, are

¹ He died in 1866.

still remembered by the older Christians of Berlin, and I might add yet many more to the honoured list.

It is true that, in regard to social life, Berlin, as might be expected, offered me many things of a pleasant and attractive kind which no other city had to offer. The Berliners will frankly confess, however, that they are indebted less to themselves, the native-born inhabitants of the city, than to strangers who have congregated there from the whole of Germany, for the fame which their city has acquired as "the city of intelligence." As the seat of the highest schools of learning in Prussia, the city of the first German University, and the nursery of all the fine arts and of the sciences, Berlin contains within itself an overflowing fulness of the elements of education, and therefore it exerts upon intellectual capacities, far and near, a powerful attraction.

Among the places to which I specially delighted to resort, for the sake of the intellectual quickening which was certainly there to be experienced, I mention first the saloon of Eichhorn, who was at that time Minister of Worship, into which I had the honour of being introduced at the very first. Here were generally to be met with all the men who were of authority in the departments of science or art who resided in Berlin, or who might be only passing through the city. As constant visitors here, one was, as a general rule, sure to meet with Heinrich Steffens,¹ who was always boiling over with striking thoughts and strange fancies ;

¹ Under the impulse of Schelling's profound views, an interpreter of the mysteries of nature. He sided with Dr Scheibel, of Breslau, in the re-action of old Lutheranism against the Union. He died in 1845.

Twesten,¹ who was thoroughly at home in all the regions of knowledge, and always brilliant, through a classic *esprit de finesse*;² Schelling, the hero among philosophers, with a lion's head, and with the friendly, innocent look of a child; Julius Stahl,³ the eagle-eyed, always appearing with stretched bow-string, and surpassing all as a skilful dialectician; the always animated court-preacher Friedrich Strauss; the historiographer Ranke; and many more of equal celebrity besides.

Eichhorn's saloon was resorted to also by a circle of noble, and for the most part, highly educated ladies; and one rarely missed there foreign or native musicians and poets, who seasoned the conversation with remarks on musical and æsthetic subjects, while, as a general rule, we, on our part, stood before them with hat in

¹ August Detliv Christian Twesten succeeded Schleiermacher in 1834, as Professor of Systematic Theology in the University of Berlin. He had previously occupied from 1814 a similar position in the University of Kiel. As to Church politics, while denominationally a Lutheran, he is free from all exclusiveness and bigotry. He would conserve, though in a conciliatory way, the interests of Lutheranism within the United Church of Prussia. As a theologian, he agrees in the main with Schleiermacher that religion is primarily *feeling*, "the feeling of absolute dependence" (*schlechthiniges Abhängigkeits-Gefühl*) on God; yet he lays more stress than Schleiermacher did on *knowledge*, especially on the adoption of the views propounded by the Church in her doctrinal standards. Starting from Schleiermacher, he has advanced toward a more positive and orthodox standpoint.—TR.

² *σωφροσύνη*—Scoticé, "gumption."—TR.

³ A distinguished lawyer and professor at Berlin. He was born of Jewish parents, at Munich, in 1802, and died 1861. His views of Christian toleration, which he propounded in an address delivered at Berlin in 1855, called forth a reply from Chevalier Dr Bunsen, in a work entitled "The Signs of the Times." Stahl's views of a State Church were based on the Jewish Theocracy, and were regarded by Bunsen as embodying the essence of intolerance. Hengstenberg sided with Stahl, Schenkel and Dorner with Bunsen. Dr Krummacher and the king held an intermediate position. The Bunsen-Stahl controversy marks an era in the progress of the Prussian Church.—TR.

hand. But by far the most esteemed of all who were present on such occasions was always the amiable host himself, the much misunderstood and bitterly reviled Eichhorn, who was altogether free from the least trace of party fanaticism, and might, when compared with his successor in office, von Raumer, be called a liberal, and who, as Minister of Church Affairs, took to heart nothing so greatly as the opening of a way everywhere, by means in the highest degree temperate and judicious, for a pure Bible Christianity. He represented the mild and pacific intentions of his royal master, who was friendly to the Union, and to whom nothing was more hateful than the confessional animosities among Christians.

To him belongs the honour of having laid the foundation for the independence of the Prussian National Church, by entrusting all its internal affairs to a purely ecclesiastical court, the "Oberconsistorium,"¹ which is independent of the Minister of State. At the same time, he opened the way for a synodical constitution, and took care that the influential offices in the Church should always be filled by energetic men, who were animated by the Spirit of God. The name of Eichhorn has already an honoured place in the annals of the Prussian Church history, and posterity will not withhold the crown due to the high services of that man, who was as humble as he was steadfast to his convictions, and resolute and bold.

The "evening parties" in the hospitable house of Twesten somewhat resembled the soirées in the minister's hotel, only that in the former the fellowship

¹ There was previously only the Minister of Church Affairs, so that all matters connected with the Church were administered by State officers alone. See Note, p. 169.—TR.

enjoyed was more confidential, and young students were present along with the other guests. How much of an animating and instructive character presented itself here also ! Here, as a digger after hidden treasures, I found the opportunity of gaining much intellectual wealth from conversations with such men as the astronomer Encke, who never said to us that in the stars he had not found God ; the zoologist Lichtenstein, who only smiled compassionately at the naïve confidence with which some of his modern colleagues proclaimed their doctrine, that instead of Adam, a baboon or orang-outang was the great progenitor of the human race ; the geographer Ritter, who listened, as few ever did, to the music of creation, and, according to the words of the Psalmist, proved that “ the earth is the Lord’s ; ” the philosopher Schelling, who practically confirmed the truth of that saying of Bacon’s, that philosophy, in its fundamental principles, always leads again back to God, and even to the Son of God ; the doctors of the law Stahl and Richter, and the archæologists Piper and Lepsius ; the philologists Curtius and Zumpt ; and many more besides. And how well the accomplished host knew how to lead out into prominence the eminent men who were present, and to lay open for the benefit of all whatever gifts and talents and mental resources he found in the company ! And how well he understood, also, how to preserve the firmament clear and blue over the keenest discussions, and at the right time and the right place to open the barrier and let in humour upon the scene, that it might dissipate the gathering clouds, and smooth the brows that were becoming wrinkled ! A young lady experienced in the art always was present to entertain us with music and song ; and that the Graces might

accompany the Muses, there were present also noble ladies adorning the social circle.

In a somewhat more limited but not less distinguished and attractive form, there were social evening entertainments in the hôtel of the then cabinet minister General von Thile. The circle here was less extensive, and the object of the conversations was wholly religious. Von Thile, as is well known, was one of the most confidential friends of Frederick Wilhelm IV., and there was no one who was held in higher honour than he was. He was out and out a Christian, who could say with Paul, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."¹

A purer man, one of a more steadfast character, sanctified through faith, and confirmed and strengthened by experience, and one more truly humble, I never met with. I believe that he never spoke an untruthful word, and that flattery never stained his lips. On one occasion, after an animated conversation with his royal master, when he asked leave to withdraw, because he hung upon him only as a stone, weighing him down, the king replied to him: "Dear Thile, how could the clock continue its movements correctly without its weights?" On another occasion the king said to him: "Thile, with these ideas you will run your head against a wall." Whereupon he replied, "May it please your majesty, many things which, when seen from a distance, appear to be rocks, are really only painted pasteboard; the world belongs to those who have courage!" On the 20th March of that sorrowful year, I was accidentally present when the beloved man had just exchanged, at the command of the king, his military coat, adorned with the iron cross, and all other possible

¹ Phil. i. 21.

insignia, for the simple dress of a civilian, having been dismissed from the office of a cabinet minister. I leant my head in sorrow ; but, on the contrary, with uplifted head, and countenance cheerful as ever, he said to me, " But they will not, however, subdue me ! " and he then departed, saying to me, as he went away, " Farewell ; at a better time we shall meet again ! " The " better time " never came for him indeed here below ; yet there, from the Jerusalem above, he will see the confident hopes which without fear he cherished regarding Prussia's future come to their fulfilling.

Quite a different atmosphere breathed around me from that which pervaded Thile's saloon, when, as sometimes happened, I joined the evening parties of the Countess Ahlefeld, of Münster and Dusseldorf, who was formerly known to me. She was afterwards wife of the General Lützow, and became the rival and companion of his " wild, mad chase," and afterwards the friend of the poet Carl Immermann, who was wont to call her his " Muse." Around this amiable, highly cultivated, and graceful lady, there were commonly assembled only poets, male and female *littérateurs*, painters, and artists ; and the conversation was, for the most part, and always in the most elegant form, only on matters appertaining to art and *belles-lettres*. The ladies Ludmilla Assing and Frau Mundt (whose fictitious name was " Louise Mülbach"), sometimes, however, took an excursion into the region of politics, but were always soon brought back again within the limits of harmless " æsthetic " chattering, by the lady of the house, whose aristocratic bearing was never laid aside. The Countess inclined more and more, as she advanced in life, toward positive Christianity ; and, according to

the report of a near relative, she died a "penitent;" and she had truly great reason for being penitent, when she looked back on her previous life, although I became acquainted personally only with the respectable side of her character. As to her relation to Immermann, that poet has himself given abundant discoveries. She was a wealthy and stately personage; yet she was not wholly guarded from the danger of becoming a sacrifice to that lax morality, originating in the time of Rousseau, which took a frivolous view of life and its object, which, alas! is the prevailing view at the present day among a great part of our so-called "haute volée"¹ (a word which reminds one of "haut gout"²).

Very delightful, and in the highest degree beneficial, was my intercourse with Hengstenberg,³ Stahl, and par-

¹ High quality.

² High taste.

³ Dr Ernst Wilhelm Hengstenberg was the son of a Westphalian clergyman of the Reformed Church. He was born in 1802. After completing his studies at Bonn, he became a privat-docent at Berlin, in 1824. He was soon afterwards raised to the rank of an extraordinary professor, and again to that of an ordinary professor (*see* Note, p. 50) of Old Testament Exegesis. He led the "extreme right" (conservative) wing of the orthodox party in the Established Church, and was the uncompromising opponent of all Rationalists and semi-Rationalists, all Latitudinarians and Liberals. Hengstenberg, Ludwig von Gerlach, and Stahl, were called "the three popes" who, since the Revolution of 1848, controlled the destinies of the Church and State of Prussia. The "Evangelische Kirchenzeitung," commenced by Hengstenberg in 1827, and edited by him till the time of his death, was the exponent of his views on all questions affecting Church and State. Departing from his original ground, he became more and more Lutheran and rigidly confessional in his views, and opposed to the Union, especially since 1848. The "Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung," edited with very great ability by Professor Messner, of the University of Berlin, is the exponent of the views entertained by those favourable to the Union and to the Evangelical Alliance, and has since its commencement, eleven years ago, risen into a position of commanding influence. The recent death of Hengstenberg (on 28th May of the present year), after a lingering and painful illness, will be a serious loss to the party he represented, and, above all, a loss to the cause of Old Testament Exegesis, in which he occupied a place of the highest ability and usefulness.—Tr.

ticularly with the dear August Neander. The first named stood then in the full strength of his life, which was wholly consecrated to the interests of the kingdom of God. His excellent wife, as if breathing constantly the freshness and beauty of spring, shed the light of joy and peace through his dwelling. His three children, a little daughter and two sons, grew up in health and in hope around him. How was he conceived of by those who did not personally know him? As sullen, of course, and with compressed lips always sharpening his polemical arrows behind a pile of yellow parchments, and murmuring excommunications. And was this truly his character? No! He was a cheerful, kindly disposed man, of a fresh, florid countenance and friendly lips, only not altogether free from a certain *médiance* when speaking of the rationalists, but not as yet, at that time, when speaking of the Reformed or the United Church. One felt himself quite at home when under his roof, and enjoyed the clearness and truth of all he said. Since that time the hand of the Lord has been heavy upon him. Three graves have devoured the most precious of all his earthly possessions. In these last years he has extended the lines of his theological ideas and the basis of his operations beyond proper bounds. Yet he is, and continues to be, the Telemonian Ajax among those who contend for the honour of God and of His word.

Stahl was, in the judgment of the public, regarded with much the same estimate as his companion in controversy, Hengstenberg. It was not understood by those unacquainted with him, that this earnest advocate for authority and ancient rights, which he often contended for from the tribune, could, as a host and a guest in the circle of his friends, be the most

amiable, most pleasant, and the gentlest of men. And all this was true of him. How many never-to-be-forgotten pleasant evenings have I spent beside him or in his company, enjoying animated intellectual conversation with him ! And what a cheering view was given of the child-like believing heart of that man, so greatly distinguished for his scientific and parliamentary ability, during our meetings which we consecrated to prayer and praise ! He has been represented as having a strong inclination towards self-complacency. And it may be that such a disposition may have adhered to him as an inheritance transmitted from his fathers according to the flesh. But it is also certain that he called to remembrance, and with all earnestness put into practice, the Horatian saying, "*Furca expellas naturam !*" It has also been said, as a reproach against him, that he kept himself too much reserved and apart even from those with whom he agreed in opinion. And, indeed, it cannot be said that he was at any time surrounded by a numerous company of friends. He examined closely all who came to him, and after that considered how far he could give himself up to them. He has been particularly cried down as a sophist ; and truly it may be granted that he possessed an extraordinary dialectic talent, and that his ambition, nourished by his being accustomed to victory, may have, unconsciously to himself, led him astray into fallacies and deceptive arguments ; but in his innermost being he was an honourable man, who was devoted to truth ; and he would not have been a human being, had not at times also some spectral demon held the mirror of its jugglery before him.

But such reproaches as these, which gained currency against Stahl, were never heard against August

Neander,¹ who was, like him, also of Jewish descent. Who in all the world could ever bring it as a charge against this man, in whose person there seemed to be

¹ Neander was born at Göttingen in 1789. He was the youngest son of Emmanuel Mendel, a Jewish pedlar. He was called David. His mother, related to Mendelssohn the philosopher (*see* Note, p. 98), was a pious woman, and, after her removal to Hamburg, devoted herself to the training of her children. Young David Mendel devoted himself to study with surpassing earnestness and success. The study of Plato, the influence of the romantic school of Tieck and Schlegel, but, above all, Schleiermacher's "Discourses on Religion" (Note, p. 62), led him to the conviction of the truth of the Christian religion. He took the decisive step in 1806, when he was seventeen years of age, of acting on this conviction. He was baptized, and adopted the name, John Augustus William Neander. The name Neander (which means *new man*) he adopted in compliment to his youthful Christian associate, Wilhelm Neumann. Neander now prosecuted his theological studies at Halle and Göttingen. At the former of these universities he heard the lectures of Schleiermacher, and received a further impulse in the direction of the Christian faith. From Halle he and others of his fellow-students had to flee after the battle of Jena, having been plundered by the French of all they had. He arrived at Göttingen, where he continued his studies with unabated zeal. After completing his curriculum, and being admitted a candidate, he began to deliver lectures as a privat-docent at Heidelberg. He was soon after promoted to the rank of an extraordinary professor. In 1813 he was called to the office of Professor of Church History in the University of Berlin, which henceforth became the sphere of his brilliant career, till his deeply lamented death in 1850. At the funeral oration (Grabrede) pronounced at his grave, Krummacher said of him: "One of the noblest of the noble in the kingdom of God, a prince of Zion, the youngest of the Church fathers, has departed from us." Dr Schaff, one of his pupils, thus affectionately speaks of him: "As a man and a Christian, he was universally esteemed even by those who regarded him either as too orthodox or too latitudinarian. His absolute honesty, unaffected kindness, and deep piety, were beyond all possible doubt. Supernatural grace had regenerated his heart, and adorned and perfected his natural virtues. Simplicity, humility, and love, the noblest gifts of grace, were the most prominent traits of his character. He possessed them in a degree in which they are rarely found in this world. With him there was no contradiction between theory and practice, head and heart. All empty show and hypocrisy, all pride and vainglory, he most heartily despised. He was extremely kind, liberal, and charitable in his feelings, although not free from occasional outbreaks of passion and vehemence against certain theological tendencies, which he regarded as dangerous, especially the Hegelian Pantheism." His great excellence lies in the department of church history, in

blended into one a highly learned Church father and a simple child, that he manifested a spirit of self-sufficiency, or a shallow reserve, or sophistry in any form? I never met a man to whom that testimony of the Lord regarding Nathanael, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!" was ever so fully and unreservedly applicable as it was to him. In reality, one could not but be convinced, not only that the last remains of Jewish leaven had been removed out of him—for that was true—but that in him also the old man had been completely subdued. For never was the least trace of envy, or ambition, or jealousy, and such like vices, found in him; and if he ever broke out into a violent passion, which did happen when the Hegelians or the Democrats were mentioned, his anger was like that of an innocent child. What I here mention seems to contradict the fact that he publicly separated himself from association with the conductors of the "*Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*."¹ But in that step there was

the study of which his labours created a new and important era. Schleiermacher first opened the way, from the region of dark and dreary rationalism, into the region of Christian truth. Neander followed, and widened the path, and penetrated further into the realms of Christianity, leading with him many whom he animated with his own pious enthusiasm. Tholuck, Olshausen, and Hengstenberg carried on the good work that had been begun—carried it further, and enriched the Church with the treasures of the Divine Word. Among all the divines of Germany of modern times, Neander was pre-eminent for the wide extent and beneficial nature of his influence, which continues to the present day.—TR.

¹ Hengstenberg inserted in the "*Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*," in 1830, an article from the pen of Steiger, one of his correspondents, assailing the system of Schleiermacher as semi-rationalistic and pantheistic in its character. The severity of this attack offended Neander, who immediately withdrew from all connection with Hengstenberg in the conducting of that journal. Hengstenberg's stern and uncompromising attitude in the maintenance of his opinions put him out of harmony with Neander, who was mild and conciliatory in his temper. Yet the two distinguished men cherished a warm regard for each other as scholars and Christians; and on Neander's death Hengstenberg was not slow to publish (1851) a glowing

manifested only the mildness of the large-hearted man, who could not bear that they who were not fettered by sheer heterodoxy, but by reason of their earnest striving and yearnings after truth, appeared to be not far from the kingdom of God, should be placed under the ban as given over to unbelief, and as the enemies of Christ. He himself, as alas ! his "Leben Jesu"¹ bears witness, still clung to many heresies ; but thereby he so much the better knew that one, in spite of these, might recognise our Lord Jesus Christ with all his heart as his divine Mediator, Saviour, and Sanctifier, and with faith and love might embrace and cling to Him as such. His very presence was truly edifying, and fitted to impart peace ; and how many have felt, when, stepping carefully over the open folios which lay scattered on the floor of his room, they approached the study table where he sat, as if they had entered into a sanctuary ! Talkativeness was not his weakness ; but what he spake was always "with grace and seasoned with salt." How valuable, deep, and thoughtful were the ideas to which I have often heard him give expression on particular aspects of the life of our Lord, and on the characters of diverse persons who have appeared on the pages of Bible and Church history, as well as on the happiness of believing Christians in this world and in the world to come ; and how willingly and thankfully have I always listened to the acute and excellent remarks he felt himself constrained now and then to make to me, with truly touching delicacy and modesty, on this or that point which I had referred to in a sermon ; for he constantly attended public worship, and

testimony to the high esteem in which he had always held his colleague (See Schaff).—TR.

¹ "Life of Jesus."

was one of my most regular hearers. I reckon it as a great honour to me that this man, one of the fairest and noblest ornaments of the Church of Christ, and one of the most prominent and laborious theologians of modern times, counted me worthy of his confidence, and, in proof of this, that he dedicated to me the new edition of his splendid and immortal work, "*Der heilige Bernard und sein Zeit-Alter.*"¹ And who among all his friends in the neighbourhood of Berlin, who yet walk on this earth, thinks not, with a heart swelling with joy, of the entertainments at which every year, on his birth-day, he assembled us around his hospitable table. On such occasions the highly welcome duty devolved on me, in name of the other guests, of offering him our hearty salutation in the form of a toast. Alas! it also devolved on me to offer our farewell beside his grave. I spoke on that sad occasion also in name of his friends. How copiously our tears poured down upon his coffin, and how many a "Have pia anima!" was then whispered from true sorrowing hearts! But how many a glance was directed with joyful hope upward also to heaven, which seemed to become more and more our blessed home, by the thought that we would once more again behold, amid the glory of immortality, that beloved face!

I must also here not omit to make mention of a house into which I often entered, and which afforded me and mine, in the most friendly and genial manner, the continued experience of the whole manner of our life in our home on the Rhine. I mean the house of Strauss in Lenné Strasse, No. 3, at that time a house blessed with the highest prosperity and happiness, but now a monument of departed joys, breathing forth a

¹ "St Bernard and his Times."

sigh for those who once inhabited it. The Strausses, husband and wife, transplanted, as I had been, from the mountain stream of the Wupper to the banks of the peaceful flowing Spree, knew intimately how to blend into harmonious symphony a free, social intercourse with the well-regulated manners of the noblest culture. One felt himself unrestrained in the circle which they were wont to gather around them; and whoever had not done so already, very soon felt himself induced to set sail also with his little ship of thoughts and sentiments on the never-failing stream of intellectual, animating, cheerful conversation which was carried on. I have met with few men who possessed the power at will to arouse to intellectual activity all around him in the same degree as Strauss. Not only did this his enviable peculiarity rest on the lively sympathy he felt in all human interests, of whatever kind they might be; but it was above all his true, upright, benevolent, sympathising heart which quickly made itself perceptible to any one through the oftentimes stormy waves of his excited, animated conversation, and as quickly loosened the bonds of the spirit, the mind, and the tongues of all. Music and song, for the most part of a religious character, and particularly of a liturgical character, reading and conversation, little extempore addresses on some given theme, and humorous table-talk, filled up the pleasant evenings; and if at any time the waves of the conversations or of the disputations threatened to break through the proper bounds, it was the intelligent housewife, eminently endowed with the virtues of a ruler—she was one of the von der Heydt family—who applied the remedy, and reminded us of what was due and right.

Among the guests who were to be met with in

Strauss's house, were, among others, the imperial generals, von der Groeben and von Diest, and their families; Professors Hengstenberg and Lepsius; the musicians Grell and Reithardt; the sculptor Drake, and many other distinguished personages besides; and there was also never wanting a number of students skilful in music, or otherwise highly gifted, the friends of Strauss's sons, who, in one way or another, contributed greatly to the general enjoyment. On the 23d July of this year (1863), we found ourselves again gathered together in the hall where life, on its brightest and happiest side, had so often smiled upon us. But on this occasion there stood in the midst of us a coffin covered with flowers and palm branches. It was the coffin, alas! of the amiable and hospitable master of the house. The grave of his wife is far away in the churchyard at Carlsbad. Here we might well breathe forth again the old sigh, "*Sic transit gloria!*" Yet we could not but, at the same time, think also of another glory different from that which so soon fades away, the glory which now shines around the departed one. We accompanied his remains to their last earthly resting-place, and with sorrowing heart, and yet not without comfort also, we heard at the opened grave the words: "O man, thou art dust, and to dust thou shalt again return; but Jesus Christ, thy Saviour, will awaken thee again from thy slumber at the last day!"

I now return to the congregation of Trinity Church. My satisfaction with my sphere of official labour was certainly now on the increase. The number of earnest souls seeking after salvation was now greater than ever. Many sick-beds and death-beds—I call to remem-

brance here particularly that of a young Swedish singer—afforded me encouragement when I saw the cheering evidences of the triumph of faith and hope which were there manifested. The King, whom I had now the happiness and the honour of seeing more frequently, once said to me, “You will find that the soil even of the Church of Mark¹ is sandy; yet,” he continued, encouragingly, “if diligently and faithfully cultivated, it is capable of bearing every noble plant.” I have found this confirmed at least in Berlin, though in a comparatively limited circle. I often thought, notwithstanding the large numbers of hearers who crowded my church, that all my efforts were fruitless; and that feeling of regret, which had well-nigh overpowered me at the commencement of my official labours, threatened again to return upon me. But I soon saw here and there, on the field I cultivated, to the quickening and comfort of my depressed mind, according to the parable of our Lord, “first the blade, then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear,” and hoped that I might soon gather home into the garner full sheaves of wheat. My hopes arose in fairest blossom, when, lo! the dreadful hail-storm of *the Catastrophe*, under the consequences of which to this day we mourn, fell with desolating effect on the harvest-field of the Church.

The month of March, of the year 1848, brought a dark eclipse over our land. The horrors accompanying it had already for a long time been preparing under our very eyes. Already, several weeks before the fatal 18th, I could scarcely force my way through the masses of the people that were assembled together in the

¹ See Note, p. 120.

streets, and particularly in the "unter den Linden" street, as I returned from our ecclesiastical social meetings. Standing opposed to them were cavalry regiments, quietly drawn up in their ranks, with their swords in their sheaths. To our inquiry at one of the sergeants, why they looked with so much apparent unconcern on the wild tumult of the people, the answer was returned: "We have no orders." To this day I have the firm conviction that, had these "orders" which he meant been given, the whole Catastrophe would have been avoided. How this came about was to me a mystery, the key to which I found only in the supposition that God the Lord had determined to send upon us that calamity as a merited judgment; for when He purposes to destroy, then He acts in accordance with that prophecy which is recorded by Isaiah: "Behold, I will proceed to do a marvellous work among this people, even a marvellous work and a wonder; for the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid."¹ Enough. On the 18th of March the storm of revolution burst forth. Two of my children had on that day gone to walk in the Thiergarten (Zoological Garden), when a man who knew them came up to them, and advised them to hasten home, for there had been an outbreak in the city. In order to reach our home they had to climb over a barricade. But for the first time we realised the seriousness of the situation, when looking from our windows we saw, at the point where the "Tauben Strasse" terminates in the "Gensd'arm market," an omnibus overturned, in order that the way might be blocked up, and then an armed rabble rushing onward into our street with the cry, "Let the

¹ Is. xxix. 14.

doors be opened, for the good of the citizens.”¹ Great was our amazement and terror, but greater was our sorrow, that such an event could happen under the reign of the most amiable, benevolent, and most paternal of kings! The strife began—but now far too late. The “Gensd’arm market” presented to us once more the incomprehensible spectacle of a strong detachment of cavalry stationed in it, looking quietly and without concern not only on the wild, excited masses of the people, but also on the erection of barricades. When at length they were erected, then for the first time the brave riders, whose patience had been put to a severe test, rode forward with drawn swords, and with a courage which, one or two hours before, would have cleared the streets, without that sad sacrifice which they had to lament.

The tide of battle rose from moment to moment as the night advanced. The fearful insurrectionary cries, the continual pealing of the alarm-bells, the crash of the platoon firing in our very neighbourhood, and the reverberation of the cannon at a distance, made the bravest hearts to tremble. My house was full of weeping and lamentation. Several young persons, among whom was the present pastor of Olshausen in Silesia, who had been on a friendly visit to my house, were now unable to penetrate through the crowds that filled the streets, so as to reach their own homes. They remained with me, much to our comfort and support, during that trying night. Towards three o’clock in the morning, the wild uproar of battle without seemed somewhat to abate. When the morning dawned it had altogether subsided. We opened our windows and were overpowered with joy when we saw the faithful

¹ “Die Hausthür auf, zum Wohl der Bürger!”

soldiers busily engaged in removing the barricades. We ventured out into the streets, and some of my family went farther out into the town. And what was now the state of matters? The victory was everywhere wholly on the side of the military. And yet! was there no need or reason for all that followed?—The departure of the faithful army, crowned with fame; the arming of the “Bürgerwehr” (municipal guard), in their stead; the granting of a “charte,” after the French model; alas, several other things also, over which I spread the veil; and finally, for nine long months, a state of anarchy, from the terror of which the aristocracy removed their coats of arms from their carriage-doors, the “haute finance” conveyed their gold and silver to a place of safety; those in favour of the King removed their names from their door-bells, and thousands found it advisable to go about in clothes as shabby as possible, and in old worn-out hats and caps. The conquered proudly surrounded their brows with the laurel of the conquerors.

A whole chain of mysteries is stretched out before me when I place myself back again in the midst of those sorrowful days; and I am always constrained to come to the one conclusion, that God wished to make us feel His chastening hand upon us, and at the same time to open up to our view the depths of moral and social ruin into which a great part of the ungrateful and reprobate people had fallen.

Next after the military and the nobles, faithful ministers of the Gospel were in that sorrowful time especially the objects of hatred to the dominant party. It happened that my name also was several times honoured in finding a place in insolent placards posted at the corners of the streets. One of my children, who, on

one occasion, tore down one of these offensive placards, had to pay several groschens for the offence, for it was a time when there "was no judge in the land," or rather when every one assumed the office of a judge as it pleased himself. That the clergymen, with few exceptions, took part in the funeral procession to Friedrichshain cemetery, was afterwards regarded as a great reproach to them. I confess that I allowed myself to be led into a participation in these processions by the example of the highest dignitaries of the Church, and of the large majority of my brethren in office—the bishop and the court-preachers marched at their head—and I could not quiet myself with the consolation which was often suggested to me, that the clergy are required to accompany to the place of burial the remains of all, except of suicides, who belong to their parishes, and that there were several from my parish who fell as "heroes of the barricades." Yet it is to me a deeper cause of regret that, on the very first Sabbath after the insurrection, I was even led to yield to the earnest entreaty of several of my friends, that for once I should use, instead of the accustomed prayer of intercession, that which is found in the, "short Liturgy," in which supplication is offered briefly and summarily for the grace of God, "for the King and the whole of his kingdom." They assured me—indeed, as I afterwards found out, without any just foundation—that the special introduction into the prayer of the names and of the separate members of the royal family would lead at once to a public manifestation of hatred on the part of those attending the church. I regret it even to this day that, by a motive which partly consisted of a cowardly fear, I was led to comply with the suggestion. But if the "Kreuz Zeitung" at that time assailed in

a pretty definite way them who had acted from motives similar to those which had influenced me, it renounced its principles, according to which it regarded itself as the journal specially called to hold out an arm of defence over the Church, and to protect the authority and influence of those who filled ecclesiastical offices.

To our great joy we perceived that the hurtful influence which the fearful aspects of the times had begun to exert on the attendance at public worship was now gradually disappearing—yea, that after a few weeks, the churches were again filled as before; and, indeed, that to many of them the people crowded in greater numbers than ever. It availed, above all, to heal the people of their revolutionary fever, that, in the terrible commotions of that time, they read the hand-writing of a holy and righteous God, and learned to understand the loud call thereby addressed to them to repentance and contrition before Him, so that He might in His mercy turn away again His anger from us, and not visit us with yet heavier judgments. Besides, from my intercourse with the congregation, I became the longer the more firmly convinced that the revolution would never have broken out among the people of Berlin, if they had not been prompted thereto by the swarm of foreign emissaries who had stealthily insinuated themselves amongst them, chief among whom the Poles are to be named. They wanted both the courage, and that intensity of hatred, and that fanatical love of freedom, which was necessary to their taking the initiative in such a work. Even the violent democrats could not altogether conceal a certain love to their King; and when he rode through the city after the storm, many of them regarded themselves as fortunate in being permitted to touch his horse. An

easy good-nature, in spite of all that had happened, formed one of the fundamental features in the character of the "true" Berliner; and if he is at any time excited and made furious, yet he is easily pacified and reconciled again. How many examples confirmatory of this have I seen, and how many endeavours to effect reconciliation have I been engaged in, when it devolved upon me to touch the feelings of married persons who were living at variance with each other, and to act upon them so as to move them!

I would regard myself as deficient in due loyalty, if in this place—and after I have shown that I do not at least reckon, among the prominent characteristics of the Berliner, a rash determination to act—I did not mention that our dear King Frederick Wilhelm IV. is a true Berliner. Yet there flowed in his veins also other blood; and a firm, resolute, manly courage is one of the hereditary virtues of the house of Hohenzollern. Of this he did not fail, under all circumstances, and particularly at that time, to give very remarkable proof. Also the Prince Charles, the King's illustrious brother—whose house, which stood near to my own, I often visited during those days of terror—never for a moment failed to maintain a calm, undaunted attitude, and a noble knightly bearing. Nevertheless the King had, along with the air of the capital which he had breathed in common with the Berliners, imbibed also somewhat of its natural spirit, which, as it pervaded him, underwent a process of higher development and elevation. As such I reckon, along with his disposition to wit and humour, a royal heart easily moved with compassion. Even during that night so dark with the storm of revolution, when the city authorities came to him, and with tears

besought him to put a stop to the operations of his brave soldiers, he showed himself susceptible—yea, according to the opinions of many too susceptible—even though, at the same time, General Thile ventured to interpose and whisper to him, “I hoped rather to see your Majesty in the midst of the tumult without, riding at the head of your battalions.” His Hohenzollern knightly blood had well-nigh impelled him to do this; but his mild and gentle heart—disposed to reconciliation and pardon, and believing, even in the last extremity, in humanity and in his people—prevailed with him.¹

He who has not been a witness of it, cannot picture to himself the suddenness and completeness of the change which has been wrought upon the city since the outbreak, now nine months ago—particularly, at least, in its external aspect, in the more fashionable and elegant part of it. The brilliance of the court and of fashionable society, which formerly spread a splendour over the whole city, was now wholly extinguished, and instead of it all was plebeian plainness. No equipage was to be seen on the streets save that of the doctor;

¹ Frederick Wilhelm IV. succeeded his father on the throne of Prussia in 1840, and died 2d Jan. 1861. On the 22d of March 1848, after his troops had suppressed the revolutionary outbreak, he issued a proclamation “recommending the cordial union of German princes and people under one guiding hand, offering himself to be that guide; the fusing and dissolving the name of Prussia into that of Germany, and abolishing the censorship of the press. The populace assembled in delight; an accidental quarrel arose with the soldiery, more blood was shed, but the King had the prisoners released, nominated a popular ministry, and proclaimed a general amnesty, and again all was tranquil. But after the meeting of the Constituent German National Assembly at Frankfurt had elected Archduke John the Lieutenant-General of Germany, the King’s ardour cooled.” Then began a reactionary movement back towards the old political state of things.

The royal house of Prussia is descended from the counts of Zollern, a little county forming part of the Suabian Alp.—Tr.

and a gentleman on a riding-horse was nowhere to be met with. Ladies and gentlemen were to be seen walking on foot on the muddy streets. When one day, along with some friends, we went out to the Pichelsberg to breathe the fresh air, we were saluted by crowds of insolent youths, who were walking on the same road, with hisses and whistling, because we were driving in a carriage while they walked on foot. The guard-houses at the city gates and at the castle were occupied by crowds of men wearing the long coat of the citizen and felt hats, and presented to the passers by not seldom the spectacle of the guards sitting with their wives and children, amid clouds of tobacco smoke, around the coffee-pot or beer-jug. One met in all places with swaggerers, sans-cullottes, and drunken vagabonds. But whoever wished to see in full display the manifold evils of that time, needed only to go for once to the beer-tents of the Thiergarten, or of such localities in the precincts of the city, when he would hear things which would have been worthy of the wildest Jacobite club, and be a spectator of sights of which it were "a shame even to speak."

Who would ever have dreamed that the foundations of all morality in a great part of our population were so thoroughly corrupt and decayed, as was seen to be the case in the terrible experiences of that time? Faith, piety; respect for divine and human authority—all were gone. And in the place of these moral powers, by which the world is preserved from falling to pieces, there had sprung up lawlessness, frivolity, and the grossest materialism. At an ecclesiastical conference which was afterwards held, some one, to the momentary astonishment of many of us, spoke of the year '48 as "ein Jahr des Heils" (a year of salvation); and it was

so of a truth, in so far, namely, as it disclosed the wounds and bruises and putrefying sores of society, which were beyond all previous conception. We preachers could no longer delay a moment the duty to the discharge of which henceforth all means within our reach were brought into operation. The "Inner Mission"¹ came into operation before a name was found

¹ Dr Wichern, when only a candidate for the ministry, animated by the spirit of the Gospel, founded in 1833, at the village of Horn, near Hamburg, the "Rauhe Haus" (Rough House, at that time an old dilapidated farmhouse), for the reclaiming and educating of the vagrant children to be met with in Hamburg. The institution has grown and expanded on all sides, till it is now one of the most interesting and important benevolent associations in the world. The founder of this great institution still lives, a blessing to the Church of his Fatherland. The Inner Mission owes its activity and success to his zealous, self-denying labours. Dr Schaff, in his work on "Germany and its Universities," &c., to which we have already frequently referred, thus describes the aim of the Inner Mission: "It refers to domestic heathenism, which has crept into German Protestantism to such a fearful extent, and it labours to reclaim it to living Christianity. It comprehends in one organic whole the various efforts already commenced before by separate societies—but now carried on with more system and rigour—for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the poor, the sick, the widow, the orphan, the stranger, the emigrant, the prisoner, the travelling journeyman; the distribution of good books and tracts; the supply of destitute charges with the means of the Gospel; the founding of young men's Christian associations; the arrangement of courses of lectures on instructive and useful topics to mixed audiences in large cities; the training of deacons and deaconesses, and in fact the whole field of Christian philanthropy." Wichern placed himself at the head of these noble Christian efforts. At the first meeting of the Kirchentag, at Wittenberg (Sept. 1848), when the outbreak of the wild revolutionary spirit threatened the overthrow of all the German States, he eloquently advocated the cause of the Inner Mission. On that occasion he said: "During fifteen years past the thought and hope has animated me with ever increasing force and clearness, that our Fatherland, the heart of Europe, might yet produce from its bosom a society and confederation of faith and love, offering itself as a sacrifice to the Church and the country—a society endowed with the resources of learning, the wisdom of statesmanship, the power of political and ecclesiastical government, and with the spirit of the eternal mercy of God, from which alone can proceed the salvation of nations. This hope appeared to most men a mere phantom. The cover must first be removed from the eyes of all. This the hand of God has done in 1848: the abyss is open, the ground lies ploughed, and ready to re-

for it. We began in Berlin with the founding of an "Evangelical Union for ecclesiastical purposes;" and how many unions of a similar tendency followed that one within a short time afterwards! There then prevailed among all the clergymen who had faith in Christ, the spirit of the most unclouded brotherly harmony. The common necessity under which we all sighed, afforded little room for the consideration of Confessional differences, which, at a later period, crept in. The city of God, as such, appeared to be in danger. How could we, in these circumstances, be zealous against each other about the boundaries of the separate courts which we occupied within it? Stahl and Nitzsch; Hengstenberg and von Mühler; Lutheran, Reformed, and Unionist; Episcopalian and Presbyterian: all stood together with one heart and one soul in the breach; and thus it happened that, while one could hear almost every day the alarm-signals of the drum and bugle, and skirmishes between the Bürgerwehr and the "Reds" continued, our undertakings against the anti-Christianity which was growing up luxuriantly around us did not remain unblest.

ceive the divine seed of a faith working by love, that it may grow up and unfold its glory. A day of God, a day of salvation for our Church in our dear Fatherland, has arisen with the revolutionary events. . . . If the Church is to become the fountain of the Christian life of the nation, it must make the work of the Inner Mission its own." Since that time Wichern has been the great leader in the gigantic work carried on with most blessed results in Germany.—Tr.

CHAPTER XI.

SUPPLEMENT.—BERLIN AND POTSDAM.

HERE, alas! the Autobiographer breaks the thread of his narrative; from what cause we know not. We are almost inclined, however, to think that it was from private reasons that he did so, when we consider the rich abundance of materials which from this point onward presented themselves in the scenes of his busy life for continuing his undertaking. Not only did he take an active part in that same year in the first meeting of the Kirchentag¹ at Wittenberg, an association in-

¹ Church Diet. This is a free, unofficial association of ministers and laymen belonging to the Lutheran, Reformed, United Evangelical, and Moravian Communions, formed for the purpose of promoting the interests of Christianity. Rationalists were from the first hostile to it; and the rigid churchly Lutheran party soon withdrew from it because a confederation of Churches of different confessions was irreconcilable with the principles of the Lutheran Church. Dr Schaff, in his work on "Germany," thus speaks of its origin:—"The German Church Diet took its rise in the eventful year 1848, when all the thrones of Europe—save those of England, Belgium, and Russia—trembled, and the very foundations of civil and religious society seemed to give way, to make room, as was to be feared, to a reign of rationalism, atheism, and Satanism. It appeared, after the storms and earthquakes of revolution, as a rainbow of peace and promise on the horizon of Germany, and has outlived the commotions and mushroom creations, the bright hopes and dark fears of the memorable year of its birth. It is true it was prepared long before by the pastoral conferences which, since the days of the revival of religious life, assembled annually pious ministers and laymen in various parts of Germany; and also by the desire of many of the most distinguished divines for a closer union and independent action of the national Churches,

tended to embrace the whole of the Evangelical Church of Germany, but was also present at the meeting of the

held under bondage by as many secular governments. But the eminent danger of an approaching dissolution of all order in that revolutionary year on the one side, and the labours of the Parliament of Frankfurt for a political regeneration of Germany on the basis of unity and constitutional liberty on the other, matured this desire, and suggested the plan of a great meeting of all the true friends of Christianity, for mutual consultation on the present crisis of the country, and for forming a confederation of the Protestant Churches, without destroying their distinctive features, or interfering with their internal affairs ; in fine, a sort of evangelical defensive and offensive alliance against the growing flood of infidelity and destruction." The pastoral conference held at Sandhof, near Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, in June, 1848, finally issued the general invitation to the first Kirchentag, which met on 21st September of that year in Wittenberg—"that venerable town, so well known as the cradle of the Reformation, in that very church to whose doors its signal, the ninety-five theses, were once affixed, and on the tombstones of Luther and his friend Melancthon, whose last desire and prayer were for the unity of distracted Christendom." That meeting formed an era in the history of German Protestantism. It infused new life into the Church, under the influences of which she has been continually since spreading out her energies on all sides. Referring to that meeting, T. H. Gladstone, Esq., in an article in the *Eclectic Review* for 1855, thus speaks :—"The feeling of Christian fellowship was heightened to the sublime, and received an expression too deeply affecting ever to be erased from the memory of those who witnessed the scene, when, at a solemn moment on the last day, the earnest Krummacher, in one of his fervent addresses, pledged the members to stand true to one another in the day of persecution which seemed about to burst upon them, and received in the prolonged affirmation of the whole assembly the assurance that they would bear each other, as members of one family, in their hearts and prayers, would receive each other, in the day of persecution to house and home, till the storm should be overpast, and would account as their own children the widow and orphans of the brother who should seal his testimony by the martyr's death." The meetings of the Kirchentag were held at first annually, but now biennially in the month of September, in some one of the chief towns of Germany. The last of these, the 15th, was held in the beginning of September of the present year, at Stuttgart. Krummacher was a member from the first of the central committee, and always took an active and prominent part in the business of the meetings. In connection with the Kirchentag there are also held special conferences on matters affecting the social and religious welfare of the people. Thus at the Stuttgart Kirchentag there were nine such conferences. The fourth day of the Kirchentag is generally devoted to the affairs of the "Inner Mission," under the presidency of Dr Wichern.—TR.

Evangelical Alliance¹ in London, taking part with those Christian men from all lands with whom his writings had already long ago united him in a bond of brotherly sympathy. Thus it happened that his personal intercourse and fellowship with believers, however much in heart and mind he was attached to the Church of his Fatherland, gave to his activity and to his interest a sort of *international* character, if we may so describe it. Far be it from us to venture, from the treasures of our own personal recollections, and from the narratives which we have heard from his own lips, to continue this history where the author himself has laid the pen aside; yet may his own words, as they are found here and there expressed in letters and other documents, as well as those of some distinguished men and friends, shed at least a few rays of light on that period of his life in which the Autobiography is defective. Continuing the references to the sad scenes of the year 1848, the first place in this Supplement is due to the following letter from the beloved King Friedrich Wilhelm IV.:—

“SANS-SOUCI, 22d August 1848.

“The beautiful lines which you sent me yesterday, dear Mr Krummacher, sound to me like a salutation from the delightful Wupperthal and its beloved and pious people. At Cologne I witnessed many splendid sights, enjoyed myself much, and carried away with me ineffaceable impressions. But I bring with me no impression so pleasant and indelible, as the fruit of my storm-like journey, as that from Elberfeld and Barmen, and from the ancient faithful land of Westphalia. Tears fill my eyes when I think of it. Would that

¹ The first meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, under the name of the “World’s Convention,” was held in London in 1846. Of the 921 members who attended it, 47 were from the Continent, and 87 from North America.

every one of the inhabitants there knew how deep and how great my thanks to them are, both as a man and as their king, for that evidence they gave me both of the old love still remaining and of their new affection for me! You call my journey ‘a quiet but powerful victory, full of blessed consequences to the Fatherland.’ May it be even so! The victories which we, which our times need are of a different sort. They are the victories of the Lord—that is what humanity needs, what the Church and every soul needs. You, dear Krummacher, are an excellent instrument for gaining such conquests; and, praise be to God! there are now many brave warriors fighting the battles of the Gospel. These victories will bring deliverance and true peace to the land. My thanks to you is the heartfelt wish for your triumphant victory.—Auf Wiedersehen! (till we meet again),

“FRIEDRICH WILHELM.”

How very intimate, and affectionate, and cordial was the relation which from year to year he sustained to the beloved King, who had already, in the year 1853, called him to Potsdam as his court-preacher, will be made abundantly apparent from the two following letters:—

“POTSDAM, 27th Nov. 1853.

“That Advent sermon which you preached surpassed all I have ever heard. May the Lord of the Church, with a thousandfold blessing, make it fruitful! I have the confidence that this blessing, dear Krummacher, will not fail to descend upon your head, and also on the labours of your ministry, though you may have long and patiently to wait for it. . . . I have felt in a lively way how the fulness of your gifts, and of your knowledge, penetrated and influenced by your love for

your sacred office, and for the souls of those under your pastoral care, have poured themselves forth in your discourses. And how beautiful and splendid the form in which they have appeared! . . . Do not let the impression made by your Advent sermon at Potsdam die with this Sabbath. Multiply it by the press, and send to me a hundred copies of it. He who has through you begun the good work, will also carry it to a completion!—Vale!

FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

"CHARLOTTENBURG, *Christmas Day*, 1853.

"Receive my best thanks, honoured Krummacher, for fulfilling my wish in sending me a hundred copies of your incomparable Advent sermon. Judge gently of the trace of egotism which you see in me, and for which, indeed, you are to be blamed along with me. Receive the small sum I herewith send you to assist you in your charitable labours. No one will spend it in a wiser, or nobler, or more Christian way than you will. Therefore I hasten to communicate it to you. May God uphold and strengthen you in your difficult and often thankless labours! That is my Christmas and New Year's wish for you!—Auf Wiedersehen!

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

If the beginning of his labours at Potsdam was not free from many bitter experiences, and if it required an unwearied warfare and effort on his part to make this new field entrusted to him fruitful, yet the time he spent there in fellowship with the highly honoured King, who was of like mind with himself, a genuine believer in Christ, and animated by the ideal beauty and excellence of Christianity—the hours so spent were for him times of light and joy amid the darkness,

the very remembrance of which, after death had separated them, brought gladness and deep emotions of thankfulness into our father's heart. Particularly the remembrance of those precious days spent in the journey to the Jubilee Festival of the hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the circle of Tecklenburg¹ with Prussia, which was celebrated in 1857, which it was granted to him to take in the company of his royal patron and friend to the old home of his fathers, remained as a precious retrospect in his mind. The loyalty of the Westphalians to their King showed itself on that occasion in the purest and fairest blossom. While seated at the festival-table on that Jubilee-day, amid the ruins of the old castle of the Burgrave of the city of Tecklenburg, a poem composed by Krummacher was recited by him, in name of the Tecklenburgers, as an address of welcome to the King, who was deeply moved by it; and in the sight of the whole excited multitude he embraced Krummacher in his arms and kissed him. The members of the Evangelical Alliance know very well that to this bond of genuine friendship subsisting between their beloved King and his court-preacher, the fact of its meeting in Berlin in the same year (1857) is due, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition the proposal had to encounter on the part of those who were hostile to the Alliance. And however much Berlin, in the matter of external hospitality, came behind the other cities in which the Alliance had met, yet the King honoured it so far as to extend to all its members a hearty and heart-winning welcome at the new palace at Potsdam, to which he had invited them at the suggestion of the wife of his court-preacher, who was

¹ A circle in the province of Westphalia.

always ready with practical counsels. Besides this, he took a warm and lively interest in the course of its proceedings, giving thereby such a charm to those bright days that, however much the guests attending the meeting at Amsterdam were delighted with the surpassing hospitality of the Dutch, yet we feel ourselves entitled to say that the meeting of the Alliance at Berlin is worthy of taking rank, in point of importance, with those held in the cities of London, Paris, and Geneva.¹ How he whose portrait we are here contemplating stood related to the Evangelical Alliance, which is so greatly misunderstood in Germany, because almost wholly unknown, he perhaps never expressed in a clearer or more splendid manner than in the opening address at the Berlin meeting, which we think worthy of being here again presented to our readers.

Opening Address on the first day of the Meeting of the Evangelical Alliance of Christians from all lands, held at Berlin, by DR KRUMMACHER, Court-Preacher.

Welcome, Reverend Sirs, Dear Brethren, from east and west, from north and south, under the protecting wings of the Prussian Eagle, and to the hospitable bosom of the State which for centuries has borne the name of a refuge for the Church of Jesus Christ, and which has had at heart, as no other State has, from times of old till now, the union of all true believers! Welcome in the light of the favour and friendship of Him whom the royal singer thus praises: "How

¹ The first meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, under the name of the "World's Convention," was held, as already mentioned, in London in August 1846, the second was also held in London in 1851, the third at Paris in 1855, the fourth at Berlin, as above referred to, the fifth at Geneva in 1861, and the sixth at Amsterdam in 1867.—TR.

excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings!" Behold to-day a beautiful image of the union which yet awaits us before the throne of the living God! Never before has such a scene as this been witnessed on German ground. Happy, blessed days have we already enjoyed at our Kirchentags; but then such men of God as Bunyan the Baptist, who pointed for us the way to heaven—those leaders of the Methodists, Wesley and Whitfield, who blew the trumpet of a spiritual alarm at a time when the Church, far and wide, was a mausoleum, a house of the dead—men such as Chalmers, the witness with the tongue of fire, the founder of the Free Church of Scotland, and many of a like stamp: these then stood without the circle of the assembled brethren, and had only to look on from a distance. To-day they are in our midst. The barriers of centuries have given way. The brotherly love which springs from God has shattered in pieces the rusty chains. A portion of the communion of the saints has become visible. Above the denominational hereditary banners of the Churches, there waves the royal standard of our Lord Jesus Christ, with the inscription, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." And that word of the ancient psalm has asserted its truth: "And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her; and the Highest Himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, that this man was born there. As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there: all my springs are in thee."¹

And not without a struggle have we reached the

¹ Ps. lxxxvii. 5-7.

point at which we this day joyfully greet one another. Our opponents who have disquieted us are, however, not all to be ranked in one class. We know how to distinguish between those who unintelligently echo the word of command, and those who have given the word. With deep sorrow have we seen among the latter class men of celebrity in the kingdom of God; men worthy of esteem, with whom for tens of years we have stood, foot by foot, and heart with heart, in the holy war against the anti-Christian powers of the time; yea, men whom we have held, and will ever hold, high in honour as leaders in the battles of the Lord. It is true they have at least by their silence withdrawn many of the charges they at first made against us, but we do not as yet enjoy their presence amongst us. Unfavourably and from a distance they contemplate our meeting. Why? I will not now, my dear friends, return to the old accusations that have ceased to be made against us. Those which have most recently been advanced are, first, that our *assembly has no inward truthfulness*; second, that *it is not in accordance with the times, and is not adapted to the necessities of the German Evangelical Christians*; and finally, that *it is destitute of all fixed, clearly understood, and direct practical aims*.

We cannot shrink, my dear friends, from an earnest examination of these accusations, though they seem to stand to each other, to a certain extent, in a contradictory relation. This examination is the method by which the functions devolving on this great and significant assembly will most clearly and distinctly be brought out to view.

I. They say that our Assembly has only the *appearance of a brotherly union*, but by no means *the reality*,

and that it also *wants inward truth*, since each member of it maintains his own particular Church relations, and the old boundaries remain as before.

This is strange! Once they accused us with the intention of breaking up the old Church boundaries, and with attempting a union and fusion of the different Church confessions and organisms, and now they accuse us with the very opposite. What is then, in truth, the state of the case? Certain it is that no injury has been done to the Church boundaries. I remain faithful to my own native Church, faithful to her symbols, faithful to her form of worship, faithful to her constitution, faithful to her arrangements, usages, customs. I love my mother Church as the spiritual mother which bore me into a new life by the Word, which nourished me at her breasts, and which daily supports, strengthens, and refreshes me with the treasures of health and of grace. I hold high her banner, and will continue to hold it till this hand falls down powerless, and will praise her till this mouth is silent in death. I consider that my beloved German Church rests in the sunshine of promise and of hope not less than any other; and from my heart I wish her well, and seek her prosperity and her progress both outwardly and inwardly; and as I stand toward my Church, so every one in this assembly stands towards his. But we all know that the limits of the kingdom of God stretch far beyond the temporary enclosures of particular Churches, and that those things which unite us together are much more essential than those which separate and keep us apart from each other.

We are all subject to the authority of the Holy Scriptures as the infallible divine revelation given us from heaven; and we believe that no other, whether it

be called Reason or Tradition, Hierarchy, Church, or by whatever other name it may be known, stands above it. We all unite in prayer to the living God, the one God in Three Persons, as He makes Himself known to us in His Word, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; the only-begotten Son, who before the foundation of the world dwelt personally in the bosom of the Father; and the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son. We all acknowledge ourselves to be by nature lost, unfitted to do anything truly good, prone to all evil, without wisdom, without consolation, helpless in ourselves, and dependent on the free grace and mercy of God alone. But we also comfort ourselves with the joyful assurance that this grace has appeared in Jesus Christ, who is God manifest in the flesh; and in His mediatorial work we see the only but the all-sufficient and superabundant cause of our salvation and of our everlasting happiness. We take hold of Christ by faith; we do Him honour; with body and soul we give ourselves to Him; and thus we conclude that, though we are sinful, miserable, and guilty in ourselves, we stand justified before the Judge of the living and the dead, not on account of our faith as a virtue, much less on account of our good works, but solely for the sake of the righteousness of the Great Surety, which is reckoned as grace to those who have faith in Him who justifies the ungodly. On account of the merits of Jesus, the Holy Ghost declares us in our conscience free from sin, gives witness with our spirit that we are the children of God, fills us with that peace which passeth all understanding, and sets forth in us that work of sanctification as He has already begun it.

But we know that the Holy Spirit carries on His work only in the method ordained by God; therefore,

while He comes with the Word, we press the Bible ardently to our hearts, and hold it to be our inalienable right, as well as our most sacred duty, to deal constantly and daily and directly with this written treasure. We honour the Church, that wonderful building which God has erected in the world, the dwelling-place of the Holy Ghost, in which by means of the grace and help imparted to the members, He builds up, supplies with power, fashions and completes, the body of Jesus Christ. We hold in high esteem the sacred office of the preacher which was founded and ordained by the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, to make a path for the Spirit into the world, to make a way for His entrance into the heart. With solemn and reverential awe we consecrate the Sacraments, these holy ordinances of our God, which not only witness our personal union with the whole body of Christ, but also seal it, yea, which mediate convey it. We count ourselves blessed in the possession of all these means of grace ; but we all unite in the common confession, that in the use of them we are guilty of thousandfold unfaithfulness, and daily in our life we find cause with penitent spirit to renew our prayer for grace and mercy. Yet we know "it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." We comfort ourselves with the certain prospect of a life after death, when, transformed in body and soul into the likeness of the fairest of the sons of men, we shall eternally praise and adore the works of God. Blessed in the possession of this hope, and moved by the same interests and borne along by the same grace, though some of us are separated from each other in body by land and sea, we meet together as children of *one* household, as fellow-heirs

of *one* future inheritance, daily and hourly before the face of our common Lord and Master.

Behold, then, the deep living foundation on which our fellowship rests, and in which our brotherhood is rooted! Is it not truly so? And yet, forsooth, our Assembly must be spoken of as having only the *appearance* of a brotherly union, and not the reality and essence of it! Oh! how much more reality this our union has, not only than that mechanical Church unity which displays itself only as the artificial production of a lordly, priestly despotism, but also than any community which has for its foundation of union only the lip confession, even though it be true, adopted literally by its members, or a uniformity of outward Church forms and usages! Here with us there is, as we hope, a living union of the members with Christ the Head; here the fusing of hearts with the heart of the great heavenly Friend of sinners; here we are drawn together in the love of Him who first loved us even to the death, and with a brother's love! Now it is our duty not only to affirm this, but also, as at all times so now, during the days of our joyful assembling together, practically to manifest it. And here we have to deal with the first problem, the solution of which devolves upon us in these days. May all who looked upon our Assembly with mistrust be unable, on breathing its atmosphere, to repress such a feeling as that which once forced the cry of astonishment from the heathen, as they beheld the first Christians: "Behold, how they love one another!" May they be convinced that we do not love one another at the expense of truth, or by denying it, but rather because of the blessed truths of God, in which we all stand by one another! May such a deep impression

of these truths be made upon us, that nothing else may lie upon our hearts than the honour of the name of our God, and the coming of His kingdom, and that no party human interests of any kind may lead us astray or disunite us! In particular, may you feel with growing strength of conviction that the arms of our brotherly love are wide enough to embrace in our hearts, with warm inward affection, and without hypocrisy, as well as without any remnant of a root of bitterness, those also who have opposed us, and have shown us the cold hand, but who nevertheless bow the knee to the same Lord, whom we also adore. May God grant that a problem so beautiful, and affecting so greatly the honour of the Lord, may find among us, and through us, in these days, a solution which shall be pleasing in the sight of God!

II. It is further objected to our Assembly that it is *not in accordance with the times, nor with the wants of German Evangelical Christians.*

This objection is so little applicable, that it rather reacts upon those who have raised it, and who have attributed to the Assembly intentions which are altogether and wholly foreign to it. On the contrary, I affirm that the Assembly is suitable to the present times, and also adapted to the wants of the German Christian people, and I have no difficulty in establishing my affirmation. For what is suitable to the times, if not a testimony of lively experience from the mouths of many witnesses, distinctly uttered and proclaimed as if from the house-tops, that Jesus Christ is the Lord, and that in Him the salvation and happiness of the world for time and for eternity is alone to be found? What is suitable to the time if not the united prayers

of all believers for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit over the Church, which has in part become a wilderness, and over a generation buried in indifferentism and sunk in materialism? What, if not an inward union of all true confessors of the Gospel in the common warfare against the destructive powers of unbelief and of false belief, of anti-Christianity as well as of pseudo-Christianity, which in our days raise their heads with so much confidence of victory? What, if not a lively exhibition in fact of the essential unity of the Evangelical Church in opposition to the shouts of triumph of its enemies, who in the divisions of the Church, and in its party hatreds, imagine that they see its last death-struggle, and the sure symptoms of its speedy destruction?

And what, beloved friends, *corresponds better to the necessities of our German Evangelical Christian people* than an unmistakable evidence that the continual quarrelling of the theological schools and parties, with which we have been long ago satiated and weary, are in the act of disappearing before that union for which Christ, in His intercession as High Priest, prayed? What is better adapted to the requirements of the times than the perception of the hopelessness of the endeavour to resuscitate the religion of a century stiffened in scholastic forms, and happily borne to the grave through the pectoral and living theology of a Spener, an Arndt, and a Franke—a century in which a marriage between a Lutheran and one of the Reformed Church was placed under the ban of the Church as a “mixed” marriage, and the Communion, in violent contrast to its name and intention, was raised as a rugged wall of separation between Protestant husbands and wives, brothers and sisters and friends? What better corresponds to the

necessities of our dear German Christian people than in these days in which the unheard of phenomenon has appeared of Protestants complaining of the work of God which was wrought through Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and Knox, as a misfortune, or even condemning it as an act of rebellion, the appearance of an armed band of watchmen on the walls of Zion, who have bound themselves firmly together in a kind of brotherhood for the protection of the fundamental principles of our holy reformation? What is more needed than a practical strong evidence that an energetic and triumphant reaction exists against the smuggling in of a mediatory human priesthood into the Protestant Church, against the renewed attempt to promulgate the doctrine of the *opus operatum*—the conditioning of holiness on church services—and against the endeavour to change the *Church founded on the Word* into a so-called Sacramental Church? It is after signs, views, and securities of this kind that German Protestant Christians, deeply moved by manifold misgivings, are in our days ardently longing, and our Assembly expects to be able to supply them. Does it not therefore correspond to the necessities of the times and the requirements of the German Christian people?

Truly, if the Assembly had undertaken to destroy our Confession of Faith, and to establish a union without principles; to weaken the authority of the existing Church, or to break her off from her historical associations in which she rests; to introduce amongst us foreign customs, to Anglicanize, Americanize, or Frenchify the German Church; then would the reproach be justly brought against it, that it is neither in conformity to the times, nor has any harmony with the divinely directed development of our German Chris-

tianity, and it would be as wholly out of place in Germany as its proceedings would be without results.

Let there be by the grace of God a spiritual interchange of gifts ! Ye French, give us of your fiery zeal in the service of the Lord ; ye brethren from Italy, of your martyr spirit and your joy in death for the name of Christ ; ye Britons, of your apostolic activity and your Christian world-conquering spirit ; ye Scotchmen, of the completeness of your faith and your moral and Christian earnestness ; ye Americans, of your reverence for the inspired letter of the living Word of God ; ye Dutchmen, of your moderation when thousands reeled under spiritual intoxication ! Give us, ye Methodists, of your glowing zeal for the conversion of individual souls ; ye Independents, of your joyful self-sacrifices for the interests of your congregations ; ye Baptists, of your church discipline and your congregational order ; ye Anglicans, of your reverence and love for the Church which nourished you at her breasts ; ye members of the Moravian Church, of your wide heartedness, whereby ye recognise every one in whom a reflection of the image of Christ is to be seen ! Yea, give us each what you have, and we will thank both God and you for the gift.

But whoever among you can only think of the perfected Church as independent, of the true Church only as separated from the State, and entirely free ; of church government only as Episcopal or as Presbyterian ; of the service of public worship as only puritanical reformed ; of religious freedom as unrestrained and unlimited : let each keep to himself his own ideal ! These are not the questions which are to be discussed and decided on here. They would carry war into our camp, and bring self-destruction upon the

Assembly. If there is any one, moreover, who thinks that he ought especially to take up a position against those of our German brethren who seek above all things to enforce again upon the congregations the Church Confessions, and to raise and strengthen the influence of the Church and of the clerical office, let him remember that he is not in England, nor in Scotland, nor in Sweden, where in general the fundamental truths of the Gospel still hold a firm place in the consciences of the people, and where perhaps it may be suitable to the times to lay greater stress upon love and upon the living activity of faith than upon the faith itself; but in Germany where the strong seeds of rationalism have even to this hour overspread such an immense extent of the field of the Church—in Germany where the danger of boasting of and trusting in a dead church orthodoxy is, from the people at least, as yet far distant—in Germany where in wide regions the ignorance of the people of religious things is scarcely less than that of the heathen—in Germany where one may meet with congregations here and there in which for years past the Lord's Supper has not been administered, because no one has been willing to partake of it—in Germany where even the Prussian church authorities, in spite of their stringent rule, have not succeeded in freeing the Church and the school from the evil of false teaching; and where, above all things, it is the first duty to lay anew the foundations whereon may be raised the overturned lamp of the pure and true doctrine, and to build up the knowledge of the truth.

Now, my friends, consider what is the second problem which is given us, the solution of which now lies upon us. I shall state it in few words. It is respect for the

peculiarities of different Churches ; for their historical position, their guidance, their special call, their circumstances and relations ; an unrestrained recognition of the good, the noble, the pious, and the true everywhere, even if it meets us in the efforts of those who may appear to us to be in part in error ; it is war against the unevangelical and the Romanizing tendencies, not by removing the Confession of the Reformers, but by standing upon their ground, and fighting with their weapons, so that our victory may be certain ; it is a careful avoidance of even the remotest appearance of our advocating a love which is as unlike Christian charity as the spirit of an insipid philanthropy is to the Holy Spirit ; it is an unambiguous declaration that we have not met here for the purpose of increasing the parties in the Church by adding a new one, but rather of bringing together into union all those who, as fellow-heirs of eternal glory, meet together at the throne of the Lamb. Oh may these things not be lost sight of by our Assembly, and may both friends and enemies be compelled at last to the acknowledgment that this Assembly has busied itself with all earnestness to follow the wisdom which is from above, and of which James says, that it is "First pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy!" May God grant that this problem also be fully solved!

III. In the last place, it is openly and repeatedly objected to our Assembly that we do not know what we want, and *have no definite, clearly-determined, and immediately practical aim*. We will not put our accusers to the disadvantage of asking them the simple question, why, if they really entertain such an opinion,

they have put themselves into such violent hostility against so meaningless and useless an Assembly as ours is? They say our meeting will have no results, but flow away like water. Yes; but we do hope that it will flow away like the water of the Nile, which leaves behind it not destruction, but only rich fruitfulness, and as it ebbs away from the inhabitants on its banks, whom its floods have perhaps terrified, is followed back to its bed with hymns of praise and thanks. If our Assembly will really have shown that the kingdom of God extends far beyond the boundaries of each particular country, and of the Confession of each particular Church, and that the healing again of the broken peace of the Church, ardently longed for by thousands of the widely-scattered followers of Christ, lies no longer only in the region of the possible, but has been realized as an accomplished fact; if, in consequence of the attainment of this result, hope is again revived in the faint-hearted, if new joy strengthens the desponding to build up the walls of Zion, and a spirit of mildness and temperance finds place in those who are eager for a particular ecclesiastical form, and the heart enlarges itself in all respects along with the extension of the circle of ecclesiastical vision—then by such results will not a beautiful, great, practical purpose be attained? And if the members of the Assembly take away with them the consciousness, as the spiritual gain of this meeting, that nothing is more necessary for the conquest of the world than the gathering closely together of all the faithful around the standard which bears on it this inscription, “Christ is all and in all;” nothing so much as an ever-repeated, diligent study of the Word of God, a reproduction of ecclesiastical confessions out of that Word, and a united, strong, joyful activity

for the planting of a new life more through the agency of men fitted and ruled by the Holy Spirit than through letters and forms—if, besides this consciousness, the brotherly communications, yea, the very presence together of brethren from all lands, impresses the conviction that the Lord, with His Spirit and His gifts, yet acts on the plan of preparing everywhere the living stones for the completion of the building of His temple, and that the labours of His servants in this work is well-pleasing to Him—Oh then, say, will any one doubt but that our Assembly has had a beautiful, real, practical result? Let us not, however, disregard the reproach that we have no practical tendencies, and let us feel that our third and last problem in these days is *this*—not to appear as doctrinaires and idealists, but to fasten our eyes attentively on the necessities and wants of actual life, and earnestly to take counsel with each other as to the means for their redress, and to act as brethren in the adoption of manly and vigorous resolutions.

In all Christian lands there is yet a great portion of the people, even in Protestant lands, to whom the sound of the Gospel has scarcely ever come. How can a way of entrance be opened up for the Lord Christ? Before the door of our Evangelical Church crowds of Roman Catholic priests stand and knock. How shall we prepare for them a field of operation and subsistence, and prepare them for their entry among us? A number of small Evangelical congregations languish in the Diaspora,¹ in the midst of the isolation and persecution which they have to endure. How may we succour, comfort, establish, and strengthen what will otherwise languish and die? Excellent

¹ Διασπορά = dispersion.

undertakings, missionary and literary (I name among the latter the publication of the lives and writings of the Fathers of the Evangelical Church),¹ threaten to be put a stop to for the want of means for carrying them on. Will it not befit us to help to carry forward such works? Our people are daily more and more poisoned by a light literature, which, like a flood, rolls its desolating waves over town and country. Might we not begin to lead the poor deluded people into a better and more wholesome pasture?

Consider these few questions, which I could very easily multiply. They point out to us a wide field for action, for practical undertakings, and for the immediate putting forth of help. Let us survey this field, dear brethren, if only to disprove this last accusation that has been raised against us, and let us be truly practical during these pleasant days of our conference!

I now conclude, and declare herewith the Assembly of Evangelical Christians from all lands to be opened. I only add the remark, that the fundamental principles on which this Assembly will continue to convene are absolutely excluded from discussion, inasmuch as they are regarded as already fixed. I cannot leave the place I now occupy without bowing in the dust in deepest humility, and, at the same time, in the name of you all, with joyful child-like confidence, entreating the Saviour himself, our adorable Lord and Master Jesus Christ, that He would preside over our assembly. May He condescend to look in love upon us, may He crown our conference with His favours as with a shield, may He so help us that we may be able to say, as was once said of the Temple of Jerusalem, "The glory of

¹ "Leben und ausgewählte Schriften der Väter und Begründer der reformirten und der lutherischen Kirche." Elberfeld.

the Lord filled the house ;” and may He grant that, at the close of our proceedings, thousands of the people, either anew or for the first time, may fall down in homage at His feet ! That is what we desire, long for, pray for, and to that end may He, the Eternal One, speak His all-conquering, efficacious Amen ! ¹

Krummacher continued with his whole heart to be warmly attached to the Evangelical Alliance to the end of his days. He took a deep interest in its meetings, from none of which he was ever absent. He saw in it a blessed foreshadowing of the time when there will be one Shepherd and one sheepfold, into which the scattered divisions of the Church shall all be gathered—a time for which his heart ardently longed. He

¹ Comparing this meeting of the Alliance with that afterwards held at Geneva in 1861, Dr Cairns, of Berwick, says :—“ In one point they strikingly resemble each other, the one meeting recalling Frederick the Great and Voltaire as much as the other recalled Voltaire and Rousseau. There was not, however, any symbol of victory at Geneva equal to the reception of the Alliance in the palace of Frederick at Potsdam, by the late amiable and pious King of Prussia ; and that extraordinary scene is likely to remain without parallel. In Berlin, too, the struggle had reached a more advanced stage, and the Alliance had to fight its way into the city, not as at Geneva against the Rationalist, but against the High Church formalist, who stands at the second remove from Voltairian scepticism. The whole impression of the Berlin conference was different from that of Geneva, being modified by the nature of the opposition it had to encounter. It was substantially a protest against a narrow and bigoted Confessionalism, which puts a clergy-church, Popish or Lutheran, in place of the Bible and the universal priesthood of Christians ; and the chief good it effected was in that direction. It undoubtedly helped, and that in no small degree, the downfall of the Stahl-Hengstenberg party, and the extrication of the Kirchentag from their influence, and the liberal career of the present Prussian ecclesiastical administration, of which the best fruit is the institution of lay eldership in the eastern provinces. This impulse to ecclesiastical liberalism is probably the best result of the Berlin Conference.”—*Proceedings of the Geneva Conference*, p. xii.—Tr.

was at the same time also not the less truly attached to the Kirchentag, and recognised in it an adaptation eminently seasonable and corresponding to the requirements and the special interests of the German Evangelical Church, and he would certainly have been one of the first to protest against any attempt to merge the Kirchentag into the Evangelical Alliance. But it was especially the fact that the latter, as well as the former, embodied a representation of the pure alliance of oneness in Christ Jesus, which made these Church Confederations so precious and dear to him, and nothing grieved him more, nothing made the pilgrimage of earth more wearisome to him, than when, as, alas! was the case at several meetings of the Kirchentag, doctrinal controversies were introduced, and instead of the spirit of love, threatened to awaken party hatred and strife. When it was necessary for him to wield the sword of the Spirit against the assaults of anti-Christianity, he was a Paul, full of fiery zeal and always ready for war, but yet, at the same time, in the innermost feelings of his soul, he was more a *John*, habitually breathing the entreaty: "Little children, love one another." That this was the case, is witnessed by the three questions which he proposed at the first meeting of the Kirchentag, held at Wittenberg in the year 1848, and which we here insert from the record of the proceedings.

" WITTENBERG, 23d September 1848.

" Dr Krummacher, of Berlin, proposed to the meeting the following motion :—

" " The idea of the Evangelical Church Alliance, which is to be established, has been hailed by all with delight ; its form stands out clearly before us. But we must for ourselves carry home with us something real, some

enduring treasure. This would be the case if the Assembly would answer by a unanimous *Ja* (yes) to these three questions which, in the name of many, I now propose.

“(1.) Have we here found ourselves to be such as those who can with Peter confess, “We believe and are sure that thou art Christ, the Son of the living God ;” and “ Lord, to whom shall we go ? thou hast the words of eternal life.” And has a great heart-alliance in Christ Jesus, our only Saviour, been concluded by us with one another during these days ?

“(2.) Will we abide steadfast in the spirit which, by the grace of God, has ruled in our Assembly, loving one another, bearing one another in our hearts, remembering one another in prayer, striving with one another only for the blessed and infallible cause of the Gospel, and defending one another on the great field of conflict whereon we stand ?

“(3.) Shall we all henceforth in our hearts regard ourselves as kindred in the Lord, as members of one family ; and may we look upon the register of the names of those who have been here assembled during these days as the record of a family full of mutual affection and love, so that when the persecution presses hard the desponding may, during the storm that is about to break forth, be sure to find food and shelter with their brethren till it shall pass over us ; and those who fall on the field of conflict, dying a martyr death, may, as they look upon wife and children, say to all, “ These are your sisters, these are your children.”¹

“A *Ja* spoken out in the presence of the Almighty, *that* would be a treasure, a costly jewel which we would carry away with us from this assembly.”

¹ See Note, p. 267.

In response to these questions the whole meeting rose up, and uttered a loud and solemn *Ja*. The hymn was then sung :—

“ All we who here together meet,
 United with one hand and heart,
 Cast ourselves at Jesus’ feet
 And nothing shall us ever part.
 Yes, we love and trust each other,
 All bound together, Lord, in Thee :
 Bless the compact, Elder Brother,
 And say Amen, So let it be!” (1)

How many of those who were present at the above-mentioned meeting of the Evangelical Alliance now unite their voices with his in the courts of the sanctuary above, around the throne of the Lamb, in singing the eternal hallelujah!—men whose names will always shine like stars in the firmament of the Christian world ! Of these we make mention of Sir Culling Eardley, of whom his German friend Krummacher thus wrote after the death of the distinguished, amiable, and truly womanly Lady Eardley : “ Sir Culling has now lost his faithful charioteer, and it will henceforth be very difficult for him to restrain so well his fiery ideas.” John Henderson, of Glasgow, who joyfully laid all his riches at the feet of his Lord; Ridley Herschel, the Israelite without guile; Louis Meyer, the faithful French witness for the truth, with a true German heart beating in his bosom; Frederick Monod, Adolf’s honoured brother; the

¹ “ Die wir uns allhier beisammen finden
 Schlagen unsre Hände ein,
 Uns auf Jesu Marter zu verbinden,
 Dir auf ewig treu zu sein.

Und zum Zeichen dass dies Lobgetöne
 Deinem Herzen angenehm und schöne
 Sage Amen und zugleich :
 Friede, Friede sei mit euch !”

unwearied missionary to the Berlin heathen, Edward Kuntze; and Bunsen, *the* Bunsen who, as the editor of his splendid "Gesang und Gebetbuch" (Hymn and Prayer Book), belonged to the Evangelical Alliance.

Of the members of the Kirchentag who have now passed away to the Assembly above, we here name only Stahl, and Nitzsch, and Sander to whom, as his fellow pilgrim to the heavenly Jerusalem, he erected an enduring monument in the Biography¹ which he published. In the beginning of the year 1859, the year in which death rent asunder the bond of pure and hallowed friendship that had so long united them together, Sander wrote in the following words to his beloved "Brother Krummacher:"—"It is always to me a festival day, which I have constantly celebrated, when your birth-day comes round. The goodness of the Lord which has encircled you stands then anew before my sight, and I rejoice again with renewed gladness that the Lord has united me in friendship with you. For a long time now (since 1825) the Lord has permitted us to walk together as fellow-pilgrims, and has granted to us the privilege of strengthening each other in this desert land.—Yet not wholly a desert, for now and then we meet with beautiful and lovely valleys. We have been able, also, at times to rest together under the peaceful shadow, and in sympathy with each other to look forward to the blessed land beyond the wilderness, and upwards to the throne of the Lord. What should hinder us from obtaining in answer to our prayers that our view of the heavenly world should never be dimmed by the mists and the darkness of this world."

And though this truly was never the case, yet the loss of his tried and trusted friend, Sander, only

¹ See page 151.

increased the sadness which had already oppressed his mind on account of the illness of the beloved King¹—a sadness which made his very heart to tremble as with the premonitions of death. On the 7th of June 1858, he wrote to his brothers in these words:—
 “I have at present not much more to say to you except that, preaching and living, I am busied making preparations for my last great journey, for which my God grant me grace. The more this is the case, so much the more earnestly would I say with the aged Apostle John, ‘Little children, love one another;’ with Paul, ‘Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you;’² with Gerhard Tersteegen :

‘ Away with wrath and angry strife!
 Seek peace, and enter into life;
 As children from the path ne’er roam,
 That leads you to your Father’s home;’

and with Claudius : ‘ Variances arise only because we do not understand one another.’ ” It was at this time that he preached his sermon on the Christian Pilgrimage³ to the heavenly home. He was not yet so near to the haven of eternal rest as he then thought himself to be, but was spared a little longer, to the praise of God, to be a blessing to his own congregation, and to the whole Evangelical Church. “Thou hast yet commis-

¹ Shortly after the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance (in October, 1857), the health of the King became seriously affected, occasioned, as was supposed, by the extraordinary exertions he had made, and the excitement connected with the meeting. Fears were entertained that he had sustained permanent mental injury. He never completely recovered.—Tr.

² Ephes. iv. 32.

³ Published in 1858, under the title of “Des Christen Wallfahrt nach der himmlischen Heimath.” Berlin.

sions of many kinds entrusted to thee which thou must discharge," wrote Sander at the close of the letter above referred to, and so it was. Much blessed work he had yet to perform in the service of his Lord. Among others, he had to give expansion to the "Evangelical Union," which he had established shortly after his entrance on his new sphere of labour at Potsdam. In the small, dimly-lighted chamber, the only one at his command, in which its meetings were at first held, he had frequently the joy of seeing the beloved King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. among the audience. Of the many addresses which he delivered at these meetings on various subjects belonging to the departments of ecclesiastical affairs, or of church history, which he presented in a very interesting, scientific, and artistic form, we here make mention only of that on "John Knox and Queen Mary"¹—an address which made a very deep impression far beyond the limits of Potsdam. Of a like kind, also, though necessarily conditioned by the character of his audience, were the lectures he delivered at the so-called "Military Association," a scientific society founded by the officers of the garrison, for the purpose of affording them an opportunity of applying their genuine Prussian culture, and extensive knowledge in certain departments of learning, in the delivery of addresses not only on purely military subjects, but also on subjects of general history, for the instruction and entertainment of their companions. With what remarkable tact their clerical associate, the Hofprediger Krummacher, adapted his addresses to this peculiar circle of hearers, is evidenced in the subjects which he chose. They were such as these, "the

¹ Published as a separate lecture, under the title, "Johann Knox und Königin Marie." Berlin.

Eye¹ of Frederick the Great;" "the Military Profession in the light of the Holy Scriptures;" "the Three Patron Saints of the Military Order—St George, St Maurice, and St Sebastian;" "a Comparison of Kings;"² and many others of a like kind, which all at length found their way into the military "Zeitung" (journal). Regarding one of these addresses, a military scion of our royal house wrote to him in these words:—"You have recently delivered an address before the Military Association of this place, which has made a deep impression on the minds of all who heard it, and has created in me the desire of becoming better acquainted with the subject discussed. Is it possible for you to reproduce it in print in all the freshness and originality with which it was delivered?"

He was very far, however, from frittering away his time in the delivering of lectures and addresses on subjects of minor importance. He regarded the quietness and retirement of Potsdam, into which the will of the Lord had brought him from his active and stirring life in Berlin, as a period granted to him for studying with greater earnestness the deep things of God, and we owe directly to this space of fifteen years a considerable number of his larger works. At the commencement of his residence in Potsdam, he resumed the publication, which had before that been commenced, of a series of sermons under the title of "The Sabbath-bell;"³

¹ That is, his spiritual eye—his royal vigilance and prompt continued and correct insight into what was wrong and what was right. The expression reminds of the proverb, "The eye of the master fatteth the cattle."—TR.

² "Eine Königsparallele, vorgetragen in der militärischen Gesellschaft zu Potsdam am 5 Nov. 1860," published in the "Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung," 19th Jan. 1861. It is a comparison between David, the King of Israel, and Friedrich Wilhelm IV., the King of Prussia.—TR.

³ "Die Sabbathglocke. Kirchliche Zeugnisse, von Dr F. W. Krummacher. Zwölf Bände." Berlin.

and in the year 1854 he published "The Suffering Saviour,"¹ as a sequel to the "Advent Book;"² and in the year 1862, that he might complete this series of volumes, he published the volume for Easter and Whitsuntide, entitled "Christ Lives."³ And as if these precious Bible promises were finding in him their fulfilment—"as thy days, so shall thy strength be;" "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to show that the Lord is upright;"⁴—he laid before the Lord, in the year 1866, as the fruit of his vigorous, flourishing old age, his "David the King of Israel,"⁵ a work which worthily ranks with his earlier productions, "Elijah the Tishbite" and "Elisha," and completes, as with a sparkling gem, the circle of his Biblical Expositions. With ever-increasing streams of grace and blessing, the Lord was pleased to own the sermons which he preached, and his own pure and consistent life, whereby he more and more glorified Him who is "fairer than the sons of men." "Whoever heard him honoured him, and whoever saw him loved him," hundreds are ready to say with us. Love, however humble and obscure might be the earthly lot of those who manifested it toward him, was always a sweet and refreshing consolation to him on his earthly pilgrimage. His "circular-correspondence" with his

¹ "Der Leidende Christus. Ein Passionsbuch." Bielfeld, 1854. An English translation of this work, 5th edition, has been published by Messrs T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

² "Adventsbuch. Zweite Auflage." 1863.

³ "Christus lebt! Ein Oster-und Pfingstbuch." Bielfeld, 1862.

⁴ Deut. xxxiii. 25; Ps. xcii. 13-15.

⁵ "David der Koenig von Israel. Ein biblisches Lebensbild mit fortgehender Beziehung auf die Psalmen." Berlin. An English translation of this work has been published by Messrs T. & T. Clark, Edinburgh.

brothers runs like a golden thread through a long course of years ; and the hours and days which he spent with them, particularly with his brother Emil, were always festival days, which for a long time after left cheerful and bright traces behind them. We nowhere discover so directly the unrestrained language of his heart as in these letters, from some of which we make the following extracts :—

“ HALBERSTADT, 4th Oct. 1860.

“ BELOVED BROTHERS,—From amid a stream of thousandfold delights and spiritually quickening and refreshing enjoyments, from amid renewed friendships, gladdening like the radiant beams of a pleasant autumn day, I now withdraw myself for a little, that I may salute you all and thank you for your last and specially welcome circular-letter. The meeting of the Kirchentag at Barmen¹ was not in any way particularly remarkable for its ostensible results, but it was very precious for the spirit of harmony and peace which, like the unclouded autumn sun which poured his rays all around us, pervaded it from the commencement to the close. The renewal of old hallowed friendships and the formation of new ones was, I may say, my principal business there. Fellowship and home intercourse with my brother of Duisburg formed the fragrant blossom of my enjoyment. During the ten days I spent at Elberfeld the waves of our friendly delights rose so high that they threatened to overwhelm us in a very sea of joy. Between me and my old congregation there was constantly renewed during these days the old bond of affection, so that they became to me festival days. There flowed upon me, as there never had done before, a full stream of

¹ In September 1860, the eleventh meeting of the Kirchentag.

love and respect. I know not whence it came. From morning to evening I was constantly greeted by old friends, who shook me by the hand with hearty salutations. After I had preached to them in the old church, they came to me with the earnest wish of all that I would again return to my old flock at Elberfeld, and end my days amongst them. And I must confess that I felt not a little pleasure in such a thought. We are for the present sojourning with our children at Halberstadt. You may well conceive how happy we are in this family circle, richly blessed with the blessing of the God of Peace."

"POTSDAM, 19th Jan. 1861.

"We are all here in deep grief, and the crape which we wear is the true token of our sorrow. And so the King in all his splendour has passed away! I often think that in this wicked, godless world and age such a King as he was was altogether too good for those over whom he reigned. How much I particularly have lost in his departure you well know. But is it not a wonderful providence that these words, so much scoffed at—'As for me and my house we will serve the Lord'¹—have renewed

¹ Speaking of Frederick William IV. in an article written for the "News of the Churches," referred to below, Krummacher says: "It is generally known that the King mounted his throne with the vow of the Israelite leader, which he also uttered before all the people, 'As for me and my house we will serve the Lord;' and who will refuse to bear him witness that he remained even till the end true to this his motto, and that in his public as well as in his private life, he laboured at least incessantly to act upon it. In science and in art, in the church and the public school, he left a good work behind him. He has bequeathed to his successor many great and promising plans, which await their realisation only in the future. It may justly be believed that the heir to the throne is prepared to take possession of this heritage. To the joy of all believing men, though under the censure of libertines, the life watchword of his royal brother,

themselves from the lips of the present King, and that he has publicly acknowledged the glorious inheritance of the 'good confession?' Has not the Lord in all this been pleased to give us a comforting token? I think that He truly has.

"On the 2d of January, a few hours after the death of the King, I stood along with the ministers by the bedside of the departed. How lovely and calm did his countenance seem to us as we gazed upon it! The young Crown-Prince came up to me, and with eyes dimmed with tears, and with quivering lips, took me affectionately by the hand. That sight comforted me; and I thought with myself, the saddest persons in this chamber of death are, besides myself, the Prince and the two valets de chambre, who stand sobbing in the corner of the room. Alas, how desolate Sans-Souci will appear to me at the returning bloom of spring!

"I have by request contributed, for the sake of the people of England, a sketch of the King's character, to the pages of the 'News of the Churches,' which has appeared in the February number of that journal. My article, 'Eine Königsparallele,'¹ you will already have read in the 'Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung.' . . . That General von Gerlach should have departed into eternity at the same time with his royal master is very noteworthy."

'As for me and my house we will serve the Lord,' was renewed upon his lips, and not upon his lips alone. In his first royal speech he gave evidence that he had this never-to-be-forgotten record of the departed graven on his heart. The epitaph which his predecessor had designed for himself in these words, '*Here reposes, in God his Saviour, in the hope of a blessed resurrection and merciful judgment, based only on the merits of our most holy Redeemer Jesus Christ, and in expectation of life eternal, Frederick William IV.,*' he characterized as a 'good confession.'"—TR.

¹ See Note 2, page 295.

“ POTSDAM, 26th October 1861.

“ BELOVED BROTHERS,—From July to the end of October—a long space of time. There are embraced in it many scenes in our family life. If it is not all so radiant with sunshine as we could have wished, yet there were no parts of it which were not brightened by the rays of the Sun of which we sing:—

‘ The Sun which shines is Jesus,
He brightens all our way;
His light from darkness frees us,
He shines and makes it day.’

“ How bright were the days spent at the conference at Geneva,¹ and among friends in Lausanne! Those were blessed days for the Church of Christ. Yea, we then felt as if we had come to the very outer-courts of the ‘Jerusalem that is above.’ I cannot here tell you all about it. You, dear Adelaide, in Tecklenburg, already heard many things about it from me by word of mouth; and you, dear Emil, have heard from me by letter regarding it; and to you who are in Ballenstadt, M. will open the treasures of her recollection. It is possible that I may by and bye be able to send you a printed account of the meeting, which will convey to you some idea at least of the blessings and the joys wherewith the Lord enriched us beside the banks of Lake Lemman.² The festival of the coronation of the King³ is now over. It was a very grand ceremonial, full of promise for Prussia, for which God is to be praised. Yesterday the King was here. He said to me: ‘I doubt not but that you accompanied me with your prayers during that solemn ceremonial: I know it. Believe me, I trembled when

¹ Meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva, in September 1861.

² Lake of Geneva.

³ At Königsberg, in the Schlosskirche, on the 19th October 1861.

I took the crown from off the altar of the Lord, that is, from the hand of God. So great appeared to me to be the responsibility which with the oath I took upon myself, that I would wear it in His name, and only to His glory. Continue to pray for me that God would be pleased to strengthen me!' I assured him that I would not fail to do as he desired. He then shook Heym and me heartily by the hand, and went into the chamber where the generals and the foreign princes were waiting for him. It was quite observable that his whole soul vibrated with solemn emotion. That was distinctly seen in the whole tone of his words.

But, dearest Wilhelm,¹ what sort of an old rationalist is this that again peeps out of you?—what! that the Bible contains sayings which are proved to be false by the progress of science?—The Bible, of which, according to the declaration of the Highest Authority, not one iota shall come to nought? Has it then perished along with the doctrine of a mechanical inspiration, according to which the sacred writers wrote, self-consciously, and self-actively indeed, and with free impulse, but yet so under the guidance of the Holy Spirit as that no error flowed from their pens? The Bible will not, indeed, convey to us instructions in geology; but as little will it lead us into any geological error, or entangle us in any false notion. I am firmly convinced that the physical sciences which, according to the confession of their most distinguished students, are yet in their infancy, will, in the progress of research, in the end perfectly harmonize with the Bible, and particularly with the Mosaic account of the creation. Patience only is necessary for us, and particularly for writers on apologetics, that they do not rashly adopt any par-

¹ Krummacher's brother-in-law, Wilhelm von Kügelgen.

ticular view, and seek to defend the cause of God with weapons which they will afterwards be forced to lay aside, exposing the cause to the calumnies of libertines. Kurtz, of Dorpat, has, I am sorry to say, often done this. He would have done excellent service if he had only been humble enough to confess that on this and that point he must abstain from expressing an opinion, because he had not as yet sufficient light to enable him to do so. Yet I agree with Kurtz, Hengstenberg, Auberlen,¹ Ebrard,² and an hundred others of our best theologians in saying: that if the canon of Scripture anywhere teaches error, then no confidence can at all be placed in any part of it. If the Book of Kings contains myths, why then not also the four Gospels? But, dear Wilhelm, you have perhaps only wished to throw a paradox as a sort of ferment into our communications by letter with each other. But even if your head were full of scepticism and of unbelief, which is by no means the case, yet I know well what *you* are.

“Dear Emil, you would have spoken of Stahl somewhat more gently than you really did, though you have done it more humorously than with any evil intention, had he been numbered among the dead at the time you wrote. I confess that Berlin has for me lost one of its chief attractions since this agitator and energetic man

¹ Was Professor of Theology at the University of Basel, where he laboured with great acceptance from 1851 to the time of his death in 1864. He was one of the most gifted and promising of the Evangelical Divines of Germany. His principal works are, “Commentary on the Epistles to the Thessalonians,” for Lange’s “Bibelwerk;” “The Prophet Daniel, and the Revelations of John,” and “The Divine Revelation,” English translations of which have been issued by the publishers of this work.—TR.

² Professor of Theology at the University of Erlangen. He is the author of valuable expository works on “The Epistle to the Hebrews;” “The Epistles of John;” and “The Gospel History,” and which have been published in “Clark’s Foreign Theological Library.”—TR.

is no more there. It is no doubt true that he has so far, in the hearts of his truest and most ardent friends and partizans, such as Groon van Prinsterer, the Bishop of London,¹ with whom I am personally acquainted, von Rougemont, in Neuchâtel, and others, cast a deep shadow over himself by his dialectical eccentricities and his sophisms. What blessings this richly-gifted man might have left behind him in the world had he been in *all* respects sound and free! What will the House of Parliament now do without him? By the grace of God all is well with us, at least we would be ungrateful churls were we to complain rather than to give thanks.

“Have you heard of that remarkable scene which occurred at one of Hoffman’s church visitations which he held in Silesia? One of the congregations which he there visited stood up against the reception of his ‘Improved Hymn-book.’ Hoffman directed the heads of households to meet together in the church that he might confer with them about the matter. ‘Now friends,’ said he, ‘what have you to allege against the new Hymn-book?’ A peasant replied, ‘The purchase of it involves us in expense, and the congregation is poor.’ Hoffman answered ‘That will be cared for. The poorest will obtain it gratuitously.’ Another peasant said, ‘We wish to abide by the hymns which our fathers before us have sung.’ Hoffman in reply, ‘Your fathers sung, it is true, only *good* hymns, but these are all contained in the new Hymn-book.’ A third peasant stood up and objected, ‘So much is said about the devil in the new book.’ Hoffman answered, ‘Yes, but there is also very much said about the devil in the Bible, will you reject it also?’ A fourth peasant then

¹ Now Archbishop of Canterbury.

interposed, 'Yes; but there is also something said about the devil's widow in it!' Hoffman in astonishment answered, 'Why, that would be good indeed; for then would the devil be dead. But where do you find anything said about the devil's widow?' The peasant, with the open book in his hand, cries, 'Here, here, General Superintendent!' And so in truth it was. The printer had made a typographical error, and had inserted the words 'devil's widow' (Wittwe) instead of the 'devil's rage' (Wittern)!

"I now commend you to the protections and grace of the Lord, against the devil's rage, and against his insinuations and his wiles."

"POTSDAM, 5th February 1862.

"I salute you in the name of God, my beloved brothers! My first salutation to you, dear Emil! A jubilee (gaudium) of both laughing and weeping—both, in a most literal sense—you prepared for me by your epistola gratulatoria (letter of congratulations) on my last birth-day. Your conjuring up 'antediluvian' pictures and personages from out of the buried past of our life at once agitated me with laughter, and opened the fountain of tears. Yes, there is a vast gap between the Kettwig 'Heisterbusch'¹ and the Potsdam royal gardens, and yet how much of the fresh breath of life still breathes upon me, even to this day, from these old oak groves of Kettwig! We were then, indeed, nothing more than boys of the forest rioting in the unconscious idolatry of nature; but on that very account it is to-day all the easier for us to have compassion on those who are what we then were. What you say of old age from the heart I sympathize with. May God the Lord

¹ See page 24.

fulfil the wish with which you bless me!—till now the only thing that has reminded me of old age is my now and then forgetting names. But in pleasure in studying, and in acquiring knowledge, as well as in preaching, I can as yet perceive no mark of decrease. But one must at least look for it, only may God keep us by His grace from outliving *ourselves*.

“Very precious to me was your salutation on the morning of the 28th January, dearest brother-in-law, Wilhelm! It refreshed me, breathing upon me like the fragrance of the sacrifices continually offered up in the great temple of the Hercynian¹ pine forests. Be thankful, thou noble child of man; thou whom God has endowed so richly, that, even though without name or worldly dignity, thou wouldst not exchange places with any one of all in whose nostrils is the breath of life! That the ‘circular-letters,’ beloved Tecklenburg friends, have on this occasion remained so unusually long a time with you, ye yourselves must be self-condemned; and therefore ye shall not be condemned by me. Never were the letters which came from you so hoary with age as at this time. Yet were they heartily welcome. Six months go past—at least so it appears to me—quicker now than formerly did six weeks. Yes, age creeps on us stealthily, and then at length it gallops along with us, bearing us—to the end!

“Ye dear friends at Bremen, it is true, as ye have experienced it, that we have a living God who is able not only to do exceeding abundantly ‘above all that we ask or think,’ but also beyond the calculations of

¹ The great forest of Germany in the time of Julius Cæsar. It is now in many parts cut down. The “Black Forest,” the “Thuringer,” and the “Boehmerwald,” are parts of it that still remain.

all human art and science. May He further glorify Himself in His dealings toward the dear afflicted one ! The young doctor¹ I often in my thoughts confound with the old, as if the past thirty years were blotted out. Is not that an anticipation of eternity ?—There shall be time no longer ! I am oftentimes not conscious when our Adolf or Emil's Hermann are here, whether I am talking with my son and nephew or with my brother. It is a curious phenomenon ; it is as if Uncle Möller were almost perennial.

“ Beloved brother and sister at Düsseldorf, Gustavus and Marie, receive also my most hearty thanks for your good wishes. Your golden fidelity has not a little contributed to make my days precious to me. How greatly we rejoice to see you in the circle of your children, grandchildren, and so many Christian friends ! The Lord never suffers any of His children to be in distress as to their temporal wants. He directs with the gracious interposition of His love all the movements of their earthly concerns.”

“ POTSDAM, 23d August 1863.

“ There is an end of the world for each one singly, and I think I have now arrived at the beginning of such, especially when I consider our present political situation. Everywhere the earth trembles under us. *My* world perishes ; and will not also the whole present world come to nought ?—and we may for the first time look down upon the *new* from heaven above. Yes, this is *certain* ! Let us then be joyful in the blessed hope !

Why is there such death-like stillness in our Evangelical Church, whilst Rome is making such fearful

¹ His nephew, Adolf Krummacher, who followed him on the 26th January 1869, to the eternal home. He was 31 years of age.

efforts to devour us ! Even the Confessional fanaticism appears to be cooling down, though it shows by its red bivouac fires that we Evangelicals are still in existence. Our Conferences are dull ; even that held at Detmold has not thrown any sparks over the Teutoburgerwald.¹ No excitement even sprang out of the festival week of the annual meetings of the religious societies in the Wupperthal. The Berlin Pastoral Conference went gently round about rather than touched the pressing questions of the day, and was very dry ; whilst the Catholic conferences held at Trent,² Cologne, and Mechlin,³ vomited forth flame, even though it were demoniacal. . . . Stahl was wont to stir us all up. Then some light gleamed out from the Church. Now—what a grey firmament over us, without rain and storm !—may God have compassion on His Zion ! ”

“ POTSDAM, 18th August 1864.

“ I was a short time ago a good deal in the devil’s kitchen of Baur, Strauss, Renan, and Schenkel, where the enchanting potion is prepared, which in due time will produce the anti-Christian intoxication of the people. Sure enough, ‘ great power and much cunning are their terrible weapons ; ’ and science has yet much to do before it can boast of a complete victory over their bulwarks. Is it questionable whether it will ever wholly succeed ? *Our* chief bulwark is experience.”

¹ A chain of mountains in Germany.

² In 1845, the ter-centenary of the opening of the Council of Trent was celebrated in that city and elsewhere by the Catholic Church of Germany with great *éclat*. In 1863, from 20th to 30th June, the ter-centenary of the close of the Council was celebrated with yet greater splendour. It is to this that Krummacher refers.—TR.

³ Or Malines, a town in Belgium.—TR.

“POTSDAM, 25th June 1865.

“Since the death of Knapp and of Mallet, I feel that two more blanks have been made which can never again be filled up. The souls of these men were like two galvanic batteries charged with celestial electricity. There was need only for a gentle touch, and out of the one there flowed a stream of sacred poetry, from the other a torrent of holy love. The young theological recruits in this country are very well *schooled*, but they are bloodless, without elasticity, and poor in their own independent thoughts.

“Our garden is this summer like a large green breeding-cage for birds. It is full of nests, which we find everywhere, from which the young ones are seen flying about sportfully, and without fear. Till a few days ago five nightingales warbled in emulation with each other night and day. We also are living almost constantly in the open air, among the green trees.

“Are you, dear Emil, going to the sea-side? Whether we will this summer, for a time, be able to leave the Potsdam paradise (from which the serpent however is not wanting), is as yet uncertain. I do not feel any great need of it, since I am well able to bear the burden of all the official duties that here devolve upon me.”

“POTSDAM, 30th August 1865.

“ Alas, on this occasion, in Ballenstadt,¹ the gentle golden sun² of the princely castle did not shine upon us. Instead of her, a wandering, motley crowd of opera singers played about us, almost giving

¹ A town in Anhalt, lying at the foot of the Hartz mountains, not very far from Halberstadt.

² Fredericka, Duchess of Anhalt.

a character to the place. But, as it appeared to me, they were honest, respectable people. Their rehearsals of their songs, echoing out from the public hall of our inn, were heard by us in our apartments, and often threw the spell of their enchantment over us. There is a glory of the world, which, when health is enjoyed, only faith enables one to cast at the feet of the devil,¹ for "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even faith." That is perhaps a trivial truth, but nevertheless it is a truth which experience confirms to every one.

"In Ballenstadt I saw again also our old friend Hoffman, the Upper Court-preacher. He is the same cheerful, amiable man that he was forty-five years ago—youthful, hearty; yet it is noticeable that now and then, suddenly, and but for a moment, the old man is seen looking out of his face—a look which, perhaps, in a few years more, will become stationary: a reflected shadow of the approaching future. This may be the case also, perhaps, with many more of us. The two Barudas, the old, good, fairy queens in the Lustgarten, at Ballenstadt, I missed very much."

"POTSDAM, 21st July 1866.

"Yes, a sorrowful time; yet with what glory is it brightened! May God the Lord gain his purpose with our people. I write as if from the midst of a battle-field. The 'rider on the red horse'² sends his bloody sacrifices by hundreds to Potsdam; and the rider on the 'pale' horse every day makes demand for such around us. I am chaplain to the hospital, and must wait upon the sick. . . . As it seems to me, the worst yet stands before us: a desperate

¹ Matt. iv. 8-10.

² Rev. vi. 4.

war. Yet I am of good cheer. The letters of our people breathe all humility and confidence in God; and in how pleasing and promising a light does the King appear!

“The sermons I preach are all of an elevated tone. Even into the souls of dry, stiff preachers there has come the quickening breath. The people also who for years had not been seen in a church, now frequent the prayer-meeting. May God grant a true revival of religion!

“We are, God be praised for it, as yet all well, although we sorrow in sympathy with many bereaved families here. . . . Can you explain to me how it comes about that in this war the spirit of poetry is altogether silent? The poems published in the newspapers are unworthy of the occasion. They are but a feeble echo of the songs of 1812-13. Is it because it is a Government war and not a people's war? Then, in that case, the fidelity and heroism of our soldiers were all the more worthy of admiration. Or is it because Pegasus shrinks in terror before these perfected implements of murderous war, the modern musket and cannon?”

“POTSDAM, 26th Sept. 1866.

“Would that there were now peace! But what will be the fruits of this war, I mean for the kingdom of God? I fear the Lord is too little thought of amongst us. And what will grow out of the ‘United Germany?’ Such a scheme of union often appears to me to be hazardous, and likely to realise a state of things such as would arise if king lion were to say, ‘I wish now to unite together into one tribe the dogs and the cats, seeing they are already natives of the same country,’ and in prosecution of his design were to

shut them up in one cage, without however previously changing their natures. But, at the same time, I am not without hope for the future, and with our ‘God nothing is impossible.’ Moreover, I rejoice that now again we may discuss biblical subjects from the pulpit, for the people had for months a disposition to hear and speak only of political events, and even the cholera was in comparison a secondary matter, at least with those who were spared its infliction.

What a precious, glorious memory, dear Wilhelm, is that which the hero of Skalitz,¹ your brave son Gerhard, has left behind him! He still lives, and will long continue to live, in the cherished recollection of our families. May God the Lord take us all under His gracious protection till we too receive our ‘discharge’ from this earth!”

“POTSDAM, 26th May 1867.

“How noble was he² who has just passed away from this earth! Yet he has only gone from us on a journey. We ought to praise God that he has gone at length to his home. But yet it is very very difficult for the feeling of thanks within us to gain the mastery over the deep deep sorrow. O God, help us to triumph by faith, and not to seek the living among the dead. Now he bears in his hand the palm of peace, and enjoys fellowship with his Gerhard and with his little daughter, who went home before him, and, above all, with *Him* who has helped him at length into His heavenly kingdom. Ah! how long must we tarry here before we are again united with all who are there! Praise

¹ Gerhard von Kügelgen, Captain of the 38th Prussian Regiment of Foot. He fell on the 28th June, in the battle at Skalitz, in Bohemia.—TR.

² His brother-in-law, Wilhelm von Kügelgen, of Ballenstadt, Chamberlain to the Duke of Anhalt.—TR.

be to Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace! He never leaves us by death."

How soon, alas! did he himself stand in more pressing need of this very consolation. The remembrance of the never-to-be-forgotten, altogether delightful meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Amsterdam, and of his sojourn thereafter for a short time at Halberstadt, where the grandfather with joyful emotion baptized his last-born grandson, was peculiarly refreshing and animating to his heart. The harvest passed away, and the winter days came with their varied scenes, when, on the 14th of December, the faithful companion of his earthly pilgrimage, Charlotte, the most precious and most beloved, according to his own oft-repeated testimony, of all he possessed on earth, was laid on a bed of sickness. In the course of the summer she had, in company with her husband, revisited those scenes which were hallowed in the memories of their youth, her old paternal home at Frankfurt, the burning of whose venerable cathedral of historic interest, which happened at that time, deeply moved her, and Ruhrort, the cradle of her happy married life. On the 22d of December she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, after a brief illness, happily free from pain and anguish. Her tender, cheerful, maternal faithfulness and love, irradiated by a child-like piety, which scattered every cloud from around her, veiled itself during her illness not for a moment: on the contrary, a light, as if a reflection from the world above, shone around her death-bed. The love and the veneration of a child are not able to depict her beautiful image as it is enshrined in the heart, yet may it be partly seen brightly shining out in the following letter:—

*“Friedrich Wilh. Krummacher to his Parents.**“RUHRORT, in June 1823.*

“I salute you with a warm, warm heart, dearly beloved parents ; for the first time I salute you in my new life. O help me to thank the Lord, and sing to Him with a loud voice a new song, for He looks graciously on me, and it almost seems as if He could not, and meant not, to withdraw from me His paternal eye. How joyful I have been because of all His gracious dealings with me, since, with tears in my eyes, and with your blessing resting on my head, I took my departure from your beloved circle.—Listen !

“On the 4th of June, at ten o’clock, I was united in marriage before the Lord to my dear Lotte. Passavant¹ blessed our union, and he was so deeply moved and so joyful, and spoke so energetically, with such depth and clearness and unction, that I often thought I heard my own father’s voice in his. The great crowd of persons present on the occasion wept. Lotte and I said “Ja-Ja-” with as much gladness of spirit, and with as much decision as if we had been asked whether we were willing to enter the gates of Paradise. With trustful confidence in the Lord, and with love to Him and to one another we left the altar, and we both carried in our hearts the seal and pledge of our happiness. We were happy then—are to-day happier than before, and so it will be for ever. Of that there is no doubt. God has given me a noble wife; and to the congregation a pastor’s wife (Pfarrer-in), who, as such, leaves nothing to be wished for besides. Therefore, let your hearts rejoice with ours ; your joy has a firm foundation on which to rest. After our marriage we spent a few hours in the

¹ See p. 109.

circle of our intimate friends. My Manuel¹ gave us the last parting kiss. The tears flowed copiously. We set off. Lotte acted nobly. She held firm by the words: 'She will leave her father and mother, and cleave unto her husband;' and because the Lord had said this she found it quite out of place to complain much, or to despond. In the name of the Lord, and trusting in His help, we took our departure, and were happy and joyful—how could it be otherwise? It was a pleasure for me to contemplate my Lotte in the hour of her departure from her father's house—the bitterest of her life. Our journey on the Rhine was full of pleasure. Peace and joy in fulness came over us. We spent a precious day with the old faithful Wilhelmi, the pastor of St Goar, a second day in Cologne, and arrived happily on Monday morning at Düsseldorf. Our first going out brought us into the arms of—our beloved Emil! What a hearty salutation we met with! How shall I describe it to you? O how dear, how dear my brother Emil is to me! All the friends that I ever lose I find in him again, and I might almost say, in a nobler form than ever. What a happy lot has fallen to me, yea, happy beyond comparison!

"In the inn we occupied a quiet little chamber together. In a short time a great crowd of the people of Ruhrort began to throng about the square. I went down with Emil, and entering into their midst saluted them with the salutation of peace. What a moment was that! What emotion stirred within their minds, and what a light of holy joy beamed upon their countenances! Lotte stood above at the window, and could only sob. I could not say much to the people.

¹ See p. 99.

Emil had to come to my help. It was an hour of divine mercy, and my soul was deeply moved. On the following morning another company came from Ruhrort to salute me, with eyes beaming with kindness, and with words of hearty welcome as they shook me by the hand. About ten o'clock the whole multitude formed into a procession, and accompanied us to the banks of the Rhine. What a sight there met our view! Here there lay a large boat, with sails unfurled, and wreathed all around with ornaments and branches. Three large flags floated from the masts, like three banners of victory. The chairs provided for me and Lotte were wreathed also with flowers. We seated ourselves, and forthwith the anchor was weighed. One of our elders, a pious old man, held the rudder, ten young lads rowed with all their strength, the flags spread out, and the wind was favourable. The ship glided along majestically down the stream; the King himself could not have been conveyed more royally than we were. Now we conversed seriously together, and our conversation always ended in thanks to God. The Spirit of God hovered over the waters, bound our souls together, and revealed His presence in our words and actions. The people of Ruhrort who accompanied us said, that the four hours they had spent in the ship with us were the fairest and happiest of their whole life. There was eating and drinking at the table, which was richly spread, but all was becoming and worthy. It was *Christian* joy that ruled in our midst. For Lotte's sake there were some women also with us in the ship.

“At Kaiserwerth, Uerdingen, and other places which we passed in our voyage, we were saluted with the firing of cannon. O how much Emil and I delighted in thinking and speaking of you! Had you been only

present with us in our boat we would gladly have resigned to you our seats. Your health was several times proposed in the toasts of the burghers.

“At length we came near to the birch woods of Duisburg, when lo! little boats adorned with birch branches were seen rapidly sailing up the stream to meet us. Scarcely had they seen our flags when they saluted us, firing their cannon and muskets. Our ship gave answer to the salutations. They soon boarded us, and heartily welcomed us, shaking us warmly by the hand. The boats were all bound together, and thus, like a little fleet, we floated down the river. Soon the cannon at Ruhrort were fired, and the tower of the church came in view. I went with Emil and Lotte into one of the ships near us, and we there prayed together unto the Lord. The banks on both sides of the river became the longer the more animated. At Homberg, several cannon were fired as a friendly salutation to us. Ruhrort now lay before us, beautiful in the sunshine, under a clear blue sky. The cannon roared without intermission. The whole banks swarmed with people; and—what a lovely sight!—all the ships were adorned with their gayest flags. Now the bells pealed forth their welcome, my heart was filled within me, and tears began to flow, while inwardly I prayed to the Lord. I cannot describe to you the state of our minds when we at length set foot on the banks of the river at Ruhrort. The burgomaster and the president of the presbytery for the time being received us at the side of the ship. The teachers were there at the head of their scholars; the girls, dressed in white and adorned with shoots of ivy, came to meet me with flower wreaths; they gathered in a circle around me and delivered to me a beautiful poem. They then all sang a hymn in four-

part beautiful music. I could now only lean on Emil's arm and weep, and my Lotte sobbed with emotion. As soon as the singing ceased, I composed myself and spoke a few words from my heart to the assembled people. A hymn was again sung, and, thereafter, the whole company formed into a procession, and we walked away toward our home. I walked between the burgomaster and the president of the presbytery. The children, wearing wreaths on their heads, strewed flowers in the way. Emil accompanied Lotte, and then the whole congregation followed behind. The whole of Ruhrort was adorned with flowers like a very garden. All the streets were planted thick with branches and twigs. Everywhere there were crowns, wreaths, and tablets covered with well-chosen precious sentences from the Scriptures. Banners and handkerchiefs were waved from the windows of the houses, and branches and flowers covered the streets. Every one bowed with a friendly salutation to me as I passed. I greeted them in return, and prayed and wept and smiled—all at the same time (*durcheinander*.) Thus we were accompanied to the parsonage-house. The rooms were crowded. I poured out my heart in prayer aloud, in which the whole company, moved to tears, joined with me. I then went into my chamber alone, and shortly thereafter we left the house and proceeded to that of Haniel, whose family gave us a most friendly welcome. Emil remained one day with us. On the following day Lotte began to see after the affairs of her housekeeping, while I received visits and studied.

“Last Sabbath I was introduced by Mohn. The church was beautifully adorned with flowers and inscriptions, and was more densely crowded with people than it had ever been before. An additional gallery

had been erected, and yet the house could not contain all the people. They stood in crowds before the door, and clustered round the windows, from which the frames had been removed that they might hear. I preached from the text, 1 Cor. iii. 11-13,¹ with much delight, and as I hear energetically: God be praised for this. It was very difficult for me to compose myself during these exciting days. After the sermon, Mohn introduced me, and he did so with great dignity and solemnity. He spoke with unction, and made mention of my 'venerable, pious father, who had laid his hand on the head of his son, blessing him.'

"At midday a large party gathered around our table at dinner. Emil, Molenaar, our noble brother from Crefeld, Daubenspeck from Homberg, von Ernster from Xante, were the pastors who were present on the occasion. Ross was unwell. On Monday we made our first journey to Baerl and Budberg. These were precious hours. This Ross of Budberg, no, there is not a more amiable fellow than he is. We sat and chatted together till midnight. Ross gave utterance to many precious, thoroughly evangelical sentiments and maxims. It was specially soothing to us, dear father, to find that he cherishes so great affection for you. He loves us, and treats us as if we were his own children.

"Last night was the first which we have yet spent in our own house, and to-day our dinner has been cooked at our own fire, and we have eaten our own bread for the first time. Our housekeeping goes on altogether

¹ "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."

most splendidly. Yes, my Lotte understands her department, and everybody praises me that I have been so fortunate !”

After the space of twenty-five years, in 1848, he addressed to her the following salutation on her birthday, the 18th of May :—

- “ If thou but glad and cheerful art,
 Then we all responsive sing ;
 And peaceful joy pervades each heart,
 Coming like the breath of Spring.
- “ Thy presence fills our home with light ;
 If no cloud obscures thy ray,
 Though storms without be black as night,
 Here it shines like fairest May !
- “ God grant us then, from day to day,
 That we still thy light enjoy ;
 Then come to us whatever may,
 Songs alone our tongues employ ! ”¹

And again, twenty years later, seven weeks after her happy death, he wrote, on the 13th of February 1868, as follows :—

“ BELOVED BROTHERS,—Pardon me that the circular-letters have been so long withheld from you. Since

¹ “ Wenn Du nur frisch und fröhlich bist,
 Gleich find wir's Alle auch,
 Und uns umweht's zu jeder Frist
 Wie milder Frühlingshauch.

“ Du bist die Sonn' in unserm Haus ;
 Strahlst Du nur woltenfrei,
 So blüht im wild'sten Zeitgebraus
 Uns doch der schönste Mai !

“ Walt's Gott denn, dass es Tag für Tag
 Nur so durch Dich uns mai't,
 Dann sprechen wir, was kommen mag—
Stets, stets von guter Zeit ! ”

the 22d of December of last year, I can scarcely think of anything else—and can even to-day with difficulty do so—than the desolation which has blighted my life. Alas ! what have I not lost in the now glorified one who has been taken away from me ? Even the joy which I felt in the duties of my sacred office leaned—I now for the first time feel that it is so—essentially on *her*, and the love which was so richly bestowed on me and on my house was chiefly owing to the pure benevolence and genuine, upright friendship which she manifested towards all. Yes, she was the sun of our dwelling ; and, alas ! it has now set. May the Divine Sun of righteousness all the more brightly shine through the clouds which have now cast their dark shadows around my life, and will continue to enshroud me until I have shaken the dust of this valley of tears and of death from off my feet !

“ Beloved brothers and sisters, I thank you with all my heart for your fraternal sympathy, and for the words of consolation which you have addressed to me. Yes, yes, we know where she who has fallen asleep now is ; but yet our sorrow at our loss will continue till—and I will not have long to wait for it—we are again united with her. Ah, would that a clearer view were granted to me into the heavenly world ! ‘ We walk by faith, not by sight.’ Certainly, certainly ; but yet how difficult it is for us poor pilgrims on earth to do so. My daughters, who are now my great comfort, join with me in heartiest salutations to you. Remember us in your prayers before the Lord.”

“ They who walk through the valley of Baca make it a well.” “ In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul,” thus could he say

with the holy psalmist David ; and however sorrowful were the nights which he spent in weeping, and however dark were his days, yet the joyful words, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," uttered in the full confidence of faith, fell from his lips on New Year's Day—eight days after the dear companion of his life-journey was laid to rest in the peaceful grave—when he addressed his deeply moved congregation from the pulpit, and showed them the pathway which leads from the dark valley of earth up to the sunny heights where the good Shepherd feeds His flock in the green pastures. With gracious condescension and love the Lord led him into these green pastures. It was the presence of his eldest sister which for the first time brightened the days of his sorrow with the golden memories of childhood. Afterwards, a never-to-be-forgotten family festival, as a refreshing draught to a thirsty traveller, as a salutation from the world above, so quickened his heart that he was able to give expression to his emotions in the words of the poet :—

" We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair ;
And oft are its glories confess'd,
But what must it be to be there ! " ¹

On the 13th July, the hundredth birthday of Friedrich Adolf Krummacher, the author of the delightful book of "Parables," all his children, to the number of six, there having at that time been no death amongst them, together with a large number of grandchildren, met at Tecklenburg to hold a festival

¹ " Ich hab' von ferne,
Herr, Deinen Thron erblickt,
Und hätte gerne
Wein Herz vorausgeschickt ! "

in memory of their beloved father. The sermon "in memoriam" was preached by Friedrich Wilhelm,¹ the eldest son, from the text, "Now, that the dead are raised, even Moses showed at the bush, when he calleth the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. For He is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto Him."² In the second part of that discourse, he said, "We this day experience in a spiritual sense what once happened to the patriarch Jacob. We also see with the inner eye the ladder placed which he saw in a dream;³ we mount on its steps to fellowship with those who are above, while Jacob only saw them ascending and descending. We salute those who stood near our hearts on earth, and whose images will hover around us till we ourselves also are dismissed from this world, and mount upward to the skies. They of whom we speak lived, or at least all died, in faith. No, they are not dead. They yet live unto the Lord, and not as mere shadows, but personally as we knew them and loved them when they were with us on this earth. God calls them by the same names which as distinct persons they bore when on earth. Oh, how many are there among these ransomed ones in glory, who now wear the crown of life, whom I name as my brothers and sisters according to the flesh, but also, God be praised, according to the Spirit! But on this day, the 13th of July 1868, one especially stands from amid the multitudes of the glorified in the foreground before the eye of our memory—our venerable father, Friedrich Adolf, to the remembrance of whom the festival of this day is dedicated."

¹ The subject of this Autobiography.

² Luke xx. 37, 38.

³ Gen. xxviii. 10, etc.

On the front of the old paternal home a slab of white marble was raised, bearing in golden letters the inscription :—

TO THEIR DEAR FATHER

DR FRIEDRICH ADOLF KRUMMACHER

BORN HERE ON THE 13TH JULY 1767

DIED AT BREMEN ON THE 4TH APRIL 1845

BY HIS SIX CHILDREN

IN TOKEN OF A LOVE WHICH NEVER FADES.

*Vixit, vivit, nec umquam moriturus est.*¹

The white tablet was surrounded with an oaken wreath by his grandchildren. A hymn was sung, and thereafter the eldest son pronounced these words as the termination of the festival : “ To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it.”²

The sisters and brothers remained for a few days together still at Tecklenburg after this celebration, enjoying intimate intercourse together. The hymns composed by the grandfather were sung in joyful harmony by the grandchildren, at times on the heights of the ancient castle, at other times in the woods, or in the hospitable parsonage-house ; and on these occasions the voices of the parents mingled with those of their children. On the last evening before their departure to their several homes, the hymn of Zinzendorf was sung : “ *All we who here,*” etc.³

¹ He lived, he lives, and will never die.

² Rev. ii. 17.

³ “ Die wir uns allhier beisammen finden.” See p. 291.

After these happy days spent at this memorial festival our father spent no less joyful days for several weeks in the circle of his children, in the “pine and fir temple” of the Hartz mountains, full of adoring wonder at the goodness of God, who had made this earth so beautiful. Refreshed and strengthened both in body and spirit he returned to Potsdam; and the sermons he there preached bore about them the stamp of renewed youth, as we then thought, but, as we now think, since the veil which then hid from us the purpose of God toward him has been removed, the marks of that glory which was about to be revealed. “Did not our hearts burn within us” when he appeared in our midst, with a smiling eye, and a calm peace resting on his countenance? We perceived it not when he was beside us, so earnest and calm, so gentle and loving, that then *One* was amongst us, his invisible Master, of whom he delighted to sing along with his children:—

“Hallelujah!¹ O the height,
O the depth of matchless grace,
That we with mortal sight should see
The God that loved us, face to face;

“That the Father of all spirits,
In whom all wonders lie concealed,
The unseen-working Power should stand
So near to human sense revealed!”²

¹ For this, and the other metrical renderings to the end of this chapter, and at page 345, the Translator is indebted to the kindness of Professor Blackie, of the University of Edinburgh.

² “Hallelujah! welche Höhen,
Welche Tiefen reicher Gnad’,
Wenn wir dem in’s Herze sehen,
Der uns so geliebet hat.

“Dass der Vater aller Geister,
Der der Wunder Abgrund ist,
Dass Du, unsichtbarer Meister,
Uns so fühlbar nahe bist!”

The winter, with its long dark nights, gradually wore on, and with it also the sacred season of Advent. "So often as that hymn, '*How must I receive Thee*,' is sung by the congregation in full chorus, it sounds to me as if suddenly a bright ray of spring darted down upon me through the approaching winter night, and I feel myself elevated by its lofty inspiration, as if the gracious King of Peace Himself had come to me in person, to set my poor heart free at once from all its woe and sorrow,"—thus he wrote in the introduction to the sermon which he intended to preach on the third Advent Sunday from the text: "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?"

"Be patient then!

Soon shall the day of sorrow cease,
And from the seed of tears, with rich increase,
From God a crop shall grow of love and peace!

Be patient then!

The sting of woe was guilt; but we,
By Christ's most precious blood, from guilt are free:

Be patient then!

"March onward thou!

How many a glimpse of love divine,
Through scowling sky and surly storm doth shine,
Whilst on a path of thorns we pant and pine!

Then onward thou!

A few short steps, and God's high grace
Thy bleeding feet shall plant on flowery place:

March onward thou!"¹

¹ "Geduld! Geduld!

Wie lange wird's noch währen,
So blüh'n uns aus der Thränensaat die Aehren
Der ew'gen Liebe auf durch Gottes Huld!

Geduld! Geduld!

Was sind, seit uns're Herzen
Mit Christi Blut besprengt, der Erde Schmerzen?
Der Drangsal Stachel ist der Sünden Schuld!

As these last lines of his own hymn were read to him he nodded joyfully his assent, yet not perhaps at the same time imagining how very near was the hour of his departure. With a countenance radiant with love and goodness he spent the evening of the 9th December among his children, as he had been accustomed, yet if possible more cheerful, and more tenderly affectionate; and only a brief hour later, as the morning of the 10th December was drawing near, then, like Elijah, he took his departure heavenward! "The gracious Prince of Peace had come to him in person, to release his poor heart at once from all its woe and sorrow." Yes, he fell asleep in the Neschika of God.¹ Death was swallowed up in victory, and his calm and peaceful countenance, as he lay on his bed of death, spoke only of the glory of that life which never dies. Oh the hot tears of affection which fell from our eyes, and the prayers and thanksgivings and vows which were uttered by us, as we stood in sorrow around his coffin! Now, for the first time, was the love and veneration which he had gained for himself at Potsdam, as he had done everywhere else in so rich a measure, fully made manifest. Out on the streets the sorrowing congregation gathered in crowds, when, on the third Advent Sunday, on which he had intended to proclaim to them the word of the Cross, as he had often done before, his coffin, adorned with flowers and palm branches, stood in the house of

"Voran! Voran!

Wie mancher Gruss von Oben

Versüßzt uns mitten unter Sturmes Toben

Die Wallfahrt schon auf rauher Dornenbahn.

Mit Gott voran!

Drei Schritte noch, so stehen

Die wunden Füße auf den ew'gen Höhen,

Und Mühe, Noth und Tod sind abgethan!"

¹ See Note, p. 234.

God. To them the Lord now called by the mouth of another, his young colleague, the Court-preacher Rogge: "They that be teachers shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."¹

Oh it is lovely, and how it helps to lighten and to sweeten the burdens and sorrows of the pilgrimage of earth, to know that there are in heaven those who, if we call after them in the words of the apostle: "Love never dies,"² will answer in the words which are heard in our inmost hearts: "No, never, never!" Oh there are certainly amongst you, beloved brothers and sisters in the Lord, not a few who are conscious of such an intimate fellowship with citizens of heaven. Let the remembrance of them remain with you as a blessing; walk in the footsteps of those who have died in the Lord; follow closely after them, and rest not till you are able to say with the apostle, with full inward truth, "Our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself." These were the words with which he concluded the sermon he preached on the occasion of the commemoration festival in honour of his father, Friedrich Adolf. "*Our conversation is in heaven.*"—This formed the watchword of his whole life, and was the text of the last sermon he preached. We have inserted it in the Appendix, together with the sermon preached on the New Year's Day already mentioned. His birthday motto, in the manual of the Moravian brethren for the

¹ Dan. xii. 3.

² "Charity never faileth."—1 Cor. xiii. 8.

year 1868, is this :—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

From his first congregation at Ruhrort there came forth the following lines expressive of their enduring love for him who had many years before been their pastor :—

"RUHRORT, 10th December 1868.

" ' A mighty man in Israel died to-day !'
 So rang the knell that brought thy death to me,
 And now in spirit uncounted throngs I see
 Who to thy grave shall wend their pilgrim's way
 From East and West. Where thy quiet word did sway,
 Full many a heart to run new life was stirred ;
 Winged with the message of the living word,
 Thy speech not traceless passed from earth away.
 And now, while rests thy clay in coffin cold,
 Thy spirit soars aloft on radiant wings,
 Joyful, while here the bitter tear is rolled ;
 To thee the Saviour, whom thy hymn did praise,
 Holds forth the palm of peace, which thou shall bear
 In endless triumph, free from toil and care ! " ¹

¹ " ' Heut ist ein Held in Israel gefallen !'
 So tönt es laut bei Deines Todes Kunde,
 Und Tausende vom weiten Erdenrunde
 Seh ich im Geist zu Deinem Grabe wallen.

" Wo Du Dein Wort erschütternd liessest schallen,
 Da schlug für Viele die Entscheidungsstunde ;
 Du standest auf des *Lebenswortes* Grunde,
 Drum konnt' Dein Wort auch *spurlos* nicht verhallen !

" Nun ruhest Du, o Held ! im Sarkophage,
 Indess Dein Geist sich jubelnd aufgeschwungen,
 Uns bleibt der Schmerz um Dich, die bange Klage !

" Nun reicht Dein Heiland, den Du oft besungen,
 Dir droben an dem *schönsten Jubeltage*
 Die Friedenspalme, die Du hier errungen !

But from his own hymn we gather consolation and strength :—

“ High from the heights of the sky
Radiant and smiling I see
An eye like a mother’s mild eye ;
And peace now is perfect to me !

“ Thunders in terror may roll,
Troubles may swell like the sea,
But Jehovah reigns in my soul ;
And peace now is perfect to me !

“ Weeping He numbers my tears,
Helpless my Helper is He,
Trembling He soothes all my fears ;
And peace now is perfect to me !

“ When through the darkness I wend,
Where no glimpse of the glory may be,
I know all in brightness will end ;
And peace now is perfect to me ! ” ¹

¹ “ Hoch aus den himmlischen Höhen
Lächelt ein Auge so hehr !
Hast Du Dir’s lächeln gesehen,—
Ruhe ! was willst Du mehr ?

“ Ob sich ein Wetter entladet,
Ob es zu Kampf geht und Wehr,—
O, wenn Jehova Dir gnadet,
Ruhe ! was willst Du mehr ?

“ Weinst Du, Er zählet die Thränen ;
Klagst Du, Er gibt Dir Gehör ;
Flehst Du, Er stillt Dein Sehnen,—
Ruhe ! was willst Du mehr ?

“ Wird in verlassenen Ständen
Manchmal das Harren auch schwer,—
Herrlich muss alles sich enden :
Ruhe ! was willst Du mehr ? ”

CHAPTER XII.

APPENDIX.

Poem composed by Krummacher on the occasion of his leaving the University of Jena, referred to at page 79.

SCARCE brightened the gable morn's earliest ray,
When the student looked forth from his window to say :
"O Jena, dear Jena, 'tis o'er, I depart !
God knows with how heavy and aching a heart !"

He spoke, and the water rushed into his eyes ;
But the staircase resounds, and the passage, with cries—
"Come, brother, be off ; take your last bite and sup ;
We must drink to the parting, though bitter the cup."

And fuller his chamber, and fuller the hall,
And wilder the tumult, and louder the call ;
One seizes the knapsack, another the staff,
They rush down the stairs with a shout and a laugh.

And out on the market-place gathers the crowd,
Like a storm in the forest their greetings are loud ;
But gentle their eyes, for the farewell is near,
And brightened full oft by the sheen of a tear.

In close-arrayed column they march down the street,
The pavement resounds to the tramp of their feet,
And up to the clouds peals their chorus of song—
One only is mute in the echoing throng.

The windows fly back, and eyes tender and shy .
 Peep down through the flowers to watch them go by,
 And laughing salutes are waved up from below ;—
One only ne'er raises his eyes as they go.

And round the inn-door, when they gather in line,
One only refuses the odorous wine,
 Until they have reached the last house they must pass,
 When at length, see ! he seizes and empties the glass,

And hurls it far down in the torrent below,
 While the tears must gush forth in their hot, eager flow,
 As though his best treasure were sunk in the main :
 " O Jena, to leave thee—how bitter the pain ! " ¹

*Sermon preached by Krummacher on New Year's Day
 1868, eight days after the death of his wife.*

PSALM XXIII.

So again, beloved dear friends, another new year has by the grace of God dawned upon us. May you spend it under a brighter and more cloudless sky than he who now addresses you, and who now celebrates along with you this brightest festival of joy of the whole Christian year, yet with sorrow and sadness of spirit, for the earthly sun of his home has set. On this New Year's morning I greet you with the salutation of love, and with the most earnest wish that you who are bound together with the bonds of affection may be spared to each other ; and with this my salutation of peace to you, I also return to you my heartiest thanks for the comforting and kindly sympathy you have so richly shown toward me in these the darkest days of my

¹ The above beautiful rendering of Krummacher's student-song is from the pen of Miss Catherine Winkworth, author of "Lyra Germanica," &c. The Translator is indebted to her for her kindness in preparing it.

life. I read of the patriarch Jacob, that he “strengthened himself, and sat upon the bed.”¹ He did this, in the view of his own death, that he might bestow his farewell blessing on his sons. I regard this as more easily done in such a case than in the presence of a death wherein one has been snatched away from us who is more to us than the half of our own life. Yet, O my soul, go forward in duty, even though the waves of deep emotion swell in tumult within thee! In this place something else is required of me than to bedew the congregation with my tears of grief.

What a lovely harmony of sweet music has echoed forth from the psalm which I have just read! It is a genuine New Year’s psalm. Let us enter for a little into the region of its divine thoughts! The psalter was the prayer-book of Him who is our only consolation in life and in death, so long as He, the Son of Man, sojourned on this earth. It is *David*, from whose heart, enlightened and moved by the Spirit of God, this psalm welled forth; not David, the sunburnt shepherd-boy, amid his peaceful flocks of sheep and lambs, but the grey-haired old man amid the sorrows of life. He sang it when billows of affliction were rolling over his head. He realized as true the saying of the apostle, that “no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous.” The sun of consolation may not be altogether set, shrouding the heart of the believer in total darkness, but yet it may only shine upon him through a veil of dark clouds. Joyful confidence may not be for the time present with us yet—Oh, God is faithful!

David sang his song at a time when, after many conflicts and storms and trials, a period of rest, a

¹ Gen. xlviii. 2.

time of quickening, was again granted to him. Then he sang it, looking back at what he had experienced, to the praise of Him who in all his misery had not neglected him, and to the comfort of all his fellow-pilgrims on the narrow way. The Lord will not forsake them, as He had not forsaken him. We shall, in the course of our observations on this precious heart-effusion, simply consider the verses in succession. They are to me what the firmly-rooted stem, around which it twines, is to the ivy branch when the tempest blows. May they be helpful to you all in entering on and in passing through this new year in peace!

I. David begins : “ *The Lord is my Shepherd.*” It is astonishing to hear the Old-Testament man, who lived before the advent of Christ, designating the Lord of heaven and earth by this confiding name. But he does this not arbitrarily. He has already heard the sweet name from the mouth of the patriarchs, to whom the shepherd-fidelity of God had already so wonderfully and in so many diverse ways revealed itself; he learned it from the inscrutable purpose of the love of God, the purpose to save man, which was so distinctly revealed to him; yea, he learned it from his own personal life-experience. We naturally here think of Him who, with an undoubted reference to our psalm, testified, “I am the good Shepherd,” and whom the spiritually-enlightened eye of David already saw, although it was afar off and but dimly. O blessed, blessed is he who can and dare in sincerity and truthfulness say with the royal singer, “The Lord is my Shepherd;” and every one may dare to say this who has given himself over to Him as one of the sheep of His pasture, needing His care, and willing to be led by Him. Such an one may also add with

the singer, "*I shall not want.*" Alas, according to the feeling, there is often, often want! And yet, whoever has *Him* as a Friend, a Friend who possesses all things, has also all that can serve to bring him peace. But so long as we wander here on earth, we will not be independent possessors of the heavenly good which is destined for us. We remain under the care of our faithful Shepherd, who will minister to us according to the measure of His own wisdom out of the fulness of our earthly inheritance.

II. The psalmist continues, saying, "*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters,*" that is, in the cool shadows such as are afforded in the sunny land of the East by the foliage of the spreading trees which grow by the banks of the streams. David here praises the kindness of the good Shepherd in that He never suffers those who are the sheep of His pasture to be at all times exposed to privation and trial. No, He often grants to them for a longer or shorter time during their sorrowful and changeful pilgrimage through this earth, when the sun rises over them with a scorching heat—O how often did David experience this!—pauses, moments of rest and refreshment, when the exhausted, weary pilgrims may gather fresh strength, it may be for the most part only that they may be prepared to meet new trials and encounter new conflicts which are awaiting them; for the word of prophecy cannot fail, that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. I believe that such a resting-time is at present granted to all our people. Let every one see to it that he finds rest in God before the storm sweeps forth. Yes, let us open our hearts to the call of the apostle: "Let

us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

III. The psalmist further adds, "*He restoreth my soul.*" Yes, He suffers none of His to perish for ever, though their way may be rough and dark. He helps His people, at one time by bringing to their remembrance this or that word of consolation which He has spoken; at another by presenting before them the animating experiences of some one of His saints, who has been in a situation similar to our own; at another by sending to us a friend, who associates himself with us as a very messenger from God; at another by discovering to us a love which had been before unknown; at another by pouring into our heart a childlike, confiding spirit. How lovingly in all these ways does He lift us up, and bear us onward when we are faint and weary! "*He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.*" Perhaps He does so not always in accordance with our own wishes and thoughts and purposes. Oh, He does so oftentimes in a manner quite opposed to them. How far, in a thousand instances, are His thoughts above our thoughts, and His ways above our ways! But let us resign ourselves calmly and trustfully to His guidance. Never has any one sincerely trusted Him who has not been constrained, at the end of his brief journey through this world, to acknowledge that the Lord has done all things well. He does this that to us and by us He might glorify His name—*His* name as the unchangeably True and Faithful One. How gloriously does this His name shine forth in the history of His servant David, where we see all the threads, strangely twisted and woven into the web of his life, at length in the end united in one harmonious and beautiful whole.

IV. Yes, it is true there are scenes of difficulty and of danger, which all pilgrims must in their journey of life pass through, and, strange to say, the most difficult and the most dangerous are often reserved for the friends of God! Our psalmist knows how to sing of these scenes. In the song before us he calls them "*The valley of the shadow of death.*" Ah, how dark that valley was for a man living under the Old Covenant and under the ban of the law, when the promise was only feebly seen shining like a dim star in the far distance; and yet, listen to what he says: "*Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,*" that is, I shall suffer no injury, and I shall not despond, "*for*"—this is his confidence (not always alike strong, but never wholly wanting)—"*Thou*" (how his heart was cheered within him at the utterance of this word "*Thou!*")—" *Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff*"—he meant the shepherd's staff—" *they comfort me.*" The consciousness that I am even here under Thy protection and guidance fills me with peace. Oh, if he could thus speak, he who as yet knew not that the good Shepherd, on whose shoulders he leaned, must Himself go before him down into the dark valley to show him that there was a pathway thence which led into the region of unclouded light and glory; how much more ought we who have seen the good Shepherd do all this, and have witnessed His actual triumph over death and the grave, and have listened to the words He spake to the sheep of His pasture: "And if I go, I will come again, and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Yes, He can lead us in peace through the portals of death. He can cause the light of joy to break through the darkness of death, and separation

from the friends we love to be lightened and cheered with heavenly hope. He can cause that, in that solemn hour when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolving, the scenes of the heavenly world hover in beautiful vision before the soul ; yea, He even makes those who are dying become comforters to us instead of our being comforters to them. Oh, He can do great things for us in the dark valley of the shadow of death ! Fellowship with the good Shepherd fills with light and glory all the dark scenes of our life on earth. Whoever is His need "*fear no evil.*"

V. Yes, He can do great things in behalf of those who are His, and He does them as often as there is need. If He so brightens the eye of your faith that you can look beyond that which is in part, and see that which is perfect beyond this valley of tears and of death, to that land where "the voice of weeping shall be no more heard, nor the voice of crying," nor of sorrow for ever, and if He shows you the place He has there prepared for you beside those who are ever dear to you, then may you take up the jubilee song of the psalmist : "*Thou preparest a table*" (a banquet) "*before me in the presence of mine enemies*"—not mortal enemies alone. "*Thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.*" In any case they may confidently appropriate to themselves the words with which the psalm concludes : "*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.*" Thus at all times may they say in faith—at the close of their life-course they will see that it has been so. Even in the bitterest cup it will be seen that love, love has been the chief ingredient. And what shall we say of the last words of the psalm ? Oh, it is the bright and glorious centre in

which all the rays of the precious song gather together into one ! “ *I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*” The house of the Lord ; that is, the invisible Church, which the apostle speaks of¹ as “ *the household of God,*” which binds together the heaven and the earth, which we recognise as the communion of saints, and which, perhaps, is often hid from view, but in days of trial and persecution, when here and there a member of that body whose Head is Christ endures suffering, it comes forth to view from behind the concealing veil with the whole power of its consolation and sympathy of love. In this spiritual house, which stands firm and immovable whatever on earth may perish, we dwell for ever, and we dwell *together*—ye who are there in the upper part of the house triumphing in your glorious victory, and we, so long as it shall please God, here in the lower part of the house of God in the Church, where we still war with our foes, and yet *together* gathered around the one heavenly Friend who is our all.

Oh, with what tender affectionate care has the good Shepherd provided for the alleviation of all our sorrows, and the supply of all our wants ! With what superabundant fulness has He laid up for us the blessings of peace ! Truly, nowhere can we be better than when we are with Him. Let us then join ourselves in covenant to Him for our new year’s journey, and the longer the more closely and the more affectionately ; and may He raise us always nearer and nearer to the light in which the great apostles stood, who had no consciousness of condemnation resting on them, because of the blood which had been shed for them ; no consciousness of death, since He who was the Life had appeared ; no consciousness of danger from the commo-

¹ Ephes. ii. 19.

tions and changes of this world, because they belonged to a kingdom that was immovable ; no consciousness even of any separation by death from those they loved. Their conversation was, as they themselves all testify, in heaven ; and this was their watchword, and it is also ours for the pilgrimage-journey of this new year :—

“ JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND
FOR EVER.” AMEN.

O thou Shepherd of Israel, who leadest Joseph like a flock, we renew with Thee our covenant consecration. Seal it, and *abide, abide* with us ; and when it is evening, and our day draws to a close, be Thou the Light which shines upon us, till we shall see Thee there with unclouded joy, face to face, amid the everlasting light of glory ! Amen.

The last Sermon preached by Krummacher.
15th November 1868.

The hymn was first sung :—

“ Heavenward doth our journey tend,
We are strangers here on earth :
Through the wilderness we wend
To the Canaan of our birth.
Here we roam a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our Father-land ! ”¹

¹ “ Himmelan geht unsre Vahn,
Wir sind Gäste nur auf Erden,
Bis wir dort in Canaan
Durch die Wüste kommen werden.
Hier ist unser Pilgrimstand,
Droben unser Vaterland.”

“Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so, as ye have us for an ensample. (For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things.) For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.”—Philippians iii. 17-21.

Beloved, what a statement have we here! And these are not the words of a saint, but of a sinful son of Adam, a pilgrim on earth like ourselves! We, too, may give expression to them, in so far as we are Christians as well as the apostle.—In what respect was he a Christian? The text furnishes us with an instructive insight—

1. Into the personal conviction of the apostle.
2. Into the apostle's heart.
3. Into his blessed prospects while here on earth.

Let us consider these things, and may the Lord guide our meditations!

I. The apostle begins: “Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so, as ye have us”—that is, me and my companions in the faith, James, Peter, and John, and the rest of the apostles—“for an ensample!” Not only to his Philippians, but also to us, yea, to all the world, he cries with great confidence: “Walk ye in my footsteps!” That is strong language, that is bold for you, Paul, who openly acknowledged yourself as the chief among sinners, and whom we hear frankly confessing: “I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.”

And do *you* then place yourself before us as an example? Do you forget these words of your Master: "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted?" Oh, no, he has not forgotten them. He understands them well. He is very far from holding before us his own personal holiness—of such, indeed, he knows nothing—as a pattern. As the perfect pattern of a life, well-pleasing in the sight of God, he knows only One, and ye also know who He is. His call to us: "Be followers together of me," has relation only to the way in which he walked, the way of a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the only mediator between God and man. He asks no more with Pilate, "What is truth?" nor with Nicodemus, "What must I do to be saved?" He has the truth, and he knows how salvation is to be obtained. And that the way on which he walks alone leads to eternal happiness, he is so firmly convinced, that to all who miss this way, though it were the whole world besides, he urgently calls: "Be followers of me," testifying that every other path leads only to everlasting destruction. Such was the strong conviction of the truth by which the apostle was animated.

Whom had he, in the language of our text, in view as a warning example of error? Perhaps it may be said, that in Christendom at least such a race as this is seldom to be met with. But do not trust appearances. There are even in this day in which we live multitudes that may so be represented, and we meet them wherever we turn. He styles them "enemies of the cross: whose god is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things." Serious charges! yet of millions of our contemporaries may such things be justly said. We almost everywhere breathe the air

of a world regardless of all higher interests. What we call *Idealism* has passed away from the life of both old and young. The wonder which God wrought amongst us two years ago,¹ has not called forth as yet a single poem of true inspiration. The long hoped for "united Germany" was hailed in its cradle by no such genuine hymns of enthusiasm as those which were poured forth at the time of our Liberation, in the years 1813-14. The most earnest eagerness and care of men are only now engaged about the things of this life. The great concern now is about what they shall eat, and what they shall drink, and about gold and silver, as the means of obtaining sensual indulgences. Materialism holds sway amongst us. There are no longer wanting those who seek their honour in those things which are a shame to them, not only in their unbelief and their unconcealed despising of religion and of the Church; but, above all, in their haughty, frivolous contempt of all that is holy, their feasting and revelry, their sensual debauchery, especially the sin against the sixth commandment.² The world in our day swarms with "enemies of the cross of Christ." What wonder? The cross, the centre of the Gospel, with its earnestness, its solemn calls to repentance, and its urging the necessity of seeking the deliverance of the immortal soul from the dominion of the flesh, comes into direct hostility to all the thoughts and actions of frivolous, earthly-minded men. Oh that at some favourable moment they could hear the words of the apostle with the ear of their hearts, uttered as with the thunder's voice: "*Follow me!*"

¹ Alluding to the war with Austria, in Bohemia.—TR.

² In Luther's Catechism the sixth commandment is that which in the catechism of the Westminster divines is reckoned as the seventh, and Luther's seventh commandment is their sixth.—TR.

II. With what feelings does the apostle contemplate these enemies of the cross, who are also his own enemies? We would naturally conclude that it could not but be with feelings of deep dismay, for he sees them hastening straight onward on the way to destruction, we might even have expected that he would look on them with a heart burning with hatred against them; but our text shows us that it was otherwise with him. The old hereditary nature, when a man is brought into the fellowship of Christ, and under the influence of the Spirit of Christ, gives place to another—old things are passed away, all things are become new in his *heart* as well as in his *conviction*. Hear what he says:—"I tell you now, *even weeping*, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ." Why with weeping? It was not on his own account. That could not be. All injuries that are done to him personally he can well bear. But so certain is it to him that he is walking in the only right way of salvation, and so firm is the conviction in his mind, as we perceive, that the end of that path, in which they who wilfully miss this way are walking, is "destruction,"—that the purpose of the divine compassion as regards them is in vain, and that for them the Saviour has shed His blood in vain, and that they who turn away from heaven's opened gates, if they do not repent and are converted, will go down to eternal ruin—it is *that* thought which goes down so deeply into his heart, and fills him with tears of bitter sorrow. These tears of Paul, which mingle themselves with the tears of his Master over Jerusalem, ought to touch the heart of every one who is yet walking at a distance from Jesus. More eloquent than the most eloquent words, these tears urge the sinner to repentance without delay! "But were all those for whom

the apostle wept so near to him, that even though unconverted, they were his brethren and sisters?" Yes, they were so near to him, according to the new nature of which he had become a partaker; for something of the love which dwelt in the Saviour now animated his soul. May then his tears also serve for a pattern, and teach a lesson to those who think that they already walk in the faith! Let them take heed that they do not heartlessly judge those who are alienated from the faith, nor look upon them with haughty pharisaic contempt, but rather that in silence they mourn over their folly, and pray to God for their salvation. Oh the noble heart of Paul, may it beat also within our bosoms! It is the surest and the fairest evidence of true, living Christian faith.

III. Paul was no dreamer who revelled in sweet fancies. He had a clear spirit. He was a man of fact, who, far from manifesting any aversion to the sober realities of daily life, or spending his time in chosen retirement only in the contemplation of the visions of the future, rather as one who walked in the light of day, lived with all his influence in the midst of his contemporaries, and could say with reference to the many pretended or genuine fellow-labourers in the same great cause, "I laboured more abundantly than they all." And what had he not to endure in this labour and service of love to the brethren! How fiercely the storms of earth assailed him! And yet, where in this valley of tears do we meet with a happier man than he whom we hear uttering this joyful testimony here recorded, from amid his toilsome daily work, and from amid the thousandfold afflictions which he had to encounter in this thankless, hard, rebellious world!

While here below, day after day zeal for his Lord, and a desire to promote the happiness of man, consumed him; and that he might be troublesome to no one, he earned for himself his daily bread by the labour of his hands by night. Like the lark ascending from the furrow of the field, his soul rose up above the darkness and the oppressions of earth into the purer regions above, where all the most attractive ideals were realized. Hear his words! In his own name, and in that of all his companions on the way of salvation, he says, "Our conversation"—literally, our citizenship, our home-life—"is in heaven." He mingles in spirit with the redeemed above. There he associates with the patriarchs, the prophets, and the apostles, wearing the unfading crown. He greets again, as eternally living, those whom he loved on earth, and beside whose graves here below he may have stood and wept. And who is in their midst? He is there in His glory who bought them with His precious blood. All are united in the purest love into oneness with Him. There is no longer any discord! all is harmony. There is no longer that which is in part; that which is perfect has come. No longer are there any secrets concealed; all is unveiled, and they see face to face. Oh what a precious inheritance—this firm conviction, this heart filled with the love of Christ, and this happy and blessed prospect on this side of eternity—of which the apostle here boasts! (The conclusion of the sermon is wanting in the manuscript.)

The service on the occasion was concluded by singing the hymn—

"Now my native home I find
Ferried o'er Death's gloomy river;
Chains no more my soul may bind,

Triumphing with Christ for ever !
Jesus leads the way, and I
Follow where He leads with joy.

“ On to Heaven, on to Heaven,
This my watchword be for ever !
Joy in God and taste of Heaven
Shall from all deceit deliver ;
Onward let me mount till I
Meet my Saviour in the sky.”¹

¹ “ Himmelan wird mich der Tod
In die rechte Heimath führen,
Da ich über alle Noth
Ewig werde triumphiren !
Jesus geht mir selbst voran,
Dass ich freudig folgen kann.

“ Himmelan, ach himmelan !
Das soll meine Losung bleiben.
Ich will allen eitlen Wahn
Durch die Himmelslust vertreiben ;
Himmelan steht nur mein Sinn,
Bis ich in dem Himmel bin !”

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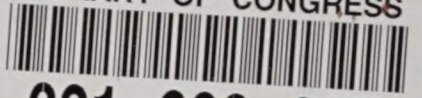
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